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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

INTELLECTUAL INDULGENCE

IT was a Victorian writer, Charles Kingsley, who wrote contemptuously of those who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would", but we have nowadays a strange extension of the habit. With the common form — that of a shivering interest in salacious stories — we are already familiar. We find it in timid and suppressed natures, incurably adolescent, full of animosity. The newer variety is something different. It dates from the time when Freud became proper reading for young men and women, and when books of "healthy sexual instruction" were snatched up eagerly as pornography. It resolves itself into an absorbing interest in sex as a subject of conversation. The young of all ages and all sexes (for the older assumption that there were only two sexes has long been destroyed) have discovered sex as a topic; and they never get far away from it. In couples, in parties, at home, at dances, at functions, they find it unfailing and inexhaustible. As Sir Robert Walpole said, "After dinner I always talk bawdy, so that all can join in!" Only this is a new and solemn form of bawdiness. It is not that the talkers practise what they preach in fact. One lady, indeed, whose work and conversation are alike full of her obsession, was once asked by a thoughtless girl visitor whether she had ever had an "affair". She replied with a shocked and stony silence. No, the talkers talk. They talk and they think, as if unwinkingly. One may see the habit reflected in many modern novels. In these the characters talk sex heavily for many pages; but their energy, it appears, is all absorbed in their conversation. Such novels, though dull, are true to fact. It would not be just to say that they are true to life. All pseudo-intellectuals at the present time are talking and thinking sex, not in a robust animalish way, but solemnly, pretentiously, foolishly. What is the good of it? By their endless discussion of sexual formulæ they render the real beauty and passion of life dull. To them all is sterile and mechanical. In vain they try to stimulate desire by this form of conversa-

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tion. It is the worst of excitants, for those who engage in it are indecent without being amusing.

THE LITERATURE OF CLEAN LIVING

AT sixty six years of age, hearty, vigorous, humorful, kind, Walter Camp died in his sleep at a New York hotel. This famous football man and coach, chooser of all-American teams, arbiter of Yale athletic destinies, inventor of the daily dozen, was a sturdy and praiseworthy figure in a special but important field of American writing. In these days of impassioned revelation in both fiction and biography, when some health magazines are obviously designed to appeal to desires other than that for muscle building, we must remember that men like Walter Camp have blazed the way in America for frankness and real helpfulness in discussions of the care of the body. If we are becoming too frank in our regard of the abuses of the body, we surely cannot reveal too much of the way to maintain its maximum usefulness. Though we may laugh at our own American characteristics of organization, both of abstract principles and practicalities, we cannot but praise highly this organization of the health ideal. Dwight L. Moody and others organized religion. The Morgans and the Harrimans created the big business ideal. The advertising pages of the great magazines and their clients have spread the gospel of tooth brush, mouth wash, soap, and luxurious bathing facilities. It was Walter Camp who created a symbol for men and women of a trim, careful age, of days begun neatly and forcefully. At sixty six he looked fifty. His ideal was Spartan rather than Athenian, thus establishing him in a different category from Bernarr Macfadden. Walter Camp worshiped the usefulness, not the beauty, of the body. It was an experience to watch his keen eyes peering over a football field. He demanded in a game precision of the mind coupled with functioning of the body. He knew boy nature and man as well; his personality influenced not alone the men of the Yale campus but those interested in clean living all over the world. Nor was there too much of the preacher in him. He was practical, knowing, and forthright. Like the death of Percy Haughton, his going marks a loss not only to American field athletics but also to the literature of clean sport.

WHAT PRICE AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

THE precise age at which a man or a woman should write his or her autobiography has never been defined, nor is it possible even to approximate such an auspicious moment in an individual's existence. But it should be apparent that the age limit when such a feat of self engrossment seems (as Henry James would put it) so beautifully right, has been considerably lowered during recent years. In the not so distant past an individual considered it necessary to have reached what he regarded as the culminating point of his career before he turned his eyes back to that survey of his days and ways, his achievements and perplexities, his failures and reactions. In other words, he made it a point to reach some sort of perspective before he tacitly judged himself. Several phenomena of recent seasons seem to show that the winds of ego are blowing autobiographical straws in another direction. Nowadays the young au-

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thor occasionally holds up a restraining hand at his career (which, it is to be presumed, is still champing furiously at the bit) and murmurs, "Pause, I prithee, while I get my autobiography off my chest. Then we will proceed as per schedule."

And so the young man sits down and reviews his past with a deal of sage shaking of the head. He dips his pen in honey or wormwood as the case may be and then, with occasional Homeric nods, measures and justifies his way to God and man. He lights upon certain episodes. He grows lyrical. Like Denis in Mr. Huxley's "Crome Yellow", he stares back through the mists of six months, sighs, and mutters, "What genius I had then!" Perhaps it was Max Beerbohm who created this juvenile motif in the art of living, that Max who collected six of his essays when he was in his early twenties, issued them as a book, and called the book "The Works of Max Beerbohm". Just so do some of our younger authors grow autobiographical, collecting their twenty-odd summers into a generous sized tome and calling it "The Life of So-and-So". Of course, it is the life of So-and-So. The patient public desiring the life of Somebody begins to grow dubious.

But, after all, is comparative youth any reason why a man should not indulge in an autobiography if he can get a publisher to issue it? It all depends. If John Keats had written his autobiography the year before he died (and he died in his early twenties) his book would be, if not a masterpiece, at least an extraordinary production and one of infinite importance. To end on a cordial note, the autobiography always depends on the man inside it. If his qualities are sufficiently unique and his impress on his generation sufficiently individual, he may, with only a few qualms, embark upon such a book. And as he continues to live he may add chapters and sections to the work, thus bringing it up to date. But alas for those young men who outlive their autobiographies and discover forty years later that they died forty years before!

A TASK FOR OUR AMERICAN NOVELISTS

WITH an increasing frequency one hears people of taste assert that the greatest lack in the work of our American novelists is on the side of richness, of texture, and of color. No one can deny that we have on our side the qualities of vitality, strength, and variety. It is the indefinable, shimmering quality for which there is no name that is most often missing in novels otherwise admirable. How this may be achieved is a difficult problem; one can only say that most good English novels have it and have always had it.

It is the quality which gives a novel at once a sense of life and a sense of enduring values. It has been said that our novels are barren because our own national life is barren, but such an assertion is obviously a false one in a country where there is a vast amount of good music, good pictures, and good books. There is, to be sure, a lack of that rich tradition which is the blessing and sometimes the curse of Europe, but this cannot be the sole reason. One is inclined to believe that the lack lies in the authors themselves.

How is this warmth, this texture, this depth to be achieved? One suspects that it is a thing which arises from cultivation, from wide knowledge, from sophistication. It is a commonplace that the average American uni-

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versity man is far more poorly equipped on the cultural side than his English brother. It is a commonplace that almost any Englishman can write well, that a second rate English novel is frequently very good entertainment where a second class American novel is, to the person of intelligence and penetration, unreadable. The difference is one of warmth and texture as well as actual ability to write.

In the United States it is, perhaps, too easy to attain the publication of a novel. The publishers are too willing to print half baked novels on a chance of the things which the author *may* be able to do later on. None of us are forced into learning to write *well;* if any of us write well it is because we have a conscientious passion for doing so. It is, after all, the artist alone who loves the cadence of his sentences, the mass of his detail, the form of his work.

We, in America, have the vitality and the material; it remains for us to supply only the *richesse* which comes alone from the brain and soul of the writer. At the moment there are too many "thin" novels, too many novels of which one can say, "It is just another book."

COALS TO NEWCASTLE — OR ELSEWHERE

A FRIENDLY contributor writes to protest in editorial terms against the bore. The bore is always with us. We bore the next man, and the man next to him bores us. The dull man may be amused by the witty, but again he may be too dull to appreciate the wit. Putting up with the hobbies of the world is a great part of the tolerance of life. Yet in these days of propaganda a campaign against bores might not be amiss. Let us have a care, however, that the hemlock is not first administered to ourselves.

I am introduced to Mrs. X. In the progression of our bridge she becomes one of the four at our table. Sweet as honey comes her question, "In what month were you born?" Then the trap is sprung: "What date?" "What time of day or night?" Instantly there is revealed the astrological circumstances which control the sort of person I am; my ability to keep the wolf from the door; to lavish affection or to lower temperature; even to bid wisely or to remove a doubled "three no trumps" from the danger zone.

Or it may be Mr. X, the gentleman with a radio complex, who makes me linger on the vision of that vacant chair at home beneath the reading lamp surrounded by an area of blissful quiet or the agreeable chatter of one's brilliant wife. It may be some other Mr. or Mrs. X with still other complexes, controlling precious hours by some self acknowledged right to impose upon unwilling listeners. So many human beings seem to run amuck! Large doses of superficial information upon specialized subjects are absorbed and unburdened upon old friends or casual acquaintances.

There must be some point to this diatribe on public nuisances in private places. It will be without effect, but the simple truth is that most of us sadly neglect that quite essential science — the study of our audience. I have a passing interest in astrology, in radio, in golf scores, in baseball heroes, the latest "best seller"; but why should I be obliged (obliged, mind you) to be victimized on any of these subjects? Possibly I am quite wrong, but it would seem rather out of place, to say the least, for me to attempt to sell snow plows in Miami or to engage in nautical conversation someone without knowl-

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edge of seas and ships and with no more than passing interest in them.

And yet, similar things are done, and by those whose birth and training would seem to have instilled that courtesy which forbids one's being a bore — of which there are two main sorts, abundantly prevalent: one carries "coals to Newcastle" where coal is too familiar to be raved about; the other carries coal to places where they burn whale blubber or gushing oil. Would it be too indelicate to ask — "By any chance, by the wildest stretch of imagination, are you interested in coal?"

HORNET OR BUTTERFLY?

PRESENT day criticism, like the old grey mare, "ain't what she usta be". Many of our recognized critics of literature and the drama, if measured by strict academic standards, would be utterly discredited. Still, we seem to get along very well with what we have, finding in journalistic criticism an ever widening outlook. If journalistic critical writing has done anything for the world of books and men — and few of us will deny that it has done a great deal — it has certainly broadened and humanized what was once confined to dry and scholastic observation. It has, in very fact, shown us the flesh, blood, and brain of an author through his works. One may contend that newspaper and magazine writing of this sort lacks permanency because it must of necessity be hasty and superficial. But the energetic men and women who produce it daily, weekly, or monthly know good writing when they see it and they have a genuine desire to give it to the widest possible audience.

On the fringe of this group, however, cling the wits and wags of the town, people with little real critical perception whose flair for getting themselves in print has often been confounded with the proportions of true authority. We wonder whether this parasitic group, living as they do in the shadow of vigorous minds, ever really read the books they laud or damn. Anyone who follows the accounts of metropolitan "literary" perambulations might well conclude that these people spend their time eating, drinking, and chatting with boon companions of the cinema and musical comedy stage. Nevertheless, they have several times been responsible for the sale of certain books, more often books that contribute little to the great stream of native thought but gain momentary attention through appeal to a taste that is at once false and affected. One is sometimes tempted to state that books are sold on the playing fields of Manhattan. For these literary butterflies, in their frivolous and epigrammatic pilgrimage from studio party to supper club, actually do influence the thought of thousands of readers, far from their playtime haunts, who believe in their judgment and regard their lightest quip as learned criticism. If the metropolitan centres have any baleful influence on the thought of the country, then they exert it through this fringe of pseudo-criticism, this "smart" group who care less for books than for dancing, and prefer risqué after dinner patter to sound literary criticism.

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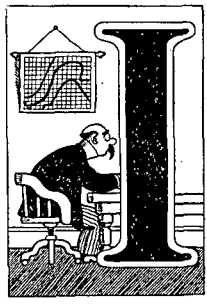
THE LOVE LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL

By Robert Benchley

With Sketches by Herb Roth



IF you happen to have a lot of political economy on your mind and yet don't want to write a treatise on political economy, or if you have a lot of ideas about the interrelation of the sexes on your mind and yet don't want to write a sex novel, why not do as Mr. Galsworthy does and have your sexes talk political economy and your political economists talk sex?

All you have to do is write your love scenes as the young Labor member from Plymouth might debate them in the House of Commons, and write your passages dealing with England's Economic Position in terms of what has come to be known in psychopathic circles as "sex".

May I borrow a silk hat from some member of the audience, please? . . .

THE BLUE SLEEVE GARTER

I

PROSCENIUM

IN the rich gloom of the Board Room, surrounded by charts showing the Unemployment Situation and the old Corn Laws, Lister Hoag, seventeenth baronet, reviewed in his well dressed mind the situation which confronted his heart. There was, of course, Melisse. Tomorrow! Seventh anniversary of their wedding day! Seven years of what? He broke a lead pencil. Seven years of Melisse. Poor Melisse! And yet — in a way — poor Trevor! Sentiment was tip. Unquestionably sentiment was tip. Still, Lister felt a strange ache when he thought of it all. What good in thinking? What good in tying one's tie? No — by Gad!

Old Breamley was speaking. To sell these ships now would mean a clear profit of thirty thousand pounds Thirty thousand Melisses! Fifteen minutes — half an hour — what difference did it make? He would soon be with Melisse. He would take her in his arms and tell her that everything was tup. And that would be no lie. Everything *was* tup. Silly old guff! Would Rodney Granish mind? And if he did, would Maxton Sixby blorrow? Jolly — if young Sixby blorrowed! What a mess! And now about these ships. The Germans wanted them. And England needed them. Reconstruction. Well, perhaps. But Melisse's neck was whiter than Reconstruction. And her eyes deeper. What a jolly old mup it all was! Everything! Or — perhaps — nothing! Lister shut his eyes and marked "Three hundred pounds" on his pad. No use to have a heart. Or a liver either, for that matter.

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II

CODA

IT was warm in bed. Heavy brocade shut out the smart breeze which blew in the long windows from the Free Trade Club across Cavendish Square. Lister Hoag ran his bare arm along the soft mountain ranges of the coverlet. Nice.

Melisse was asleep beside him. At any rate, Melisse was beside him. The curve from her chin to her shoulder reminded Lister of the curve on the chart showing the Unemployment Situation. It was a long, gentle curve and yet to him it cried out that the Government was wrong, all wrong. What right had one man to have a job when another hadn't? What right had they to tax wheat when Bleeker and Tony Napin and Thornlip and all those other poor devils were eating ha'penny rolls? Political principles — he mused — were tip. Absolutely tip. And yet if one had no political principles one was likely to have no principles at all. If, as a member of the community, as an Englishman — and he certainly was an Englishman — he accepted the challenge, what was left but revolution? No, by George! England was there, and since England was there, there she must stay.

Melisse stirred softly at his side. She wanted to speak. She said:

"What time is it, dear?"

Automatically, Lister looked at his wrist watch. It was the watch that had been given him by the governors of the Liberal Union. A rum crowd, the Union. No spines. No convictions. Like the Board. Seven per cent preference — nine per cent ordinary. What whip! And, since it *was* whip, why bother? But somehow the War had changed all that. The War had changed everything. Nobody was sure now. A chap didn't know in the morning what the Prime would be by night, and the Prime didn't know at night what a chap would be in the morning. England was twill. But she was England, nevertheless.

"It's a quarter to eight, dear."

But Melisse was asleep again, with a faint curl of disgust on her fifteenth century lips.

III

TEATIME AT BLEEMS

NINE hours later Trevor Ramsty stood facing the tea table across which Melisse Hoag was stretching a white arm. England was still England.

"Draw up. Cream, Trevor? Go away, Whang! You've had your tea. Don't tell me, Trevor, that you are going out for the Socialists? That's sugar you're taking, you know, ducky, not opium."

"Not so much going out for Socialists as going in for talking, empress."

Melisse looked at him. Very nicely put! Trevor *would* be nice to have with one on a canal boat.

"'Ware shoals, Melisse!" said Ramsty.

"Budney, my dear, sheer budney!"

Trevor bit her lip thoughtfully.

"You stweem a bit — for you."

"That will do, Cherry! And please someone take Whang downstairs. He has become intolerable since the Free Trade Club gave him that new leash."

Whang placed his paws on Lister's spats and said:

"Put me out if you will, but remember, I can vote at the next General Election."

Lister was incalculable — did such odd things! To be sure, he was nice. Very nice. But incalculable.

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"I'm sorry, Melisse, if I have made a gaff."

"Not a bit; jolly good tib. The thing about England today is that we are too English. Whang here knows better. He eats anything."

Trevor smiled queerly.

"Are you quite, quite sure?" asked Melisse.

"Rather! And, by the way, is it full fig tonight?"

"Just as you like. Meemie will be there."

"Full fig, then."

"I thought so."

"I thought you would think so."

"It *was* good of you to get me Rennie Cleenist, though. I do hope he'll behave and not be full of Debt Refunding. I'm putting him between Lillie Omster and Neyla Brann. Seven. You know them all. Oh, and you mustn't mind if Old Wadney talks Merchant Marine. He loves it so. Did you read Willie's story about him? Oh, too frightfully amusing — clearly meant for H. K. V. Whang, put that hat down! Whose hat is it?"

"Mine," said Lister, as he entered the room, "but never mind. We sold those ships."

IV

NAPIN REFULGENT

THE Board Room was no brighter than it had ever been. In fact, as Lister sat and poked holes in the map of Solvent Europe, the room seemed full of four per cents. Napin had been caught. Why quibble about that? Caught red handed, stealing the rudders off the ships which the company had sold to the Germans. But as Lister looked at the pale face of the young man, he saw on beyond Tony Napin and into the system which engulfed him. Capital. Labour. Tripe! It was man against man. Bug against bug. Oxford against Cambridge. And Napin had stolen rudders.

"See here, Napin! Come home with me and have a drink. You'll jolly well need one."

Tony said nothing but put on someone's hat and coat which were hanging on the wall and waited for Lister to lead the way.

"Napin, old bean," said Lister, "you're about done in. How can a man funk it when the world is as it is today? Look at the Liberals. Fed up on Liability Insurance. Look at the Labour Party. Eating Enfranchisement pap. Look at the Hangnail Prevention League. Nothing but —"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Hoag", said Napin. "You were saying something about a drink. I haven't all night, you know, sir. I'm due at jail at seven sharp."

V

MELISSE

TONY NAPIN had been in the room with Melisse just fifteen minutes when he asked her to run away with him. The afternoon sun was slanting in through the stained glass windows on which old Manton Hoag, sixteenth baronet, had had lettered in old English the complete text of the Reform Act. To speak perfectly frankly, Melisse was quite impressed with the twelfth century directness of Napin's proposition. Her brown eye rested on the silver tea service, her blue eye following suit.

Of course, there was Lister. Poor, dear Lister. He would be cut up no end. But really, Lister was frightfully civic. For seven years Lister had made

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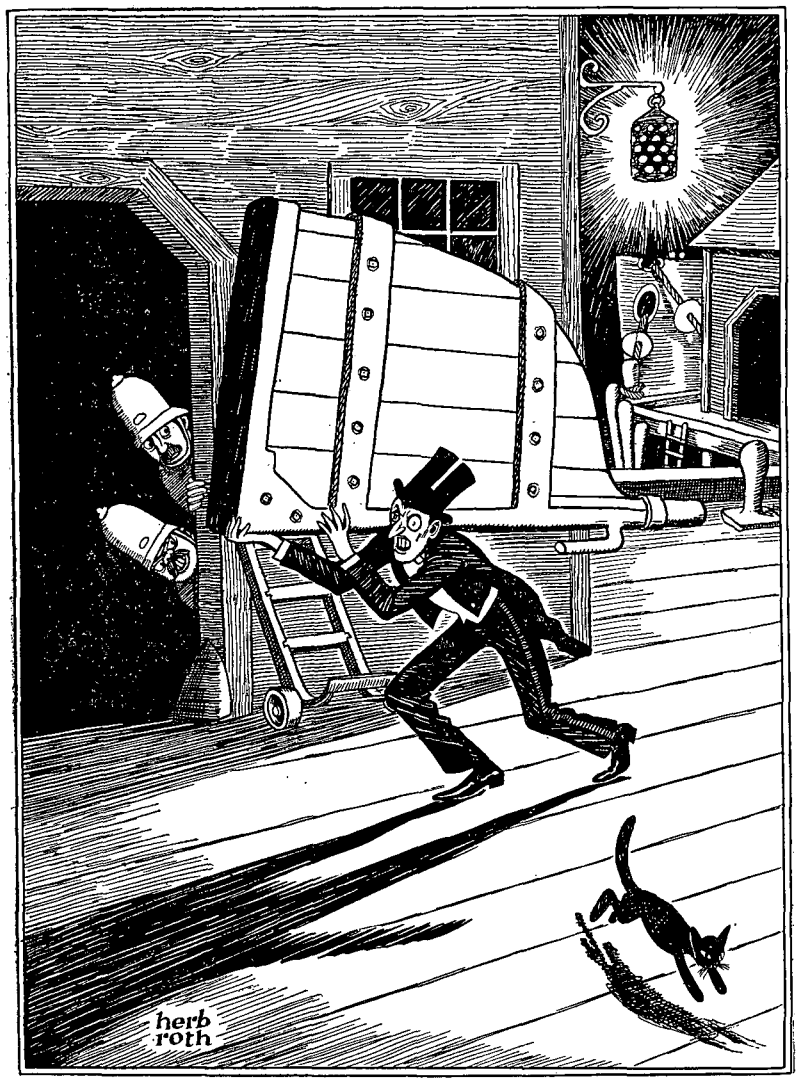

"Caught red handed, stealing the rudders off the ships"

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love to her by explaining the principles of Public Ownership of Metropolitan Utilities. Their baby had been conceived in Single Tax and had run away from home at the age of four rather than hear more about Redistribution of Unearned Capital. It was harsh to think, but dear Lister was suffering from hardening of the Trade Arteries.

Then there was Trevor. Trevor was a sweet lover. Melisse could not deny that. But he *did* talk Socialism when he should have been talking ways and means. Funny! That Trevor had — and here Melisse upset the sugar bowl — oh, well! Trevor *had*, that was all. Thinking was tosh. Tosh — and rather dreadful.

And now Napin. He had walked into the room, said how-do-you-do, and had asked her to run away with him. Nothing about Germany's debt. Nothing about the Merchant Marine. Nothing about taxation. Simply, "Pack your things!" It was stupendous. And terribly exciting. Why not? Or perhaps rather — why?

The telephone was over there. Melisse took her hand out of the hot tea and went to it.

"Can I speak to Mr. Hoag, please? . . . In the Board Room . . . Mrs. Hoag speaking . . . Lister, dear . . . How is the Bill of Rights coming on? . . . Bully! . . . And the Swedish Disenfranchisement? . . . Sweet! . . . And do you still feel the same way about taxing indeterminate inheritances? . . . Ducky! . . . Well, then, Lister dear, please do something for me. . . . Take them all, the Bill of Rights, the Swedish Disenfranchisement, and the Inheritance Tax and roll them up in one big bundle. . . . Have you done that? . . . Righto . . . What are you to do with them now? . . . You know very well, my dear. . . . I'm off for Innsbruck with young Napin. . . . Yes. N-a-p-i-n. Care of General Delivery, Innsbruck . . . Cheerio . . . "

Whang climbed up on the tea table and pushed his nose into the sugar bowl. At last he was alone.

PROTEST

By S. Foster Damon

BUT do not sneer, pout, thrust your lip
Out such a way! for you will see,
Some day soon, from your balcony,
The madman, bound, without his whip,
Conveyed in a well guarded cart,
And funeral music in his heart.

I wonder if, on that last day,
I'd turn my head to look your way;
Or if, intense to be released,
I should forget our loves and lies,
Anticipating with my eyes
The stair, the gallows, and the priest.

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SOME YOUNGER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

By Hugh Walpole

TIME passes and nothing stands still; the literary procession reminds one of the last act of the pantomime when, in the reception hall of a palace of ivory and gold, down a magnificent marble staircase, come groups of the nations or the virtues or the vices, just as it may happen to be, and one band of ladies after another, stout or otherwise, march to the front of the stage, wave a little vaguely with their arms, move to the right and the left, instantly to be followed by another eager group.

In England since 1890 this movement has been especially apparent. First, the Yellow Book band, poets and artists and writers of the supposedly French conte, the whole a little foreign, a little affected, an important but frustrated impulse. Then in 1895 the creeping forward of certain men, Conrad, Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy, who in another ten years were to stand once more, as other groups had so frequently stood before, for the emancipation of the novel. Then when they were nicely settled and everybody, having accepted them, was anxiously scanning the horizon for the new group, up there popped that now almost notoriously prewar group of young men whom Henry James pontifically blessed, and Katharine Gerould complained of as a syndicate — Beresford, Swinnerton, Lawrence, Cannan, Mackenzie, George, and the rest. In this case the novel might have jumped into some quite new costume, had the war not caught it by the throat. But suddenly in 1918 and 1919 "les jeunes" were producing nothing but poetry. The Mackenzies and the Swinnertons were pushed aside by the Sassoons and the Nicholses. Everybody wrote poetry, either bitter or idealistic, either democratic or patriotic, and by 1920 there were so many thousands of small volumes of verse that there might have been several large bonfires in the centre of Trafalgar Square, the poets burning the works of one another, without anyone alive perceiving the loss of anything. The novel seemed for a moment to take a back place. Then the women rushed forward and saved the situation. Saved it or lost it, who knows?

It is of course far too early to say at this moment what they intend to do with it. I don't suppose that they themselves know. All I can say is that it is now, in this year of grace 1925, quite definitely in their hands. One can name half a dozen women who have all come forward in the last five years, whose personalities are now quite firmly recognized by anyone who has any interest in contemporary literature. The curious thing is that against these half dozen can be set no new men writers with the definite exception of Michael Sadleir, the author of "Privilege", the famous Michael Arlen, and of course David Garnett. Six names of women novelists that occur at once to the mind are Rose Macaulay, Romer Wilson, Clemence Dane, Virginia Woolf, V. Sackville-West, and Dorothy Richardson. To these there

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should be added the names of May Sinclair and Sheila Kaye-Smith, were it not that both those ladies made their reputation before the period of which I am speaking. They are, however, quite definitely the leaders of this new woman's movement in fiction. There are other names that occur to one — Rebecca West, Mary Webb, Stella Benson, E. M. Delafield — but none of these ladies has written enough to assure one definitely of her position, with the exception of Miss Benson, whose last two books, "The Poor Man" and "Pipers and a Dancer", are exquisite.

Here then are these ladies coming to the front in a regular phalanx, just as in the early Nineties Madam Sarah Grand, Mrs. Caffyn, Mrs. Steel, George Egerton, Ella Darcy, were doing. The first point of interest is — how does this new band compare with that old one? Has it, allowing for the difference of times and manners, something of the same aims and methods that those earlier writers had, and is it achieving something of the same success? One great difference immediately leaps to the eye. The ladies of the early Nineties were one and all propagandists. New and wonderful to them was the freedom of the modern woman. Who knew but that in another fifty years they might even have the vote? Women had been seen riding bicycles in knickerbockers, one woman somewhere had smoked a cigarette, and the mere whisper of the mystic words "equality of the sexes" made a novel sell like hot cakes. Those dear, old fashioned, cosy, comfortable days of "The Heavenly Twins", "The Wages of Sin", "The Yellow Aster", "Some Emotions and a Moral", and "The Open Question"! Where are the leaves of yesteryear?

Once again we have inequality of the sexes, but this time it is the man who is subordinate. Special pipes of a delicate filigree texture are being sold in Jermyn Street for the use of ladies. Lady champions at golf and tennis and even football are paragraphed, followed and pursued from one end of the globe to the other. The ladies of the Lyceum Club, the biggest woman's club in London, sat breathless in rows the other day, their eyes glued to the tape, waiting for the issue of the Derby. We have women preachers in our best London churches, women M. P.'s, women barristers, and the women's college of medicine is so overcrowded that new buildings are most urgently desired. It follows naturally then that our new women novelists will not in all probability be deeply concerned with propaganda, they having, poor things, nothing about which they can propagand. It follows on that they are, much more than their older sisters, definitely concerned with art. Instead of the vote and divorce, they are preoccupied with technique, dialogue, realism, and the rest, and every one of the women whom I have named is experimenting with a form, sometimes new, sometimes old, but always the chief matter of preoccupation.

Take Miss Dane's "Legend", Miss Richardson's "The Tunnel", Mrs. Woolf's "The Voyage Out", and above all Miss Wilson's "The Death of Society", and see whether these books are not, in their technique at any rate, more audacious and enterprising than the work of any contemporary men.

Mr. Swinnerton, it is true, several years back produced a piece of perfect technique in his beautiful "Nocturne", but he did it quite unconsciously, the artist in him using the means which were best suited to the delicate theme. Then there is Brett Young's "The Black Diamond", another splendid

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piece of workmanship. But again it was with the life and soul of his hero that Brett Young was chiefly concerned, and not with the length of his chapters, the corkscrew pattern of his dialogue, or the ingenious arrangement of his suspensive dots.

The second thing that one notices about these new novelists is their attitude toward their own sex. Time brings in its revenges, and one of the most curious results up to the present of the new position of women is that the women writers spend their time in exposing other women as no men writers have dared to do. What male novelist has ever been so scornful of his own sex as Rose Macaulay, Miss Delafield, or Virginia Woolf? The books of these ladies are simply packed with satirical pictures of silly women, women who think they are clever and aren't, women who think they are unselfish and are not, women who think they are chaste and are not. Especially in these books do we find again and again exposures of feminine egotism. Miss Delafield indeed deals in nothing else. Here and there in these pages fine women are to be found, like the heroine of "First the Blade", the elderly amorist in "The Death of Society"; but it is to be noticed that these finer women are more like men than any of the male characters. Indeed, it can be said without much fear of denial that where these women fail is in their portrayal of the opposite sex. This is no new thing. The same complaint has been made time and again of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell and George Sand, but it is really surprising to look through all the books written by these new novelists and to search vainly for a real man who is a man. Take the men in Miss Macaulay's book "Dangerous Ages" — they amount simply to nothing at all. Miss Wilson's man in "The Death of Society" is like a young girl hysterically in love with an older woman. The men in Mrs. Woolf's "Night and Day" are all elderly spinsters, and Miss Delafield's men are clothes props. There are, of course, certain exceptions. The little Russian professor in Miss Richardson's novel "Interim" is a masterpiece. Miss Sackville-West's two maimed brothers in her extraordinary book "The Dragon in Shallow Waters" are, in spite of their deformities, real men with men's thoughts and feelings. Miss Sackville-West, indeed, to judge from her novels already published, is much more successful with men than any of her sister novelists. With this feminine inability goes also a kind of feminine softness and looseness which makes many of these books, when we look back upon them, dim and faint.

Our younger men novelists may not be geniuses and the works that they produce may not be masterpieces, but in one way or another they do succeed in giving their work definite outline and concrete form, so that, for instance, looking back upon "Jacob Stahl" or "Sinister Street" or "On the Staircase" or "The Crescent Moon" or "Sons and Lovers", we remember those works and they do mean something definite to us. I am bound to confess that, entertained as I always am by every book of Miss Macaulay's, when I try to consider "Potterism", "Told by an Idiot", etc., I cannot distinguish one book from the other and have only a sense of continuous verbal felicities, sharp digs at one thing and another, and a most delightful humor. It is the same with Mrs. Woolf, whose "The Voyage Out" was brilliant but most strangely inconclusive; the same again with Miss Delafield, whose succession of selfish elderly women fade

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into one unpleasant hawk nosed female; it is even the same with Miss Richardson, who until she produced her little professor had given me as a permanent possession little beside A B C shops and dentists' parlors. From Miss Dane, Miss Wilson, and Miss Sackville-West, a clear impression remains. It will be long before I forget Miss Sackville-West's Blind Man, Miss Dane's schoolmistress, and Miss Wilson's Martin Schuler, but even here not enough remains. There are threads of softness running through these works, a sort of enveloping mist, rosy indeed, beautifully colored, but obscuring the outlines of the distant scene.

Nevertheless, I would not for a moment deny the fine work that these women are doing. They are artists, they are independent and fearless, they are in most cases poets, they love their craft, they are carrying the English novel forward with waving banners and unfaltering purpose. They are I think a little inclined toward arrogance; they lack, in most cases, that final generosity of humor that admits every kind of worshiper into the temple; but it will be of no ordinary interest to see what they will do within the next ten years now that the English novel for a time is in their hands. Everyone must wish them luck in their brave enterprise.

WALKING

By Ruth Manning-Sanders

LUMBERING, lurching down the fields,
Father goes with little son;
Father's feet are heavy with mold,
And stiff and tiny boots uphold
The staggering feet of son;
Son's legs, white as dough,
Crisscross like drunkard's go;
Father's legs have lost their marrow,
Trudging over years of sorrow.

Father's legs they groan and creak
Hid in earthy corduroy;
Safety pins and bands that hurt,
And wanton folds of woolen skirt,
Son's legs annoy;
So each year its burden yields
Only for another one,
As lumbering, lurching through the fields
Father goes with son.

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THE EDITOR AND HIS PUBLIC*

As viewed by

1. *Robert H. Davis*

IT is reasonable to assume that one who has occupied an editorial chair for a quarter of a century should know what the public wants. The truth is that he knows less, if anything, than the public he serves.

Styles in what we read are as changeable as styles in what we wear. A mere whim in either case can set new standards.

The whimsical reading public sips its entertainment from every flower that blooms, not infrequently pausing at some weed in search of pungent cordial.

Adventure ever flies its banner in the field of romantic literature. Young hearts, beauty, heroes and heroines who live happy forever after, march in passing show; grim tragedies of the underworld, oriental themes, obnoxious aromas distilled in foreign gutters, come back to us filtered through the screen of English. The effect is kaleidoscopic.

Sporadic outbursts of approval and disapproval, sectional applause and bloc protests, leave the readers in an uncertain mind as to what they themselves require. A group of critics can so disturb the public mind that it ceases to function rationally.

Our American reader is cursed, or blessed as you will, with the gift of imagination, which renders it impossible for him to accept the dictum that a special course of reading is essential to his intellectual advancement. All the benefit that may accrue from selection at the hands of another may be, and frequently is, dissipated by some unseemly casual volume in which reposes a new doctrine, a new style, a new note born in the white heat of another imagination.

Writers of fiction who succeed in mastering narrative style gather countless readers in a lasting embrace. The editor who aims high seeks out these necromancers; they above all others weave the meshes that hold us spellbound. Characterization, dialogue, suspense, plot, progress, serve only to beautify the pattern, to give lustre, color, and vitality to the fabrications of a writer's imagination. The foundation, however, the pedestal upon which the monument, if it is to remain perpetual and gain the classic wreath, is erected, is narrative style.

The instinct to depart from this fundamental requirement in literature is strong in both authors and editors. The tendency to make excursions into uncharted waters turns these explorers into failures and the Copyright Bureau of the Library of Congress becomes a vast Lloyd's Register of those lost at sea.

Editing is not only a grave responsibility but a dangerous occupation — an enterprise equal in peril to that encountered by one who walks a desert only to be lured from the right path by

*The essays here printed are among those prepared to accompany a series of photographs of editors taken by Mrs. Doris Ulman, to be published next autumn in book form as "A Portrait Gallery of American Editors".

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an inviting mirage that suddenly appears on the distant horizon. Be not deceived by these intangible allures.

There is nothing more elusive than the mental limitations of the mass of readers. Profound indeed is the editor who knows these boundaries. I do not presume to phrase a definition as to what constitutes good fiction any more than I am able to define just what the public wants.

Born on the Nebraska prairies, I drifted west to the Pacific where I spent my youth in newspaper work. From that frontier of the covered wagon I crossed the continent to the Atlantic, making a survey of the space between. During a period of twenty odd years while I was serving as fiction editor of the Munsey publications, thousands upon thousands of good, bad, and utterly hopeless manuscripts passed through my hands. Millions of words were accepted, billions rejected. It is inconceivable that any one individual could have secured all that was best in this endless flood of contributions. I take some consolation out of the fact that in that mass of material I found the earliest efforts of O. Henry, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Fannie Hurst, Montague Glass, Dorothy Canfield, Ben Ames Williams, Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Donn Byrne, Nalbro Bartley, Frank R. Adams, Konrad Bercovici, Octavus Roy Cohen, and many others sufficient in all to make up a noble company.

The formula through which I reached my decisions is simple indeed, to wit: If a manuscript interested me I bought and printed it. Indecision culminated in rejection. The business of selection is not reducible to an exact science. Probably when the world's greatest editor is discovered it will be revealed that he thinks *like* the people instead of *for* them.

2. *John O'Hara Cosgrave*

WHAT do people who buy the millions of periodicals and the billions of newspapers produced on the American continent do with them? Attention is limited by time. There are but twenty four hours in the day and one must sleep, eat, and work. The minor balance of minutes free thereafter must be devoted to sustaining the newer industries such as golf, health, motoring, the movies, phonographs, player pianos, and radio. When one's debt to a mechanical civilization has been discharged, there are bridge and the theatre — but what span remains for reading?

A paradox lurks here. It is conceded that no one has leisure to read, but on all sides one hears of leaping and bounding circulations. Nowadays, periodicals that sell less than a million copies are derelicts. Authors are advertised like breakfast foods and are worried over their investments. Illustrators preside over baronial piles and moor fleets of motors in their garages. Guides point out the yachts and mansions of publishers to reverent subscribers. All this in the face of the phenomenal growth of golf links, the multiplication of motion picture theatres, Henry Ford's millions, Good Roads movements, loud spaakers, dance halls, and mah jong.

The mystery deepens. A small attention capital, already overextended, expands automatically to meet incessantly increasing drafts upon it. Limitation without limits. The miracle of the loaves and fishes diminishes in comparison. There must be an explanation since this is a scientific age. A few observers think daylight saving accountable, but this is superficial. An authority on physiology suggests that the discovery of the ductless glands

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may bear on the problem. Sun spots, says an astrologer. Personally I prefer the solution offered by a newer and better Einstein who has confided to me a theory that is at least adequate, though I am bound to admit no learned society has yet sanctioned it. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, he says, time has changed. Like the German mark, it has been inflated. In some inscrutable fashion, the seconds of which the hours are composed have had their duration doubled, so that while the day contains only the old twenty four hours, in reality — that is, attention space — it has been augmented to forty eight.

The calculations on which this engaging suggestion is based have been carried by my friend far beyond forty five decimals and have brought grey hairs to the revered heads of six of the twelve mathematicians, capable of understanding relativity, who are now checking the figures. At first glance, the idea seems fantastic, but so are the circumstances under consideration. We know that our national debt is some twenty times greater than it was in 1914, and that we have in the United States treasury more than half the world's gold. Why may not our time have expanded in proportion with our resources?

Until mankind is adjusted to this beneficial enlargement, it will continue to be obsessed with the delusion that it cannot do its daily dozen and read the morning paper, whereas, as the declining death rate clearly shows, everyone manages to perform his exercises and eat leisurely breakfast.

The rich development of the great motion picture industry and the overnight growth of radio afford indisputable proof that more people are taking their newspapers seriously than ever before in history. If the magazines that issue, in uncounted millions, from the busy presses of the nation, were not perused to the last page, how account for the greater variety of the American complexion, the wider diffusion of smart dress models, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners? Throughout the length and breadth of our fair land, the belching chimneys of innumerable stately and hygienic factories offer tangible evidence of the deep influence of periodical literature on living.

Having thus triumphantly refuted those witch burners, the Intelligence Testers, whose gratification is in deploring the intellectual inferiority of our people, let us consider the editorial function, as practised among us by the Masters of the Craft.

Unlike poets, editors are both born and made. They are either the sons or appointees of publishers. Certain minor exceptions achieved their own greatness; but as every chicken presupposes an egg, somewhere in the background of the lives of even these men, a publisher must lurk. It is the obligation of an editor to generate the literary mortar which binds together the bricks of advertising on which our periodical edifices are reared. Between him and the brick maker there is perpetual conflict, since he is disposed to rank his service as loftier than that of his fellow craftsman. To the merits of this contention the subscriber seems indifferent, but has been heard to declare that there is often more inspiration in the advertising pages of a publication than in the literary text which fringes them.

Comparisons are invidious, as ever, but success at editing is only another expression of the talent for entertaining, interesting, or inspiring people. It is a phase of the same capacity through which a theatrical manager or a vaude-

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ville impresario attracts thousands nightly to his show. Power of the same order as that which gathers a large audience for a magazine or a newspaper is exhibited by a popular orator, a spectacular preacher, or the chief of a great department store.

There are almost as many kinds of editors as there are trades and professions. Nowadays every occupation, cause, institution, and fraternity has its journal, and someone must be deputed to gather facts and developments arising at the centre and distribute them throughout the membership of the organism. However humble and unskilled, this service involves exercise of the faculties of formulation and selection which constitute the practice of all editing. There are degrees, of course, but the technique of summoning up the ingredients which, set and polished, are fused together as "The Atlantic Monthly", is the same as that which the editor of "The Grocer's Gazette" must follow in the assemblage of his own table of contents. There is this essential difference, however — "The Grocer's Gazette" is published for the profit of its readers, whereas "The Atlantic" must be baited for their interests. One has a sustaining objective; the other is aimed at an invisible target which it must hit to live.

The editor may be promoter, showman, artist, or evangelist. In fact, he should blend all these rôles if he be heaven born. As a rule, he carries the lighter qualities and spreads them as far as his vitality and his publisher permit. He is limited by the motive of his instrument, since he must represent the purpose of which it is the voice. Depending on the medium, either he is conveyed by his subjects or cruises under his own power. Coastbound freight or many cargoes on the Seven Seas.

However grandiose the approach, the initial problem of the editor is to gain an audience. It is soon made plain to him that the public issues no franchises for its instruction but lends a willing ear to entertainment. Yet if he takes the easiest way and is content with diversion merely, he finds himself limited to the patronage of the frivolous. But once the ear of his multitude is caught, he makes the agreeable discovery that it is as receptive of fact as it is eager for fiction, always provided the sterner issues are invested with the airs of novelty. As his exploration of the minds of his herd proceeds, it becomes clear that they will follow him to mid-Africa, the moon, or into the depths of the fourth dimension, if only he is conjurer enough to make the way to these remote destinations a primrose path. There are no limits to the editorial privilege, so long as he who wields it remembers there is nothing a reader resents more deeply than being given information, or enjoys more utterly than acquiring it without pain or process. Nor must he ever introduce a new idea save in the disguise of an old friend.

An editor is marked by the company he gathers at his contents table. If wise, he will be resigned to the rôle of silent host; since he has furnished the banquet and the subjects, it is better form to let the guests speak the pieces. Even if one be bursting with eloquence, anonymity is in order. It is a penalty of the function — one he shares with the entrepreneur, the playwright, and the composer, who must ever be heard by proxy.

This is not to contend that all the contents of the hosts of publications that color the newsstands of the nation are solely the fruit of an editor's planting. A publication type once established, innumerable contributors

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adjust their themes to its inclination. For a periodical is also a market for writers' wares. The director's craftsmanship is in the selection and display of exhibits; his art, in blending a group of incongruous stories and articles into a harmonious, individualized entity.

Every publication is in the image of its maker. Into it, however unconsciously, he breathes and feeds his own identity. He can give no more than he sees and feels. If he be idealist, his book bespeaks preoccupation with the betterment of mankind and may halt by the wayside. If his heart beats in unison with the masses, he will circulate in millions and be called great, though he may know no better.

The prevailing magazine pattern is of the period of the "Follies", rather than in the mode of "Hamlet"; nevertheless, experience has occasionally demonstrated that convictions and knowledge are not insuperable bars to great circulations. There is a definition of good editing — the identification and interpretation of tendencies. An editor may still be trail blazer and road maker. Here is a world in flux, awaiting a revelation. Its atmosphere is charged with grave and significant issues. A deponent energized with sincerity and vitality can still move the multitude. But he must remember always to invest his message with some flaming trappings of spectacle. Would Moses ever have persuaded the Children of Israel out of the wilderness save for those miraculous pillars of cloud and fire?

From all the foregoing, it is clear there are no immutable laws in the publishing world. Success, like gold, is where it occurs. It is inherent in the individuality of him whose gift it is; and if the possessor be an editor, the law is to follow his inspirations. The product he bears is truly the offspring of his own personality, and though he may carry himself with the air of a prophet, he is only the child of his destiny.

3. *George Jean Nathan*

I CONFINE these remarks to the editing of magazines. This editing seems to me to fall into three groups. First, we have purely commercial editing: that is, editing for circulation with profit from circulation and from advertising as the sole end in view. Second, we have so called Messiah editing: that is, editing that has as its aim the improvement of the condition of mankind and the uplifting of the cosmos in one particular or another. And lastly, we have editing for the pure fun and exhilaration of the thing, like riding a good horse, listening to good music, or drinking good wine. My personal experience in editing has been confined to the first and last groups. Of the second I know nothing, have never known anything, and, please God, shall never know anything.

My adventures in commercial editing belong to the dim past, along with my other youthful adventures. They were not without interest to me in a relevant and most acceptable commercial way, but this is not a financial report. I shall therefore leave this phase of the theme to my more experienced and doubtless very much wealthier colleagues. My more mature years have been devoted to editing for the sport of the thing — the only kind of editing that interests me in the slightest. A magazine, to me — and to my associate, friend, and partner Mencken no less — is a toy, something with which to amuse ourselves and also, perhaps, a sufficient number of similarly minded readers to keep the mech-

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anism of the toy from running down. It provides us with the pleasure of unloading certain of our ideas upon the world, and sensing the reaction of other men to those ideas. Some of these ideas seem to us to be sound ideas; others seem to us to be still somewhat dubious; both, however, seem to us to be worth playing with and trying out. A new idea needs trying out, as a new tennis racket does.

As an editor, I have no program of reform, no wish to elevate my fellow man, no itch to make the world a better place to live in. The world is quite all right, so far as I am concerned, as it is. If the magazine of which I happen at the time to be coeditor diverts and entertains men who think about things much the way I happen to — and men, no less, who think about things in absolutely the opposite manner — I am satisfied. All other considerations I am happy to leave in the hands of my esteemed confrères.

I do not now know, and I have never known, any set rules or theories of editing. In so far as I have any talent for editing, that talent consists merely in printing anything that interests me. What interests other people, I do not know. If what interests me happens luckily also to interest other people, I am given credit for being an astute and discerning editor which I do not deserve. I like to interest other people, it goes without saying, but I am not privy to the secret as to how this interest may be evoked. I simply gamble so much as I edit myself. This is doubtless no way to be an editor. I am very sorry.

DEEP SEA FISHING

By Leonora Speyer

SOMETIMES I cast my longing like a line,
Watch it sink deep and deeper in the blue
Immoderate waters that are dreams of you
Flooding the parched land that is sleep of mine.
Impassively I float the grey hours through,
With quiet eyes upon the quivering twine,
Aware of lurking shapes that give no sign
Of rising, though they leap as fishes do.

Your hands, your hands, a thousand multiplied,
Cool, slim and wary, darting through the night;
For every touch I knew, a hand! . . . then breaks
The useless line along the receding tide;
The shore looms nearer, peremptory with light,
A milk cart clatters by, a sparrow wakes.

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HOW OLD IS GENIUS?

By Alexander Black

IN the matter of art, youth and age often hold fears that have more than a superficial likeness. We find age, for example, betraying apprehensiveness as to birthday prejudices and a slipping attention on the part of its audience. Youth's anxiety is equally associated with the horrible haste of the clock. To youth, nothing looks worthwhile unless it can be induced to happen soon.

When I was nineteen it had become quite clear to me that if I were not famous at twenty five the jig would be up. Naturally I had no suspicion of my triteness. If we knew that we had happened before, our necessary impudence would be crippled. Even a taste of fame cannot appease the newly adult suspicion of the management. Max Beerbohm was having fun with this state of mind when, thirty years ago, he declared, "I shall write no more." Emerson's youthful, "Goodby, proud world, I'm going home", might suggest a rich anthology of sophomoric impatiences. I was not considering the misgivings of better men. I had an anxiety, and it was documented. All the names were at hand, a sort of who's who among the early.

At twenty five I had a new list, a larger list, of the great whose blaring entrance into the arena had occurred somewhere within a ten year period ending at thirty five. This, I said, to my Unconscious, is your last stand. Win now or crawl into obscurity and pull the hole after you. But at thirty five there had been neither apocalypse nor cataclysm, and I was too busy to fulfil the pledged abasement. The crawling was postponed. Moreover, new testimony had been introduced. Evidently the imposing triumphs marking the period between thirty five and forty five made most of the earlier records seem if not trivial at least inconclusive. And there came a time when it became imperative to acknowledge that the "curve" of genius rose sharply on the way toward fifty five, while not merely mature masterpieces but initial entrances of the most distinguished order were not to be included unless a still larger curve could be drawn.

It was not until the other day, in one of those intervals so plainly marked for unproductiveness that any maundering or mischief is likely to be invited, that I ventured to look among the records, no longer with an eagerness to be confirmed, nor altogether with a swagger of assurance, but with what seemed to be an amiable curiosity as to the possible insolence of the facts. No need to consider sheer precocity, which so often has an effect described (by George Eliot, for instance) as resembling the predicament of one who gets up too early and is sleepy all the afternoon. On the other hand, it could make no point to show genius still going strong at eighty five or ninety. There are inverted prodigies that upset all orderly calculations. I chose, arbitrarily, to look for the signs not of a first significant expression but of the fully "arrived" creative effort — not for the first affairs but for the high moods of authentic gestation. Perhaps I there-

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by begged the question, for genius has no code for getting itself said. An "Endymion" written at twenty one and a "Way of All Flesh" written at sixty six both represented guilt in obeying that impulse, and each in its way illustrated sustained power. It was the hundred yard dash that I chose to ignore, not because this offered a lesser sign in itself, but because the longer run, if not the marathon, seems more likely to eliminate the element of chance, which art is quite privileged to use, yet which can be no part of its true essence. Mere length is not, then, an art quality, but it can be demonstrative. It has been said of well cleaners in Africa that they must be able to stay submerged (with halted lungs) for four or five minutes, and that men under sixty are found not to have the necessary endurance. There is scarcely a happy parallel in the case of creative effort, though we might find many instances of shortwinded talent to bolster an analogy.

It would be easy, yet quite unscientific, to assume that the time theoretically required to produce a novel makes the novel the severest test of either the scope or the intensity of power. Sustained thinking and feeling and expressing can have no such measure. I found myself looking up the novels (and romances) as well as certain outstanding plays, with no logic whatever, though I might, if I had felt any obligation, have argued that in a novel a writer has wider latitude for the betrayal of weaknesses than is offered in any other medium. It was impossible to miss the revelation that poets and playwrights are likely to flower earlier than the novelists. Here were "The School for Scandal" at twenty six, "Every Man in His Humor" at twenty five, "The Beaux' Stratagem" at twenty nine, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" at twenty six, not to speak of Belasco's "May Blossom" at twenty five. Ibsen's "Doll's House" at fifty, or the Philoctetes, produced when Sophocles was well on toward ninety, did not seem to invalidate a theory that the playwright might be as early as the poet.

The twenties, I am bound to admit, offered poor pickings, though Kipling and Stephen Crane ("The Red Badge of Courage" was written at twenty five) and many another are to be cited in support of any claim for real youth. I have confessed a juvenile theory as to twenty five. A later excursion into figures resulted at one moment in the conviction that thirty six was a noble crisis, for here were Shakespeare with "Hamlet", Flaubert with "Madame Bovary", Irving with "Rip Van Winkle", Boccaccio with the "Decameron", Whitman with "Leaves of Grass", Poe with "The Raven", Stevenson with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". But in the end all such fantastic hypotheses were toppled.

Let me offer, with any proper apology for casualness, some of my notations, decade by decade. There is every likelihood of inexactness, for it is not always possible to discriminate accurately between writing date and publication date. And there is plenty of room for quarrel as to the choice of genius's "high spot". The entrance of a new personality inevitably attracts more attention than any later gesture. Loose criticism often confuses the furor of surprise with the sound of a real triumph, though first furors are, I suppose, of themselves a triumph. In a matter so elementally a question of opinion I should not and do not bother to consider how closely my choice of any book may match any other choice. Nevertheless, I have not, to my own feeling, chosen with any flagrant peculiarity of preference.

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In the thirties: Shakespeare, "Hamlet" (36); Flaubert, "Madame Bovary" (36); Whitman, "Leaves of Grass" (36); Boccaccio, "Decameron" (36); Sue, "The Mysteries of Paris" (39); Stevenson, "Dr. Jekyll" (36); Wilkie Collins, "The Woman in White" (36); Gogol, "Dead Souls" (33); Frank Norris, "The Pit" (32); Kipling, "Kim" (35); Page, "Marse Chan" (34); Oscar Wilde, "Dorian Gray" (35); Eggleston, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (34); Garland, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" (35); Cable, "Dr. Sevier" (39); Fuller, "The Cliff Dwellers" (36); D'Annunzio, "Francesca da Rimini" (39); Wycherley, "The Plain Dealer" (33); Crawford "Saracinesca" (33); Cabell, "Jurgen" (39); Poole, "The Harbor" (35); Mérimée, "Colomba" (37); Henry Sydnor Harrison, "Queed" (31); Hergesheimer, "Java Head" (38).

In the forties: Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales" (46); Barrie, "Peter Pan" (43); Balzac, "La Cousine Bette" (46); Tolstoy, "Anna Karenina" (42); Molière, "Le Misanthrope" (44); Scott, "St. Ronan's Well" (43); Dickens, "Great Expectations" (49); Thackeray, "The Newcomes" (43); Jane Austen, "Emma" (40); Dostoyevsky, "Crime and Punishment" (44); Mark Twain, "Huckleberry Finn" (48); Shaw, "Man and Superman" (47); George Eliot, "Adam Bede" (40); Howells, "Silas Lapham" (47); Anatole France, "Thaïs" (45); Rabelais, "Pantagruel" (42); Blackmore, "Lorna Doone" (44); Dante, "The Divine Comedy" (41); Sudermann, "Es War" (47); Le Sage, "Gil Blas" (47 to 67); Dumas, "Monte Cristo" (42); Daudet, "Sapho" (44); Fielding, "Tom Jones" (41); George Moore, "Esther Waters" (41); Trollope, "Barchester Towers" (42); George Sand, "La Mare au Diable" (42); Zola, "La Terre" (48); Hewlett, "The Queen's Quair" (42); Smollett, "Humphrey Clinker" (49); Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (41); Conrad, "Lord Jim" (43); Deland, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" (48); Melville, "Moby Dick" (42); Burnett, "A Lady of Quality" (46); Dreiser, "The Genius" (43); Wilson, "Bunker Bean" (45); Tarkington, "Seventeen" (46); Galsworthy, "Fraternity" (42); Hale, "The Man Without a Country" (41); Willa Cather, "My Antonia" (41); Edith Wharton, "The House of Mirth" (42); James Lane Allen, "The Choir Invisible" (46); Sherwood Anderson, "Poor White" (43).

In the fifties: Sterne, "A Sentimental Journey" (55); Goethe, "Faust" (59); Meredith, "The Egoist" (58); Hardy, "Tess" (50); Ibsen, "A Doll's House" (50); Wells, "Mr. Britling" (50); Turgenev, "Virgin Soil" (59); Racine, "Athalie" (51); Milton, "Paradise Lost" (55); Hawthorne, "The Marble Faun" (55); Cervantes, "Don Quixote" (57); Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress" (50); Gautier, "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (52); Swift, "Gulliver's Travels" (58); Stockton, "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (52); Wallace, "Ben Hur" (53); Richardson, "Clarissa Harlowe" (58); Rousseau, "La Nouvelle Héloïse" (50); Johnson, "Rasselas" (50); Reade, "Griffith Gaunt" (52).

In the sixties: Hugo, "Les Misérables" (60); Butler, "The Way of All Flesh" (66); Voltaire, "Candide" (65); De Morgan, "It Never Can Happen Again" (69); Defoe, "Robinson Crusoe" (60); de Goncourt, "La Faustin" (60); James, "The Golden Bowl" (60).

It will be plain that in many instances earlier work by a given artist might be indicated as of equal fame or equal importance, but the debate here would be no better than that over the superior

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quality of later work. I skirt the philosophy leading straight to the conclusion that if works of art endured by technique alone, age would have a general advantage. Tradition recognizes increasing skill and diminishing enthusiasm. The artist who holds his high spirits — like a Goethe, a Verdi, or a Cervantes — is yielded an inevitable ascendancy in art as in life.

My list is too personal and impulsive to merit precise deductions. It would not do, for example, to suggest that forty two, fifty, and sixty seem to be fortunate ages. It might be rash to suggest that in the work of the fifties and sixties appears a fibre stronger than in that of the thirties and forties. To be honest, I believe nothing of the sort. The thing I do believe is that genius as exhibited in works of imagination has no favorite age, that the brain has no child bearing period whose range it is possible to fix.

The one admonitory conclusion which I venture to derive from this glance at the figures is that youth need not be in a hurry. A joyous impatience, yes, but not a crippling anxiety to demonstrate. No time concessions to all that is outside. The true artist will not be a clock watcher. He may sometimes beat the game, as Dr. Johnson did with "Rasselas" because he needed the money (it is always a shocking discovery that few impulsions have been so provocative to genius as being hard up), but this will not be like feverishly fussing over proof that genius is on the job early — or that earliness is genius.

CENTRAL PARK

By Maxwell Bodenheim

THE youth and girl within this grudging park
Must make their love a semi-handcuffed thing
And feel the strained abasement of a king
And queen reduced to sitting in the dark
While passersby, with peering and remark,
Present an irritating, unsought sting.
Their longings do not dare to rise and sing,
But whisper as they guard the threatened spark.

The parsimonious brutality
Of certain men and women always hates
The sight of others whose emotions meet
Free from all angling and formality.
When sex spontaneously celebrates
It greets a hostile, opposite defeat.

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FROM AN AUTHOR'S MAIL BAG

"A strange volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman."—Douglas Jerrold

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following extracts are gathered from a collection of informal reminiscences of Kate Douglas Wiggin, presently to be edited and published in book form by her sister, Nora Archibald Smith.*

AN eminent British author, when asked to set down his likes and dislikes in one of those biographical booklets too often presented to literary lights by their admirers, alleged his favorite occupation to be "Serendipity". The novel and tantalizing term immediately caught the attention of those curious in words, and was found to have been coined by Horace Walpole, who used it concerning the adventures of a certain Prince of Serendib.

This oriental potentate, so it is related, conducted a worldwide search for a lost treasure, and although he never found the particular object he desired, he yet came upon so many other valuable things in his travels that he considered his life well spent.

Haec fabula docet: This fable teaches that even a successful author's morning mail, bulky as it may be with bills, advertisements, begging letters, letters seeking the origin of quotations and the verification of statements, queries as to the disposition of manuscripts, pleas for opinions on verse — that this high heaped material may yet contain some rare gem that sparkles among the rubbish, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear".

In the pursuit of Serendipity, then, the following gems were discovered by my sister and laid away in a special case for the delight of other connoisseurs. — *N. A. S.*

Metropolis,
Chehallis County,
Washington Territory,
March 31, 18—.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,

Dear Sister:

I see by the papers that you have published a song-book for the little ones, called "Kindergarten Chimes".

Will you send me a copy for use in my Sunday School work, and wait for your pay till the Great Judgment Day?[1]

Yours in the faith,

——— ———.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,

Dear Madam:

In an old file of "Ladies' Home Journals", lent me by a friend, I discovered a picture of you clad in a gown of old Venetian brocade which I well remember helping to make when I was an assistant in Miss ———'s dressmaking establishment in ——— Street, London.

I was allowed by Miss ——— to work upon the bodice of the gown, — my first important task, — and I well remember that it was trimmed with the customer's own Venetian lace. I was greatly interested in my work

[1] I need not say that the proposal was considered too unique to be disregarded. — *N. A. S.*

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because all the girls in the establishment knew about you and your writings, and I was very proud when it was completed to your satisfaction. As was the custom in Miss ———'s establishment, each assistant kept a book in which she pasted a sample of each gown she worked on, and a sample of your Venetian brocade was a feature of mine. When I left Miss ———'s, I took my book with me and made a tea-cosy from the various pieces, which I carried with me as a nurse in the Boer War.

When the war was over, I came to America to live, still attended by the tea-cosy; and now I am here on a farm in Pennsylvania with little to do but remember the past.

Hoping that this long letter has not wearied you, I am

Yours respectfully,

——— ———.

September 26th, 1889.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Much Esteemed Madam:

Will you be kind enough to give us your opinion regarding the following.

The Browns, Smiths and Jones are three foreign families living here in Mexico. The Browns' child was to be baptized, and they had thought of inviting a number of friends, but owing to unfriendly feeling among the different families, could not well arrange the company.

Brown explains the matter to them all, then he asks Mrs. Smith if she, as an intimate friend, would do him the favor to ask and arrange with a certain Chinaman Hotel Keeper, to bake a few fine cakes. She most cheerfully complied, and also informed Brown that she wanted to make a cake herself for the Baby, and if Brown would send her 2 lbs raisins, and one pound of butter, she would bake a nice fruit cake.

Brown sent the butter and raisins.

Mrs. Jones, a friend also of Browns, and a next door neighbor to Mrs. Smith said she wanted to furnish a cake, all said in the most friendly terms.

On the afternoon of the 19th inst, Brown sent a servant for the cakes. They all came together, those of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, and those the Chinaman furnished, along with numerous boquets of flowers.

The baptism took place that evening, present, only God Father and God Mother. The following morning (the 20th inst) the Browns, so happy knowing their son was a Christian, concluded as there was a great abundance of cake they would send it around among their friends, to enjoy, also the baptismal cake.

Among others to the Smiths and Joneses.

Gathering together the dishes of Smith and Jones and writing a polite note stating the cakes were all very fine and much enjoyed, they sent them, enclosing also to each, Mrs. Smith, and Jones, the usual baptismal cards, custom of the country.

Mrs. Smith and Jones sent the cake all back without one word of explanation. In sending the cake Mrs. Brown sent two pieces of each cake furnished by Smiths, Jones and Chinaman.

Now someone has been guilty of commiting a breach of Etiquette; who was it?

The Browns are very much hurt as they meant no harm.

The Smiths and Jones Family are hurt that they should have their own baking returned for them to eat.

Please excuse all of us for our molest-

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ing you, but your answer and decision we greatly wish; it will settle all difficulties for us in our colony.

Trusting you will not feel annoyed by our intrusion, we are all truly your friends, the Browns, Smiths and Jones's and all the rest.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
(*Signed*) EULOGIO N. CAMPBELL M. D.
San Ysidro
Estado de Sinaloa,
Mexico.

6 Chestnut Street,
————, Georgia,
March 6, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Wiggin:

Seeing a short sketch of you in "The House-Wife", I am encouraged to write you, on an important subject. My daughter, off at College, will graduate from the College Classical Course, in May, the subject of her oration is Sources of Power in the World. Will you please be kind to send me some thoughts on said subject? I will pay you whatever you charge.

Anxiously awaiting your reply, I remain,

Obligingly,
Yours,
JULIET E. MOSES.

4208 Woodland Ave.,
May 5, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Wiggin:

The School of Practice and the Normal School of Philadelphia had the honor of having you come and give us a reading from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm".

I am a pupil of the School of Practice. The day that you visited us I happened to be punished for a small offence. The biggest disgrace of our school is to be put under the clock in the Normal School's main corridor. My teacher put me under the clock for the whole day.

By the way the students were rushing around, I knew something unusual was to happen. Afterwards I heard the elevator lady tell the janitor that Mrs. Wiggin was reading to the girls. I nearly fell off my chair, I was so surprised. Really, Mrs. Wiggin, I don't believe I have ever been so disappointed in my life before, when I heard that you were there and that I was not to hear you.

Of course the reading must have been splendid but there was another reason that I wished to hear an author read. My greatest ambition is to be an author myself. I love to tell and write stories and I always get "Excellent" in compositions in school. Poetry to me is beautiful and I write some; of course no one ever sees it but I love to write poems.

I dearly love Rebecca and many times have I transformed her into a real little girl and have played and talked to her for hours. I read the book and then Rebecca steps out and we have a lovely time together. "Patsy", another one of your books, is splendid. It is so sad, though, that I always cry when I read it.

I saw "Mother Carey's Chickens" Saturday and it was lovely. I can imagine just how proud you must feel to see your book being played. I was telling the friend that was with me that if I do become an author and write lovely things, that if it is ever dramatized I shall buy a seat in the top gallery and more or less disguise myself. Then I shall study the people's faces, they are so interesting up there

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and I would like to see the effect my book has on them. I do so hope that I shall write. I am going to try very hard.

I have at least been a little consoled by seeing you. I saw you when you were coming down from reading; maybe you saw me but I doubt it. I was sitting in the corridor "under the clock", just across from the stairs and near the elevator.

I hope with all my heart that I shall meet you some day.

Respectfully,

ISABEL HARTSHORN.

(*14 yrs.*)

Monday, May 18th, 19—,
Number 941 Linden Street,
Oakland, California.

Mrs. Wiggin:

I am Mr. Jordan, Will Jordan. I am the same one that you used to see at Mrs. Blake's House, in San Francisco. I would like to remind you of some things, and also, ask some favors of you, and also, of all of your lady, and girl friends, through you, and when I say all of your friends, I mean all of them, and everywhere. Will you, and your friends, please dress for the halloweens and for all of them, & as follows? While you are in the house, wear standing collars, and turn back cuffs, or, turn down collars, and inside cuffs, but, if you go out on the street, wear also, either thread gloves, or dressed kid gloves, either outside, or inside, of the sleeves. Also, this same style of dress, would be equally suitable, for seeing, or doing, any of the following things. For any circus, or any real fire, or any race, or any tournament, or any disaster, or any sham fight, or any killing contest, or to see anything killed, or any melodrama, or to see any animals trained, or broken, or for any hunting, or fishing excursion, or for any Wild West Show, or for any horses show. This is what I call, the 1st Style of Dress.

Also, if you, or your friends, should ever do, or see, any real fights, or tragedies, please dress for that, and as follows. Wear veils, if it is possible, turn down collars, turn back cuffs, and undressed kid gloves, either outside, or inside, of the sleeves. This also, is what I call, the 2nd Style of Dress.

Mrs. Wiggin, if you, and your friends, would do all this for me, it would oblige me very much. I have asked you, and your friends, to do this for me, because, I think so much of having ladies, and girls, thoroughly dressed, at such times, either to do such things themselves, or to see them done. Mrs. Wiggin, you know me, you remember me, and Your Mother and Sister, and I and My Mother, used to meet you at Mrs. Blake's House in San Francisco?

I will say again, that if you, & your friends, would all do this for me, it would oblige me, very much, for the reason I have given. When a woman, or a girl, is dressed in either of these ways, she is to me, at least as well dressed, and as thoroughly dressed for such things, as she would be if she was dressed in the usual way. I enclose a stamp for reply.

W. H. JORDAN.

Mrs. Wiggin, please don't return this letter, or please don't write and tell me that you don't wish to do all this, because I want you to do it. You know me, and remember me, therefore, I want to ask these favors of you, and your friends.

(*Signed*) W. H. JORDAN.

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Office of the Wild Rose Balm.
————, *Mass.*

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,

Dear Madam:

Our Mr. Hendricks was among your hearers last evening and he remarked that as you stepped upon the stage you shed abroad an atmosphere of such elegance and refinement as showed you to be a person accessible to beauty in any form.

Those who have read your moving little tales (and who has not?) know you to be entirely above the use of cosmetics, but it would be both laudable and legitimate if you should use some simple emollient and thereby preserve those charms with which Nature has endowed you so lavishly.

We send you herewith 6 bots of the W. R. B. If you should feel you could give us a testimonial we should be deeply grateful but in any event dear Madam we shall be glad to have served you.

Yours respec'y & admiringly,
THE W. R. B. CO.,
per HENDRICKS.

————, *Wisconsin,*
February 8th, 1910.

MESSERS. HOUGHTON, MIFLIN AND CO.,
PUBLISHERS,

Gentlemen:

I would like to write a sequel to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" published by you; Provided of course no other has written one, and also provided I could arrange with you to publish it for me.

Will you kindly tell me if you would undertake this if in your Judgement the sequel was every whit as good as Rebecca and it was about the same sized body and binding? Could you tell me if Rebecca, met with a good sale, and what were the royalties paid on it?

There are so many characters left at the post, as it were, in this book; that I believe I can make even a more interesting story than Rebecca, and not do violence to the Authors description of their characteristics.

An early reply will be very much appreciated by,

Yours very truly,
HENRY A. WHITE.

Manchester, N. H.
Nov. 10, 1889.

TO KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,

Dear Madam:

Please find enclosed 25c, for the New York Kindergarten Association. It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request, for I was very thankful for your autograph. How much nicer and ladylike it makes you appear to grant such request. I feel better acquainted with you, and feel more like reading your books. Now Mrs. —— ——[2] is different. She is quite *hogish* and refuses all requests. I don't feel like reading her books.

Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) IDA I. CAMDEN,
Age 13.

FROM A "QUILLCOTE"[3] NEIGHBOR

(*In answer to an offer for her property*)

————, *N. H., 8/10, '01*

MR. H. P. K.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter I must say that Mr. Johnson's offer is not the

[2] Name of celebrated lady omitted.
[3] The name of K. D. W.'s summer home in Maine.
—*N. A. S.*

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slightest temptation to me to part with my place, neglected as it is. I consider it worth $1,000, (One Thousand Dollars) to breathe the same air as Mrs. Riggs one month in the year.

With regards to all,

———— ————.

Oakland, California,
Feb. 21st, 1887.

Dear "Miss Kate":

I send you a jewel for your collection, in the shape of a romance, written by my ten year old niece.

As ever,

Affectionately,

A. W.

THE CUPLE

A FINE YOUNG CUPLE WERE WALKING UP THE SHORE ONE DAY TALKING OF POLETICKS. MISS CRANE SED I THINK BLANE WILL BE ELEKTED. MR. WHITE SAID I THINK HE WILL TOO. I THINK WHEN TOO PEOPLE LIKE BLANE THEY OUGHT TO GET MARRIED.

SHE SAID I DO TO. HE SAID SHALL WE? I LOVE YOU SO! SHE SAID DO YOU LOVE ME REALLY? THEN HE SAID WILL YOU BE MINE? SHE STUDERED AND THEN REPLYED I DONT KNOW. WELL — YES.

THE CUPLE WALKED UP TO THE HOTEL AND IMBRASED.

THEN HE GLIDED DOWN THE WINDING STARES AND SENT A TELEGRAM TO HIS MAMA AND PAPA TO COME TO THEIR WEDDING.

THEN HE WENT UP STARES AND THEY IMBRASED AND SAID THEY LOVED EACH OTHER AND WOULD ALWAYS VOTE FOR BLANE BECAUSE HE GOT THEM MARRIED.

Winnie Warner.

OCCASIONAL VERSES

Mrs. Wiggin's charming wit often took the form of verse which, though not known to the public, was a source of great delight to her friends and associates.

20.5.05.

Dear Mrs. Riggs
May I remind you of your kindness in promising to visit my Library on Monday next? Lunch at 1.30 precisely.
Yours sincerely,
Edmund Gosse.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

(From a Lady to a Gentleman who has reminded her that she is lunching with him on the 21st, at 1.30)

The critic may forget the book
He lately read with special zest;
The mother may forget the Babe
That's not yet weanèd from her breast.
It may be that the Mandarin
Can e'en forget the Sacred Joss,
But black as ink on Mem'ry's page
Is writ my lunch with Edmund Gosse.

K. D. R.

TO E. J. K.

(With a Photograph)
BACHELOR BECAUSE OF ME

You've never asked my picture;
But well I know how shy
You are, and how discreet, —
You'd really rather die!

So here, all unsolicited
Is that fair fatal face
That's kept you still a bachelor
Unto this day of grace.

Had I been free! — but why do I
Those days of pow'r recall?
A woman's never really free
Since she can't marry all!

K. D. W.

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TO H. G. WELLS

(With a Shilling)

(Mr. H. G. Wells was my neighbour at the Author's dinner, London 1909. He took me for the author of "Mrs. Wiggs", but redeemed himself by lending me a shilling for carbonic water. I wrote these lines in a copy of "Rebecca" and sent him next morning. — K. D. R.)

My dear Mr. Wells, do I owe you a shilling?
It may be yet more, but I vow I'm unwilling
To pay you your debt, since the slight obligation
Produces between us a closer relation.

I send you this book, with the hope small and faint,
That you will respond to my passionate plaint
For a copy of "Kipps", with your name on the leaf.
(My love for that creature is quite past belief!)

Some hours have passed and perhaps you're unable
To call up the name of your neighbour at table.
She rhymes *with* but is *not* the famed "Mrs. Wiggs",
She is Kate Douglas Wiggin who married a Riggs.

DINNER RHYME

TO MR. S. L. CLEMENS

(With Masks of Comedy and Tragedy)

The most of us can manage just
In scrambling through this vale of tears
To make what others call our "mark",
And salt it down with hopes and fears.
Then comes along a chap who does
With ease, what we have done in pain;
He makes, at first, one shining mark,
And then, by George! he makes "Mark Twain".

TO MRS. CLEMENS

(With a Cross and a Crown)

The wife of a genius knows all about crosses,
Her life's full of gains, but it also has losses;
To act her part well is worth while, when she learns it,
And as for her crown, — Well, I'm sure that she earns it!

GOOD-BYE TO WOLCOTT BALESTIER WHO LEFT THE EDITORSHIP OF "TIME" AND WENT TO LONDON

It might be written on his bier,
Here lies a man named Balestier.
He made Time fly, as many knew,
And then alas! from "Time" he flew.

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CRITIC CRITTURS

By Frank L. Packard

THE time has come for some of us fellers to speak out in meetin' — and I'm going to do it. Somebody's got to be the goat. I've been one most all my life, so that's perhaps why the others are hanging back modestly now and kind of expecting me to start something. The trouble is us authors are terribly misunderstood — and I know who's to blame.

What do people think of authors today? Gosh! It makes my blood boil to think of what is thought. It isn't true. You take it from me, it isn't true, no matter what it is. But one thing is being insidiously poked into folks' minds that I want to rise up and repudiate loud enough so that maybe somebody will believe me, and that is that us authors have turned worldly like other people, and won't stand for that garret stuff any more, and want to know what price divine afflatus before they set the afflatuses whanging with whatever an afflatus whangs with on a typewriter. It's rank defamation. The idea! It shows on the face of it. What would an author do with Palm Beach suits, and automobiles, and ringside seats? I ask you! The straight goods is that no author gives a hoot whether his books are sold or not from the crass and sordid standpoint of mere money. Certainly not! His aim in writing is purely altruistic, a sort of life offering on the altar of the common weal — his own included — especially so, in some instances. I make that statement without any reservation whatever. And I can prove it. I know authors who read and reread their own stuff by the hour — and get more real, solid enjoyment and uplift out of it than anybody else!

But that ain't the worst of it. Authors are not only grossly misunderstood, but even their books are criticized. There are actually people who are employed to do this. They are called — I mean the people who are paid for this nefarious work — book reviewers; generally they are known simply as critics. And it's these critic critturs that I'm going to say something about. I guess I've got a right to, whether I'm the leading goat or not. They've been saying things about me for twenty years.

I suppose I ought to begin at the beginning and say just what a critic is, though of course you could find it out for yourselves in your dictionaries just as I did; but maybe you haven't got your dictionaries handy, so I'll tell you. The dictionary says, among a whole lot of other things, that a critic is "a person skilled in the judging of the merit of literary works". But having established that fact, I'm going to be perfectly honest and admit right here that, though I want to be helpful, I'm a little hazy on some of the salient points about critics, and I want to confess that I don't know of any night school, or that sort of thing, where you have to go to get a diploma to skill yourself with and hang on the wall so's to become a critic. To the best of my knowledge there isn't any nonsense

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like that about it, or any years wasted in probationary efforts getting ready to be a critic the way there is in getting to be a steamboat captain, or a baseball umpire, or things like that. As far as I can make out, if you have a hankering to be a critic, you just say to yourself: "I think I'll be a critic." And then you decide definitely that you'll be a critic; and then you say out loud: "Now I *am* a critic" — and you start right in critic-ing. I base this assumption on the fact that every time a critic criticizes a book he differs violently with the chap that's criticizing the same book in another newspaper next door, so that what he says can't be based on any laws, or regulations, or any course of study that has to be followed in common somewhere else first.

This is awfully darned confusing for the author. You see, out of the multiplicity of conflicting verdicts, he doesn't know whether he has written a masterpiece or committed a crime — and so, naturally, he hasn't the faintest idea what to write about next time. I guess us authors have got a grievance, all right! And I ain't saying anything about confusing the public, because, since cross puzzles came in, the public's reading nothing but dictionaries, and there's only a few critics that've had the gall to criticize dictionaries so far. Maybe, though, more of 'em 'll turn to that expanding field from now on. That's what us authors are hoping anyhow. It would be a good thing all round, because what's inside a dictionary would be helpful even to a critic, and it wouldn't do anybody any harm.

But I ain't going to be set or narrow in anything I say. I'm going to allow right here and now that, so far as I am concerned, I get a pile of high powered emotion out of my system through reading a lot of different critics criticizing the same book. But the only time I do, of course — read 'em, I mean — is when it's my own book that's under the anæsthetic, for us authors don't read criticisms about each other. It's not done! Well, as I was saying, reading the bunches of clippings that come in from the clipping bureau every time my publisher takes a chance on another book sets the thrills chasing each other up and down my spine something fierce. With my eyes glued on one clipping I get a sensation of exaltation so great I realize a vast gulf separates me and my genius from the common, ordinary herd of people, and I get so genuinely sorry and full of pity for the ordinary herd that I almost sob; and then — well, before I'm half through the next clipping I'm looking for a chance to change places with the scrawniest and most emaciated worm that ever crawled, and, as a plain matter of fact, I become heartily ashamed that I was ever born.

Of course it's terribly nerve racking, in spite of the thrills you get. But the worst of it is that the more you get bewildered, the more you have to keep in mind the fact that no critic would ever dream of criticizing an author on any subject matter that he, the party known as the critic, wasn't thoroughly conversant with himself, and where he didn't have the author pretty well cornered before he began. Absolutely not! It wouldn't be logical.

I'm just going to dig out a skeleton from my own cupboard, so's you'll see what I mean.

Some years ago I wrote a book that dealt with underworld characters, real, bad ones, you understand, and crimes, real bad crimes, too, and a large part of the novel, the scene of it, I mean, of course, was laid in a penitentiary. One critic somewhere out in California gave me a whole column — and then

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I am sure hadn't half commenced to purge his soul of the nausea with which my poor book had afflicted him. He ended up with a virulent and caustic paragraph to the effect that it was perfectly obvious to anyone who knew anything about it that I hadn't the faintest idea of what the inside of a prison looked like — let alone possessed even a working suspicion of what went on therein. I felt a bit sick about that until, a few days later, my publisher received a letter from a real honest-to-God convict, with number an' everything, then residing in a real honest-to-God penitentiary, saying that he thought he recognized some of my characters under their aliases, but was at all events dead sure from what I had written that I had served a sentence somewhere, and would my publisher please tell him where I had done my bit.

I don't particularly care to have this spread around, but since I've started I'll tell you the truth about it. I *had* been an inmate of a penitentiary, and, what's more, I had been confined for a certain period in one of the "solitaries" that I had described, one of those dark cells where only the worst and most refractory convicts are kept — this, however, was through the courtesy and good offices of the then Canadian Minister of Justice. When I was writing the book, he permitted me to study the conditions and daily routine at St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Summing up as between the critic, the lag, and myself, I came to the conclusion that the critic was perfectly honest in what he had said, only he hadn't had the advantages the lag and I had had, and that, therefore, his personal experiences must have been restricted through having been acquired in some — as compared with a penitentiary — lesser place of incarceration; his own home jail, I concluded, which he might have visited for, say — *thirty days!* (That's the judge speaking.)

I don't want to be harsh with the critics, for, though they've called me everything that could be printed in unexpurgated form — from the head of the most pernicious school of literature that ever invaded the American Continent, to a gentle and kindly soul who wrote about miracles while his heart throbbed with love and affection for his fellows as he strove to uplift the human race — I've got a sneaking idea I must have some friends among them. As I say, I don't want to be harsh with them, but I'm speaking for us authors, and I've got to be firm even while I'm broadminded about it. We've got to come to an understanding. The critics have just got to watch out for themselves. They've got to standardize. That's the word — standardize! Us authors are giving 'em fair warning, but we're ready to back 'em up if they'll act right. Let 'em form their union, then, and let 'em nominate a bunch of us authors — we don't care who they pick — to draw up a series of criticisms so's they'll have one for every different kind of book, with spaces left for the heroine's name and all that sort of thing, and then let each member of the Critics' Union that's in good standing have a stack of the criticisms (they get the books for nothing anyhow) and shoot 'em out into print as fast as they like according to the way the numbers come up. They'll get the same rates anyhow, and everybody else'll know where they're at. That's all us authors ask is fair play. But something's got to be done. Otherwise we'll quit flat writing any books at all. And then where'd the critics' meal tickets come from? I ask you!

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ELLEN GLASGOW'S ARROW

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

SINCE 1865, Ellen Glasgow is the only writer to break through the sentimental tradition of the south. To understand the work of this novelist, you have to know, besides that work, a city and a house as well. The city is Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and the house, which is in Richmond, is Number One West Main Street.

I wish, in writing about Miss Glasgow, to avoid epigrams. Witty half truths may interpenetrate, they cannot crumble the sentimental tradition — the southern sentimental tradition, the tradition of Thomas Nelson Page and (as he is generally taken) of James Lane Allen. Mr. Page and Mr. Allen are unlucky exemplars; I could pile up names like a cairn of stones, and stones they would be, given to a people who asked for stones when they needed bread, who would erect their sculptures and their monuments though they went hungry, who, in brief, were and are a proud people, so foolish and so admirable in the pride that is obstinately dear to them.

Do you know the south? I do not, but I know that literary region of houses like Poesque mausoleums or pallid tombs glimmering whitely behind oaks festooned with moss or limp, enormous willows. I know that literary style which, perhaps, began with the tintinnabulation of the bells and advanced with the rhetoric of Henry Clay and has reached the flood tide of its eloquence in the pages of H. L. Mencken's favorite periodical, the "Congressional Record". I know, I know. So do you. . . .

Well, that is the tradition, and like a parasitic growth it has strangled everything within its reach. To take the case of Virginia and the instances of living writers, there are, besides Ellen Glasgow, two of generally conceded distinction and national importance. Mary Johnston began by writing historical romances which eluded the sentimental tradition by going two centuries behind it; she has lived to write another and loftier kind of romance, but she still writes on her own terms and not under terms imposed by her environment. James Branch Cabell escaped in another direction. Since he is of an old Virginia family, the sentimental tradition would perhaps have fastened upon him firmly, hopelessly, had he not put on his vanishing cap to reappear only in Poictesme. But the point is that both Miss Johnston and Mr. Cabell escaped; Miss Glasgow didn't. She didn't even try to. At eighteen, after years of girlish scribbling, she completed a first novel, "The Descendant", well characterized as "an exposition of the development and life of an intellectual hybrid, the offspring of a low woman and a highly intellectual man". As finished, the first quarter of the book showed the crudeness of inexperience, and on the advice of Walter Hines Page the part was rewritten. But this done, the book had a quality that stands

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very well the test of rereading today.

It is strongly characteristic of Ellen Glasgow's work that it does weather well. She is one of a few American writers whose twenty year old fiction has this substantial character, which is the principal reason why she is already picked for a collected or definitive edition. But to revert to the point: Miss Glasgow, as much as Mr. Cabell by birth and upbringing, as much as Miss Johnston by that femininity which then implied susceptibility and a meek dependence, was marked out to be a sacrifice to sentiment and to pride. And from her teens, she has cheerfully refused to be sacrificed; from her very first novel, she has dealt with the actual Virginia she lives in and the actual people she has lived among as no one else has ventured to do — as they are, black and white, always the penny plain, never the twopence colored.

She said, laughing heartily, in Richmond a few weeks ago:

"What the south needs now is — blood and irony!"

She is right, of course. It is not permitted to a non-southerner to suggest that the south of the literary sentimental tradition is anæmic, diabetic. But a southerner, I take it, may say so — especially when, by her works, she has shown that she knows what she is talking about.

The city of an old repose that seats itself on the high bank away from the James River, like a beautiful woman whose hair has whitened and whose gaiety is deep within her, has certain streets — Main, Franklin, and Grace — that are like the lines of a face. Grace Street is very smart with fine shops and stores, Franklin has still its houses as handsome as Lee in his grey uniform, and Main is the deeper line, the wrinkle of the things one has witnessed and lived with. It is a city of contours, seven hills like Rome's, the Capitol throned on the handsomest and flanked on one side by the residence of governors, a house so beautiful that all America owes it something. Far out at the other end of the city Lee rides his horse at the top of a tall shaft, new homes line Monument Avenue, and all is prosperously correct. The new Broad Street station and the Country Club are all that they should be but they really are not essential. They have no special significance — the kind of significance, for example, that attaches to the waving fields of broomsedge, to the fat plantations still to be found on the city's outskirts, or to the square, old fashioned house that stands at One West Main Street.

The house, which is about one hundred years old, stands now in what Miss Glasgow calls rather harshly a slum. It is scarcely that, but certainly it is not any longer debatable ground. All her old neighbors have surrendered unconditionally to business, and even the church across the street from Number One has become more eclectic than religious. But Miss Glasgow, quitting New York where she had resided for four years, came back to Richmond to possess and inhabit the house; not only is it hers but she keeps it in its old and finest estate. Already this spring the yellow forsythia bushes have blossomed in the front yard, overhanging the short path between iron fences. A flight of steps leads to a square porch between two tapered columns, and a polished knocker juts from the door.

Within, a wide hall running the depth of the house. The stairway at the back goes straight up to a landing, turns upon itself and continues to the upper floor. Down these stairs briskly, with an air combining welcome

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Ellen Glasgow

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and business, come the Sealyham, Jeremy (named for Hugh Walpole's youngster), and the white, slightly wistful poodle, Jeremy's protégé.

The house downstairs is divided without pretensions into four square rooms. Each room has its fireplace and grate and in each, if the season is right, a kind of lignite, something half wood and half coal, burns with cheerful flames and seems positively to thrive on inattention.

Upstairs the same sensible division into rooms is preserved. The huge guest chamber, at the back of the house, overlooks a delightful private garden, where flagstones curve a path through the grass. A front room, with fireplace and grate and walls cased in books, is the study. There is scarcely room on the walls for the books, and the collection, like that of every writer, is partly processional. Those that are to go on their way do not include the contents of one large cabinet, consisting of inscribed copies. Of these one of the most interesting is an English copy of "The Old Wives' Tale" with the most flattering inscription by Arnold Bennett that I have ever seen. Hugh Walpole, who was once Miss Glasgow's guest for three weeks and who has described One West Main Street as his American home, is represented with inscribed copies of all his books.

And Miss Glasgow herself? Of good height, though not tall, with wavy dark hair and lively brown eyes, she is the kindest person in the world, the perfect hostess, and a gay friend. She finds life agreeable and amusing; it is so easy to see her imaginatively as a Richmond belle, if her mind had been as vacuous as that of a belle must be. She suffers from a degree of deafness which, to anyone else, would be a serious barrier from life; refusing either to disguise it or to let it handicap her, she is a part of everything that goes on and is that rare thing, a woman with whom you can really hold a conversation. No contrast could be greater than between Miss Glasgow and James Branch Cabell. She enters into talk, dismissing all difficulties; he, unimpeded from easy hearing, often does not talk at all.

I have perhaps said enough to suggest the secret of Miss Glasgow's life and work. Of course it lies, as such a secret must lie, in the solution of a problem of personality. In attacking the sentimental tradition singlehanded she would have failed disastrously if she herself were another kind of person. If there were about her any touch of the crusader or reformer, any suggestion of the stern moralist, she could not have survived, let alone have succeeded. But, as a person, she is all that her society demands, and so without effort or assumption, wholly by inheritance and temperament. In a word, it is natural to her — just as natural as that life of the mind in which she pierces through the legend to the truth of the south.

She is as merry as she is uncompromising and as uncompromising as she is merry. In the lot of inscribed books there is "The Man of Property" written in by John Galsworthy; but when Mr. Galsworthy began to be sentimental Ellen Glasgow did not hesitate, in a statement for publication, to dissent. Away back in 1916 (as it now seems) she came out with a public statement on current American fiction which provoked comment from most well known American writers. Contemporary English fiction, said Miss Glasgow, was superior to the American output because Americans were demanding from their writers, as from

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their politicians, an "evasive idealism" and the "cheapest sort of sham optimism"; were wanting "a sugary philosophy, utterly without any basis in logic or human experience".

Such remarks are not customarily made in Gath, nor are they published daily in the newspapers of Ascalon. They represent a real point of view — and who else ever had a point of view on American fiction? They were, if you like, the utterance of an aristocrat. One cannot imagine such words from the deprecating lips of William Dean Howells or the curved lips of Owen Wister or the slightly pouted lips of Mr. Cabell, whose later books are filled with *mots* on American literature. The shrewd good humor and calm of that comment were what made some contemporaries squirm.

But she has always had this gift for plain speaking. You may remember that novel of Miss Glasgow's which has for some years been her own favorite, "Virginia" — the study of the helpless southern woman. "Virginia's education, like that of every well-bred Southern woman of her day, was designed to paralyze her reasoning faculties and to eliminate all danger of mental unsettling. She was the passive and helpless victim of the ideal of feminine self-sacrifice." Very well, here are some sentences from that novel:

> Having lived through the brief illumination of romance, she had come at last into that steady glow which encompasses the commonplace.
>
> "You know how Abby is about men." "Yes, I know, and it's just the way men are about Abby."
>
> "How on earth could she go out sewing by the day if she didn't have her religious convictions?"
>
> "Anybody who has mixed with beggars oughtn't to turn up his nose at a respectable bank." "But he says that it's because the bank is so respectable that he doesn't think he could stand it."

Trenchant; the word describes a quality of her writing; if it were not unusual it would not stand out from the pages, and if it were alone I should not be writing this article. There is not only the love of words and the gift of choosing words, there is the constant exercise of the senses, of smell, taste, touch; the distinct feeling for color and that special access to the quality of sounds which the deaf — even the very mildly deaf, like myself — have vouchsafed to them. And as to the characters of style apart from the verbal, Miss Glasgow has always at her command the tempo of a novel, so indescribable and so perceptibly different from the rubato of short story writing. I speak of these things first because they are all subordinate to a writer's emotion and the way in which that emotion communicates itself. It is in this crucial region that her gift is most strongly developed. Endowed with a keen sense of drama, she wrote with great effectiveness the strong scenes of such a novel (among the early ones) as "The Deliverance". But the final test of a novelist in some fields is the power to arrest dramatic action and keep it in the background, to stimulate the reader until his brain is the true theatre, so that the words taken in by his eyes merely light the action going forward on the curtainless stage of his mind. Miss Glasgow seems to me to meet this test with honors in her new novel, "Barren Ground".

This book, on which she has spent the last two and a half years, is a rival of "Main Street" and "The Old Wives' Tale" for length, and deals with the life of a woman from the age of twenty until she is fifty. Dorinda is one of a family living on those Virginia farms whose soil has been almost hopelessly impoverished. She is of the

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Scotch-Irish breed, of what the Virginians themselves call "good people" as distinguished from "good family". She is a normal person of rather more than ordinary intelligence. And her life is presented with what must, I think, be called absolute veracity; there is only such elimination as a natural perspective effects.

Well, in the book there is a scene where Dorinda's brother is confronted by the sheriff. Rufus is loud in denials:

> His words and his tone struck with a chill against Dorinda's heart. Why couldn't the boy be silent? Why was he obliged, through some obliquity of nature, invariably to appear as a braggart and a bully? While she stood there listening to his furious denial of guilt, she was as positive that he had killed Peter Kittery as if she had been on the spot.

The mother intervenes, telling a lie on the boy's behalf:

> Mother love was a wonderful thing, she reflected, a wonderful and a ruinous thing! It was mother love that had helped to make Rufus the moral failure that he was, and it was mother love that was now accepting as a sacrifice the results of that failure. Mrs. Oakly was a pious and God-fearing woman . . . yet she had deliberately perjured herself in order that a worthless boy might escape the punishment which she knew he deserved.
>
> "I'm not like that", thought Dorinda. "I couldn't have done it." At the bottom of her heart, in spite of her kinship to Rufus, there was an outraged sense, not so much of justice as of economy. The lie appeared to her less sinful than wasted.

And a moment later her reflections have turned back to her own bitter experience:

> "I suppose I'm different from other women", she meditated. "I may have lost feeling, or else it was left out of me when I was born. Some women would have gone on loving Jason no matter how he treated them, but I'm not made that way. There's something deep down in me that I value more than love or happiness or anything outside of myself. It may be only pride, but it comes first of all."

But let me drop back a few pages to that reencounter with the man himself:

> "If you only knew what I've suffered."
>
> She was looking at him now with merciless eyes. For this thing she had ruined her life. Then before the thought had left her mind, she realized that in his presence, with her eyes on his face, she was farther away from him than she had been in New York. Yesterday he had had power over her senses; tomorrow he might have power again over her memory; but at this instant, while they stood there, so close together that she could almost feel his breath on her face, her senses and her memory alike were delivered from the old torment of love.

It would be superfluous for me to comment on that last sentence which has compressed in it so much that is profoundly true of the physiological and psychological nature of women.

To labor with adjectives seems to me a poor way to attract readers to a book; I shan't say more about "Barren Ground", which, after all, is simply the completely told story of a woman of whom we read, on the last page: "At middle age she faced the future without romantic glamor, but she faced it with integrity of vision."

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1922 *One Man in His Time*
1925 *Barren Ground*

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CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Burton

OFTEN have I sat on a ferry boat plying between Oakland and San Francisco and studied the faces of the thronging occupants, comparing them with those familiar to me for a lifetime on the ferries between New York and Jersey City or Brooklyn. The difference, I felt, was definite and striking. The Californians were far livelier, more alert and elate in expression; in a word, they looked happier. And their talk, their bodily motions, their whole bearing, carried out the impression. No observer who has been visiting the coast for so long a period as myself can have failed to notice this characteristic. In all their contacts with life, Californians, set beside easterners, exhibit what might be called an innocent paganism. They believe in happiness as a daily mood and product, and are able to extract it as they go along. The refrain of the darky song is their motto:

I's going to live anyhow till I die, die, die.

They have what one would be tempted to call a Continental vivacity and gaiety — were it not that one fails mostly to find it in like measure abroad. The only European city I have seen that is a rival of San Francisco for what seems the pleasure mood, is Stockholm. It is entirely missing in Berlin or Paris, and, of course, in London.

In truth, why should not California give this effect of insouciance and good cheer? Her climate (all the rest is weather, says Mark Twain), with nature a seeming friend the year around and the sun soaking one's body through with genial content — surely, this is enough to account for it. Throw in a scenic backdrop so high colored and picturesque as to suggest the stage metaphor, and add for good measure an appealingly romantic history, with its involvements of Spanish and Indians, the chromatic spectacle of types blent of Occident and Orient, and reason sufficient is given.

It all reminds you of how true it is that climate explains man; all his developments, in whatever direction, root in the soil and the diurnal changes of nature. Imagine Calvinism born and bred on the Pacific coast! You can't; it is a contradiction in terms; and for the simple reason that the God of California could never be a wrathy God. Italy, another sun blessed land, uses affectionate diminutives in referring to deity: the language caresses the Virgin and the saints. God's prevailing attitude in California's favored region is symbolized by a smile. Pan and Bacchus seem the natural deities. Prohibition has a peculiar incongruity in grapeland. And this truth applies with increased force as one moves south to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and the other coastwise cities. The reason San Francisco can be jauntily light-mooded as she dances or goes to business on top of a momentarily quiescent upheaval of the earth is that a little thing like that is not sufficient to detach a native from the conviction that the sun god is on his side. A Berkeley friend of mine across the Bay, to whose house I went on a day when a slight

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seismic disturbance had occurred early in the morning, on my referring to it as an event, replied, "Yes, it *was* a pretty little quake, wasn't it?" There you are! They flirt with an earthquake almost as if it were a woman. In fine, California, having its own special brand of climate, has developed a point of view that is independent and individual.

All this can well be borne in mind when literature and the arts, whether as product or effect, are in consideration. Having its own climate, as indicated, California has also its own orientation; it is the only section of the land which, in matters pertaining to culture, gives the impression of not yielding to the centripetal pull of New York. It develops and enjoys its own art, takes its very cosmopolitan views direct from Europe or the Orient, and is not to be bullied into hasty admiration of a thing because it happens to have the eastern cachet. Indeed, not seldom in my experience has a bland unawareness been manifested at some reference to a New York success — a book, a poem, a picture — as if the news, if news at all, were negligible. I never could quite make out, at times, whether this lack of response was a pose, or honest indifference. In any case, there it was, and rather refreshing when compared with the meek imitation of or timid deference to New York on the part of other large American cities.

Of course, much in the cultural life of the Pacific coast looks directly to its unique setting: here we come back to climate again. California is naturally the habitat or at least the practice ground of artists; their studios dot the shore line and blossom in the back hills. The scenery, at my first acquaintance with it in 1900, struck me as almost comically like a stage set in a playhouse. It was so definitely flamboyant, too decorative to attribute to nature alone; it seemed the result of man's handiwork. The green and gold of the orange trees, the purple mountains, snow crowned and loftily horizoning the foreground ochres and yellows of the grassless plains, the brilliant stabs of color in poinsettia or yucca, the delicate variations of tone from the grey-white of olive and other trees, all of it relieved by the yellows and browns and reds of the architecture — it was wellnigh unbelievable, at first.

In such an environment the great democratic art of the theatre has an unexampled opportunity. The now famous Mission Play at San Gabriel, outside Pasadena, and the Pilgrimage Play at Hollywood are now features of the tourist's quest nobody can afford to miss: they could hardly have found rootage elsewhere. The Community Playhouse of Pasadena, erecting its own artistic theatre in the indigenous style California has so richly developed, is another illustration of an independent art growth. Or as you sit among the scented eucalyptus trees in the open air Greek Theatre at Berkeley, you get a vivid impression of what the classic theatre of old must have been beside the blue Ægean — outdoors, with stars and winds and sound of waters for accompaniment. Nowhere else can that bygone sentiment be so delicately duplicated. Nor could the Bohemian Club revels, an annual event, be imagined as staged anywhere else in the world so fittingly as among the great redwood trees north of the coast city. So, too, with the still crude art of the screen, which yet has possibilities that make it of interest in the total artistic expression of America; everybody knows how truly California is camera land.

But when we turn to the actual outgiving of literature from the coast,

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some puzzles confront us. Virile and valid writers aplenty have come out of that fecund soil, or as sojourners have been associated with it: Richard Realf wrote some of his finest lyrics there; Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Helen Hunt, Charles Warren Stoddard, are a few of the elder dispensation; Frank Norris, Jack London, Mrs. Atherton, Stephen Crane, have continued the tradition; and present day authors such as Harry Leon Wilson, Stewart Edward White, George Sterling, come to mind as resident, if importations. If the list has a diminuendo sound as we approach the twentieth century and move on into it, nevertheless there is a steady line, the torch has been handed down, and doubtless will continue to be.

Can the California writers, past and present, be grouped under a common denominator? Do they as a whole contribute something definite to swell the diapason of the national orchestra? It is a temptation to escape the question by superficially replying: "California is romantic." And there is some color for the claim. "Ramona" is a romance; so, notoriously, is "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; each in its kind, this is equally true of "The Jumping Frog", "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter", and "The Call of the Wild". Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" might be described as fathered by Dickens, with the maternal assistance of California — twin romantic influences! And a later author like Mrs. Atherton reveals herself as incurably romantic, though so earnestly set on that independent, forthright pursuit of realistic "truth" which she so admires in European lands. But what of Norris's "McTeague", grim enough in its realism, surely, albeit equally melodramatic in framework of plot? One thinks of that powerful story afresh since under the title "Greed" it is now launched in filmdom.

But viewing Norris in the full sweep of his work, it is not so easy to place him in a category; really big men chafe at narrow confines of definition. His finest imaginative creation, for some of us at least, is "The Octopus"; yet that member of his incomplete trilogy was conceived as a truthful study of the processes by which wheat, a great typical American product, was brought into the world to feed the people thereof; the social historian's aim, one must call it. It may be suspected that if one went into the matter carefully, it would be found that when a real Californian does drab work, tending toward ugly "truth", it is testimony to some change of environment and influence: as when Norris went to Harvard to pursue his labors there during his formative period. Ambrose Bierce, that strange sardonic genius who even yet has hardly come into his own of general recognition, seems at first blush an exception. Though he was not native to California, one instinctively places him there by virtue of a long association as editor, newspaper man, and story teller. His sombre, bitter work, does it reflect that state in any fashion? Yes, surely in the lurid melodrama of his short story masterpieces. Such work is as far removed from grey humdrum as it is from the cheery chirruping of the Pollyanna view. It is richly romantic in contrast with the presentation of the sober average life of middle class American life by a Howells. So true is this, that some critics still call Bierce fantastic, insincere, unreal. Proof that California had for him somewhat of stimulation and renewal lies in the fact that he flourished there for

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years and made his most distinctive contribution, whereas when he was transplanted to New York City he could not get equal lodgment.

Yet Californians, whether in large centres like Los Angeles and San Francisco or in smaller communities such as Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, are too cosmopolitan and aware to be romantic in the same sense in which the term is applied to the south. It may be said that they lean to that æsthetic romanticism which cares less for the ugly, low keyed rendering of life familiar in New York and Chicago. They like color, verve, variety — gay audacity and the rhythmic pulsations born of sea waters and shot through with sun values. They are romantic in their taste for literature in the sense that they are avid for the picturesque, the sensational, and the sharply dramatic if not tragic contrasts of life. Things-as-they-are for them include much that is piquant and appealing. But of that kindly, easygoing acceptance of human beings as ever noble and of life's solutions as likely to be comfortable, one would not accuse them. The Bret Harte view seems very old fashioned today. Æsthetic rather than spiritual romanticism, let us say, is the preference. Kathleen Norris's "Certain People of Importance", product of a native Californian, has an effect of eastern manufacture, because it is so distinctively of the Howells-James tradition.

In addressing such organizations as the Browning Clubs of Pasadena and San Francisco, I made the mental note: "These people care a lot about Ibsen's *joie de vivre*, but they are open eyed to its tragic realities." There is a fearlessness born of the sun; but not so much a faith in the brighter issuance of fate as a determination to "seize the day" (the Horatian *carpe diem*). Since the day offers a piquant spectacle, a good deal of creature comfort, and a heightened vibration in mere living, why not be glad of it and *in* it? Californians gamble on the good, and believe they get it as they go along. An admirable trait may be noted in the tendency to back up a native author. The Pacific coast patrons of letters are not inclined to wait for the east to settle the matter. A book is likely to be judged on its merits; they are neither hoodwinked by patriotism nor awed by counter judgments and pronunciamentos. This obviously is a corollary to the earlier statement concerning their critical independence. It must be comfortable for the local writers, and must help to keep art alive at the other end of the country.

Any comparison of northern and southern California, with culture in mind — the things of the mind and the spirit naturally flowering in artistic expression in literature and the other arts — must make the point that in the north it is deeper seated and more native, with a consequent longer record of accomplishment. Los Angeles still has an effect of being a tourist town. Yet fast and increasingly, folk of leisure, training, and ideals that blossom out in the various forms of art are settling thereabouts, and beginning to make their impress. The future looks bright to an observer's eye. Even today, if one were wishing to initiate some movement of æsthetic significance, as in the applied arts, education, music, or the theatre, one would be likely to meet more sympathetic response in California than in the east, with its clutter of activities, and hurried tempo. Meanwhile, San Francisco sits on its hills proudly overlooking the marvelous Bay, smiles, and remembers how brilliantly it

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got on the literary map back in the middle years of the nineteenth century!

In this little study of Pacific coast reactions, California is used illustratively because it is so distinctive and has been so much longer self expressive in the things of culture. But this is not to ignore the powerful younger development in the states lying still farther to the north. Oregon and Washington, with cities like Spokane, Seattle, and Portland as centres of activity, have, and still more will have, their own story to tell. Material might, and much of beauty, together with the vigorous optimism of a forward looking civilization, will surely be translated into the higher products. I wish there were space here to quote, as one specimen of what this land in the extreme north may be expected to contribute, the superb poem by Mary Carolyn Davies entitled "Autumn in Oregon". It is an authentic imaginative utterance of local sentiment, set to music and vibrant with emotion. And it is but one note in a larger composition. . . . But this is a story that comes later, and is still in the telling.

NEVER HURT THE PROUD

By Marguerite Wilkinson

NEVER hurt the proud
Lest the wound stay
Long ages through
Like a mark in clay,
Till the soul is old,
Till the clay is stone,
And till love is gone.

Speak against the wind,
Or on humble sand
Write the cruel word.
Waves will understand —
Swiftly they will come
To wash the spirit clean
Of mad thought and mean.

Never hurt the proud,
For not every pride
Is so firm in power
That it can deride
Even its own wound.
Oh, let love alone
Be graven on the stone.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

ON LIVING LIFE TO THE FULL

By Rose Macaulay

I READ the phrase (not for the first time, for, in slightly different wordings, I seem to have been reading it all my life) in my Sunday morning paper, under the heading "Sayings of the Week". It had been said or written by someone — I think a novelist — in the course of the week, and the "Observer" had been struck by its truth, or perhaps by its absence of truth, and had selected it for quotation, along with other noteworthy remarks made by public characters. (I was once in that column myself, but on the strength of something I had never said, so possibly the novelist had not said this, either.) Anyhow, the remark, whoever made it, set me thinking. "The only real crime", it ran, "is not to live life to the full."

With mixed feelings I meditated on this. First, I confess I experienced some degree of satisfaction in reflecting that, if this were indeed so, my life had been more innocent than I thought. To be sure, I had, at every moment in it, committed the only real crime; but then, I had committed no others; all those actions which had lain on my conscience need not have burdened it at all, for they were not real crimes. Defrauding the widow and the orphan, ravishing the poor, taking human life or the wives of others, worshiping idols, defrauding railway companies, tax collectors, and penny-in-the-slot machines, closing right-of-way footpaths, running down pedestrians with cars, killing dogs, defacing landscape with advertisements, forging checks, paying bills with bad coins, insulting greyheads and despising infants, smoking in non-smokers, traveling with babes, cheating at rummy, repeating scandal, annexing land, forcing elections on a patient people — all these, that I had thought were crimes (I am not meaning to imply, by the way, that I had committed them all), were not real crimes, but only amiable peccadillos. This was cheering. And it was consoling also to reflect that, though I had indeed committed all day and every day, through countless years, the only real crime, so had everyone else. Its commission is inevitable. Life may be prodigious, enormous, morbidly distended, but never can it be quite full. I take "full" to mean full of energies, activities, deeds, emotions. Of course, it is always full of something, if only of inertia, but one must, I suppose, attribute some meaning to the phrase as used, and I take it that its user meant something more active and exciting than that.

My life, then, began to look to me a sadly criminal affair. All the things I had left undone crowded up before my accusing conscience. I had not played mah jong, dyed the hair, worshiped in a Plymouth Brethren's chapel or a Jewish synagogue, visited the South Seas, the Zoo aquarium, Montmartre, Sheffield, Los Angeles, or Balham, injected cocaine, made a bead purse or a will, won money on a horse, found oil or gold, captured a flea, learned Hebrew, Russian, American, or Chinese, suffered an operation (excepting only on the teeth), stood for parliament, got married, adopted a child or a pet monkey, taken the veil.

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. . . In the light of all the life I had not lived, the life I had lived, which used to look to me enough, or even too much, faded to insignificance. Why, I reflected with shame, I had not even written a play, taken Kruschen salts, or lectured in America.

I must, I thought, see about this. I must not go on daily committing the only real crime. All the authorities seemed to be agreed about the desirability of fulness — even the Bible, I was sure, said it somewhere — so they must be right. I will, thought I, endeavor to live one crimeless day, even should it be my last. I will begin it early and cause to be brought to me in bed coffee, chocolate, and tea. Thus sustained, I shall rise and go out before breakfast, and run round Hyde Park, knocking down a policeman, addressing to a gentleman or two unsolicited attentions, picking the dahlias, stoning the squirrels, and kidnaping an infant from its perambulator. I shall return home (infant with me, for it is time I became a mother, since I have heard that no woman's life is really full without the patter of tiny feet and the embrace of little arms) and have breakfast to the full, which is the kind you get in Scotland and on liners — grapefruit, porridge, cereals, tea, coffee, ham, eggs, kidneys, haddock, herring, sole, kedgeree, marmalade, honey, jam, butter, toast, scones. Having consumed this to the full, I shall smoke five cigarettes and make out a check to self for all my remaining bank balance. I shall call at the bank on my way to the full life of London, which cannot be lived with empty pockets.

But the morning, indeed the whole day, is so full of possibilities of amplitude that I do not feel able to make a plan for it; I must trust to the inspiration of the moment. I do not know whether I shall go to Wembley (where life is very full indeed, particularly in the Amusements Park) or to Selfridge's, where it is, in its way, even fuller, or visit an opium den in Limehouse, or a Christian Science hall, or Scotland Yard with a confession of murder, or Downing Street disguised as a foreign ambassador. Or I might call on some Bishop, and ask him what he thinks about the Fall. . . .

I do not know where I shall lunch, whether at the Ritz, in Greek Street, or at a Lyons soda fountain, where I can have a mixed fruit sundae, a parfait, a frappé, a shake, an ice cream soda, and a phosphate, all at once. After lunch, I may or may not have a trip in an aeroplane, a cocaine orgy, a matinée, a scene in the street with the police or in the House of Commons with the usher. I do not know which would be the fullest. Whichever I do, there will be time after it to get out of London; the full life must include the country life, so I will take a train somewhere; it does not matter where, so long as I enrich the journey by pulling the communication cord and informing the guard that my fellow traveler is a dangerous lunatic. Having arrived in the country, I must take a country walk, and, I suppose, pluck whatever flowers are at the moment blowing. It will be advisable to go through private grounds, and also to call at at least one house and inform the owner that I know all and that my price for not mentioning it is ten pounds down. If I get away before the police are summoned, I shall visit the local church, attend evensong, and during it rise to protest against the manner of its conduct, as being too high, low, or broad. That is to say, if it is a low church, I shall pose as a Kensitite and protest against its scandalous ritualism; if it is high, I shall be

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Anglo-Catholic, and demand more candles, incense, confession, and meditation; if it is broad, I shall be modernist, and cry out against its obscurantism. Whichever is the case, I shall live a full life before being ejected from the church.

Having thus lived, I suppose I shall return to London, where, they say, life by night is fuller than in the country. A full night life in London begins, of course, with dinner, and proceeds with several theatres in succession; a few minutes in each will suffice, but one must not fail, during at least one of them, to pay a visit, however brief, to the dressing room of some popular and beautiful actor. If he prove unwelcoming, *tant pis;* one must procure someone else as supper companion, and as dancing partner at one's night club.

I will refrain from following this splendid, this prodigious night, in detail; it might not be proper, since it should include orgies of all descriptions. To complete the circle of my twenty four hours, I suppose it must continue until morning, since full livers can scarcely waste time in mere sleep. I must end it with an hour or so of some kind of work, for every full life should contain this unpleasing ingredient. Then, with the morning, wearied but proud, I shall creep to my bed and sleep, I hope, the dreamless sleep of a good conscience.

Thus I mused; as we all weave day dreams for ourselves which well we know will never be fulfilled. But even so, even granted my day and night as I have described them, would they pass the test? Are they full enough? Though to me they look so full, it is possible that to other and fuller livers they may appear pale, attentuated and empty. After all, they are full of omissions; they do not include standing for parliament, seeing a hanging or a bus accident, visiting an asylum or the Zoo. They include, in fact, scarcely anything; they do but touch the fringes of life.

We may not, I reflected, judge one another. For one man's fulness is another's emptiness, and who shall be the condemner of his brother's crime?

Thus meditating, I dismissed this preposterous Saying of the Week with a snap of the fingers. After all, we could every one of us invent a score of crimes as bad as that, and label them as the only real one, straight off. The only real crime, I might say, is not to keep a dog, not to have a gramophone, not to wear the hair shingled. . . .

I care not for these arbitrary crime makers. I can and will make a dozen real crimes to their one. And I will try and persuade the Sayings editor of the "Observer" to put them all in.

THE REAL WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Being the True Story of the Famous Poem, Told for the First Time

By Henry Beston

IT is the night of Sunday, December the fifteenth, 1839, and a wild northeast gale is sweeping the bleak New England coast. Boston chimneys are toppling in a crash and a cascade of bricks, the great elms are swaying and groaning in the gale, and across the river, in Cambridge village, the snow and sleet strike at the windows of a famous old house in which a poet dwells.

Not since the great September gale of 1815 has there been so wild a storm. Said the Boston "Morning Post" for Tuesday, December 17: "The snow in defiance of the rain contended for the

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mastery, and obtained it, and at 2 P.M. there was more than half a foot of snow and sleet in most of the streets of our city. On the seaboard the effects produced were most disastrous, for many vessels broke from their moorings in the stream, and their fastening at the wharves, came in contact with each other, and did considerable damage."

Presently comes terrible news from Gloucester. Of the sixty sail of vessels which took refuge in the outer harbor, some twenty have been wrecked, either on the exposed reef called Norman's Woe or on the rocky, inhospitable strand. In its issue for December 17, under the caption "Further Particulars of the Gale", the Boston "Daily Advertiser and Patriot" dwells on the disaster. Seventeen bodies have already been washed ashore. Then comes an incident, destined to become familiar poetry:

"One of these is reported to be a female who was lashed to the bitts of the windlass of a Castine schooner, two others of the crew also perishing. The place where most of these vessels struck was a reef of rocks called Norman's Woe." Under a heading "Disasters at Cape Ann", the "Morning Post" of the seventeenth prints the same tale: "Among them was the body of a woman found lashed to the windlass bitts of a Castine schr." A "bitt", according to a definition given by the author of "Two Years Before the Mast", is a "perpendicular piece of timber going through the deck to hold the windlass or the heel of the bowsprit".

In the famous poem, it is the captain's little daughter who drifts ashore lashed to a fragment of the mast. The name of the unfortunate woman who perished at Gloucester was Mrs. Sally Hilton, and she had sailed on the schooner "Favorite" of Wiscasset, Maine. The Castine story was an error due to the confusion of the storm. A tiny item gives Mrs. Hilton's age as fifty five.

There were wrecks everywhere along the Massachusetts coast — at Nahant, at ancient Quincy of the presidents, at Scituate, at Plymouth, at Provincetown.

On Tuesday, December 17, everyone must have been discussing the disasters, for on that very evening Longfellow wrote in his diary:

"News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place, among them the schooner Hesperus. Also the Sea Flower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad on this."

And now comes an interesting literary mystery. There was no schooner "Hesperus" wrecked on Gloucester beach or Norman's Woe! There was the schooner "Sarah" of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the "Prudence and Industry" of Prospect, the "Columbia" of Waldoboro, the "Fame" of Ellsworth, and some sixteen more, but no "Hesperus"!

How, then, did the poet fall into an error which all his biographers and editors have continued to repeat? Even the standard "Riverside" edition in six volumes says in its discussion of the poem: "A few weeks later came a terrible storm on the coast with the wreck among others of the schooner 'Hesperus' on the reef called Norman's Woe"!

There was a schooner "Hesperus" that did get into difficulties during the storm, but she was in Boston, not at Gloucester. An account of her adventures is to be found in the same "Morning Post" for December

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17 which tells of the finding of the body at Gloucester. The "Post's" account runs as follows:

> At eleven P.M. on Sunday night, the gale was as high as at any period since its commencement, and continued until daylight when it somewhat abated. *This second gust drove the Schooner Hesperus*, at anchor in the stream, from her moorings against ship Wm. Badger, at the North side of Rowe's wharf, which parted her fasts, and both drove up the dock together. The schooner had her bowsprit carried away, the ship her side badly chafed.

This "Schooner 'Hesperus'" which broke from her anchorage in the harbor fairway, once called "the stream", hailed from Gardiner, Maine.

Longfellow was a reader of the "Post". He mentions the paper in his journal; there is a note about it a day or two before the storm. The account of the gale, the mention of the "Hesperus", and the story of the body washed ashore at Gloucester are all to be found in the second column on the second page of the issue of the seventeenth.

In common with many another poet, Longfellow liked the sound of the name "Hesperus". It may even have had a certain fascination for him, for six years later the title "Hesperus" was his first choice for the sonnet now called "The Evening Star".

His imagination stirred by the tumult of the gale, the incident of the body washed ashore, and the euphonious, poetic name, the poet himself evidently confused the various elements of the story. And a fortunate confusion it was, for it gives the world a really fine ballad which close upon a hundred years of familiar repetition has made part of American household life.

The ballad was written two weeks after the storm, between the midnight of December 30 and the morn. "I feel pleased with the ballad", wrote Longfellow. "It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas." The ballad appeared on January 14, 1840, in Park Benjamin's mammoth journal "The New World". "My dear Longfellow", runs the editor's letter. "Here are twenty-five dollars, the sum you mentioned for it, paid by the proprietors of The New World, in which glorious paper it will resplendently corruscate on Saturday next."

A FILMY INVASION

England, France, and Italy

By Roland Holt

"SLEEPY CHESTER" and Buster Keaton! Could anything be more incongruous? Yet in this loveliest of Old World towns, still walled and towered with some of the very walls of the Romans and later of King Charles, Buster Keaton was posted, along with Norma Talmadge and "The Bad Man".

I was unable to discover the population of Chester, though an intelligent "Bobby" guessed from 40,000 to 50,000. What American town of that size would support a New York theatrical company for a solid week, and then like Chester put a movie fashion into live players, making them give two "runs" every night at 7 and 9, as Chester did with a London company in our American play "The Bat"? They are even American in their toys; I saw a fine box of lead cowboys in a shop window. Running out to a little Welsh mining hamlet, I saw billed there the film of Mrs. Atherton's sophisticated "Black Oxen".

At Stratford-on-Avon, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was closed

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for the time being, but did not surrender to the movies. A cinema house, however, proffered our American "Anna Christie", "Little Old New York", and "Under the Red Robe".

At London's most historic theatre, the Drury Lane, "Doug" Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" far outran Sir Oswald Stoll's production of "The Moon of Israel" at the Pavilion; but at Sir Oswald's own theatre which bore his name, American movies flourished. It was the first time that I had heard of a movie man being knighted. Sir Oswald, however, has other claims to distinction, among them being the authorship of several books. "Doug" and "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" were the only films we witnessed in London, though among those listed there we noted the ubiquitous Norma Talmadge at three houses in "Secrets", the inescapable Jackie Coogan who was in every city in England, France, or Italy that I visited, Buster Keaton again, Harold Lloyd (in "Girl Shy"), "The Signal Tower", and Menjou in "Broadway After Dark", while Pola Negri cheered Whitechapel and Mary Pickford, Limehouse.

When we crossed the Channel, our movies suffered no sea change and the "Voleur de Bagdad" was still with us, though the sacred government-subsidized Opera gave shelter for a while to "Le Miracle des Loups", which challenged the invader. This huge French production, with its big scene of an attack on a mediæval walled city and spacious vocal and instrumental musical effects, is now being shown in America. Among the singers who aided it was Vanni Marcoux, whose Scarpia once scandalized the Mayor of Boston. The French as well as the Italians were offering more of their own in competition with the Yankees than were the British. "Comoedia" (in Paris) publishes a very full list of amusements, including advertisements of sixty cinemas. By far the most frequent pieces listed were two French productions that were visible at nearly half of these houses, "Les Drames de la Mer", a documented war film, and a serial, "Le Vert Galant" (Henri IV). The omnipresent Norma Talmadge, however, held thirteen houses in "Fleur des Sables", Gloria Swanson (who was also billed in Italy) eight in "Les Femmes Libres", and Mary Pickford five with "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall".

Other American films were disguised as "Le Veilleur du Rail" (The Signal Tower), "Echéance Sanglante" (Pola Negri in "The Last Payment"), "La Dame de Qualité" (also visible in Italy), and "L'Homme aux Camées" (Cameo Kirby); and Harold Lloyd at the Little Theatre Cyrano, near the convent where de Bergerac died, is worth noting. For the time being at least, drama was exiled from the Vieux Colombier where the shadow shapes held sway. Only one theatre, and that at Vincennes, cherished Charlie Chaplin (in "Public Opinion").

In Italy Jackie Coogan repeatedly clashed with historic or romantic surroundings. In Rome his visiting card was conspicuous on the way to the too-much-walled Appian Way, most of which looks today pretty much like our New York Central Railroad cut. In Florence his posters of "Papa" were close to ancient shrines. At Genoa, Harold Lloyd was announced at the station overlooking the bay that had sent us a Columbus for our Harold. Norma Talmadge was posted near the Cathedral in Pisa, and her torn announcement waved at us from a blue and yellow cart, drawn by white oxen up the slopes of lovely Fiesole. Florence, besides American films, also

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played Italian pictures on a big scale with music, such as "Messalina", "Gerusalemma Liberata", and "Nero". In Rome, music was of course important in "I Nibelunghi" and (at two houses) "Cavalleria Rusticana", both movies, and music was featured even with Jackie Coogan. Another native film appeared to be "Il Conte di Essex". Mata Hari, the dancer shot by French soldiers, was the subject of another picture (I do not know whether it was German propaganda). Clara Kimball Young in "La Donna di Bronzo" was conspicuous in Naples.

On our steamer home from Naples, a fellow passenger reported having seen Jackie Coogan's posters in Egypt and the Holy Land. On a December day, we reached green and sunny Sicily, and drove by long sloping roads up to the quaint and beautiful Cathedral at Monreale, viewing en route posters of "La Donna di Bronzo" and of course the omnipresent Il Piccolo Coogan.

Music and drama are powerful influences toward the friendship of nations, but in the three countries I have observed, I saw little sign that Germany was to win back their good will through her often effective screen productions.

THREE POEMS

By Kwei Chen

I Don't Want to Wear My Hat

DON'T I know that my hair is ugly?
Nevertheless I don't want to wear my hat.
I, like others, have my own tastes;
Moreover, to afford merriment is a charity.

Answer Mother in China

I OPEN a volume of poems
When I feel sad.
I sleep with my books
When I am tired.

To an Old Schoolmate

SIX years ago we saw each other every morning and evening,
Today you and I are thousands of miles apart;
The willows that used to border our school pond —
Are they still as green as ever?

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THE WOODROW WILSON PAPERS

By David Lawrence

NO president of the United States before assuming office had achieved the literary reputation in America which was held by Woodrow Wilson as he stepped from academic to political life. And few presidents have rivaled the unique style which distinguished his public papers.

Woodrow Wilson's words still are fresh in memory; yet even as close a listener as the writer of these lines found speeches and articles which seemed to breathe a new life on being read in the four volumes just published. And one must confess also that each of the speeches and magazine articles thus printed in sequence and in full seemed to possess added charm.

Only a newspaper man can tell why a collection of the works of any president when put in book form is worthy of possession — the great press association wires are limited in the amount of news they can convey to the newspapers of America. Some of the finest speeches ever made by Woodrow Wilson were condensed, paraphrased, and even slashed because they were delivered either late at night or in the crowded hours of the day when more sensational news was "breaking", as described in newspaper parlance.

Turning to the earlier papers, which were either printed in the quality magazines or given scant space in the newspapers — because after all Woodrow Wilson was not then a national figure — one discovers in them a peculiar newsiness. For instance, in the Wilson analysis of Grover Cleveland, published originally in "The Atlantic Monthly" of March, 1897, some thoughts are expressed which suggest the later days of the author in the White House. Mr. Wilson wrote of Cleveland:

> He had never for a moment called himself anything but a party man. He had not sought personal detachments, and had all along known the weakness that would come with isolation and the absolute rejection of the regular means of party management; and he had dared to make his own choices in cases which seemed too subtle or exceptional for the law. It was unsafe ground often; blunders were made which appeared to defeat the purposes he had in view in making removals and appointments; it looked in the end as if it would have been wiser to make no exceptions at all to the ordinary rules of appointment: but the mistakes were those of a strong nature — too strong to strip itself absolutely of such choice as might serve what was to him legitimate party strength. Who shall judge the acts in question who does not know the acts upon which the President proceeded? Not all of government can be crowded into the rules of the law.
>
> At any rate, criticism did not disturb Mr. Cleveland's serenity; and it pleased the fancy of men of all sorts to see the President bear himself so steadfastly and do his work so calmly in the midst of all the talk. Outsiders could not know whether the criticism cut or not; they only knew that the President did not falter or suffer his mind to be shaken. He had an enormous capacity for work, shirked no detail of his busy function, carried the government steadily on his shoulders. There is no antidote for worry to be compared with hard labor and important tasks which keep the mind stretched to large views; and the President looked upon himself as the responsible executive of the nation — not as the arbiter of policies. There is something in such a character that men of quick and ardent thought cannot like or understand. They want all capable men to be thinking, like themselves, along the lines of active advance; they are impatient of

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performance which is simply thorough without also being regenerative, and Mr. Cleveland has not commended himself to them. They themselves would probably not make good Presidents. A certain tough and stubborn fibre is necessary which does not easily change, which is unelastically strong.

Did he ever as he wrote those lines imagine that he might be president himself and that the same stubbornness and toughness of fibre might be exhibited in even a larger domain of public affairs than was vouchsafed to his only Democratic predecessor since the Civil War? All the writings of Woodrow Wilson before he attained the presidency are interesting for that very reason — they disclose either an intuition of what might happen or else they describe the very nature of the spirit which twice won the presidency.

But if the earlier papers have a significance, there is an abiding historical value in the collection of all the papers from 1913 forward. No other president of the United States, for instance, had an opportunity to stand before kings, queens, and parliaments and deliver a message of good will from the American people.

Whatever one's politics, there can be no denial that the first visit of an American president to Europe focused the attention of the whole world on the American democracy itself. Then there is the evolution of international idealism as revealed in the restrained sentences of the early correspondence with Germany, and the proclamation to the world of the bases of peace while America was still neutral. Who will say that the record as developed by the pen of Woodrow Wilson did not stir the world and give to the American entry into the world war the spirit of the crusaders of old? And during the war, the spoken words which held America unified — they were the accepted philosophy of the whole allied world.

What happened after the war — the addresses on the fateful western trip and the correspondence with the Senate — was the source of all controversy which still colors political prejudice and party action as well as factional conceptions of foreign policy. Can the documents be ignored in the appraisal of the history of the age in which we are living? Certainly they will be the premise on which contention in the future will rest, for Woodrow Wilson unfolded in his speeches and papers something the world may not yet perceive as the right step but which will ever produce among nations that reflective state of mind which is summed up in the words, "an international conscience".

College and State, Educational, Literary and Political Papers (1875–1913). By Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

The Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson. With editorial notes, an introduction by Albert Shaw, and an analytical index. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

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THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY

By Joseph Collins

STORIES of individuals' lives have the fascination for adults that fairy stories have for children. Biographies recount successes. Possession, the other name for success, is what we are all after. Men who make failures of their lives rarely write their biographies. It is to be regretted; they would be very helpful. We learn more from our mistakes than from our ten-strikes. Strangely enough, some of our most interesting fiction is the biography of failure: Papini's "L'Uomo Finito" (published in English under the title of "The Failure"), W. B. Maxwell's "In Cotton Wool", W. H. Wright's "The Man of Promise", and Cyril Hume's "Cruel Fellowship", for example.

Biographies engender a variety of emotional states: most of them are pleasurable and consequently beneficial. When we come upon one that excites anger or disgust or anything approaching that, there is no law or convention that compels us to continue reading it. Next to poetry, biography is the most satisfactory reading for all ages: instructive to youth, orienting to maturity, solacing to old age.

We have made greater strides with our biographic than with our fictional literature. During the past year a score and more excellent studies have been published. Biographies, like golfers, may be put in four classes: A, B, C, and the unclassifiable. Mr. Seitz's Life of Joseph Pulitzer, Mr. Beer's Life of Stephen Crane, E. P. Mitchell's "Memoirs of an Editor", and Mark Twain's autobiography are in Class A. Mr. Firkins's Life of William Dean Howells and Maurice Egan's "Recollections of a Happy Life" are in Class B. Mrs. Dorr's "A Woman of Fifty" and Mr. Bok's "Twice Thirty" are in Class C. The unclassifiable are frequently pietistic gestures, lives written on order from a widow profoundly appreciative of her departed husband's virtues and attainments, or from children or colleagues who would have their benefactor's virtues perpetuated. Some of them are definite contributions to personality studies, such as George Herbert Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer". Others are permanent historical documents, such as "The Life of Olive Schreiner" by her widower.

In a measure, undoubtedly, it was with some desire to meet an obligation, to discharge a debt, that Mr. Seitz set to work to write the life of his chief, Joseph Pulitzer, whom he calls for some unknown reason the Liberator of Journalism. For many years he was called the Libertine of Journalism, and worse than that. He deserves the one as richly as he deserved the other, no more so. The biographer, like the witness in court, should state facts, not conclusions. Joseph Pulitzer was an unusual man and he had an extraordinary career. Hungarian emigrant, without background or adventitious aid, he acquired within a quarter of a century power and influence that were felt not only through this country but throughout Europe. Politics was his passion, property his possession, and power his ambition.

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He was vouchsafed twenty years of public influence; he molded minds, shaped opinions, conditioned decisions, germinated ideals; and they were twenty years of personal misery and decrepitude. Dying, he perpetuated his name by the establishment of the School of Journalism at Columbia University. It can scarcely fail to be interesting to learn about such a man. Mr. Seitz, with the instinct and experience of the expert journalist, gives the information in the first chapter, which he entitles "Characteristics". He molds the clay, then animates it. As he hurls virtues into the receptive mass, he calls out loudly their names; as the limitations and defects steal in, he whispers or remains silent. Joseph Pulitzer was saturated with belief in liberty, equality, and opportunity; he was generous, indulgent, and just; but he was also vain, arrogant, domineering, verbose, bulimious, unjudicial, self sufficient, personally hypersensitive but insensitive to others' feelings; and he wore a mask that fell off on the slightest encounter. He had acquired a dexterity in regaining it which often prevented adversaries from seeing that it had fallen. The sea of life for him was always turbulent. When he was on the crest of the wave, his speech and conduct were hypomanic; when in the trough, he was taciturn, unapproachable, uncommunicative, inert. He had a firm intellect and an infirm temper; firm energy and an infirm body; a keen æsthetic sense and a contempt for his fellow man because he would not make himself in Joseph Pulitzer's image. "I have no friends", said he to one of his secretaries. "And this was in a great measure true", adds his biographer. He has now, and he will have more in the future; Mr. Seitz's book will make hundreds for him, and the institutions he founded, thousands.

No American under thirty should fail to read the book; no one over fifty who can buy or borrow it will fail to read it.

When I read Mr. Mitchell's "Memoirs of an Editor" every page made firmer the conviction that I was companioning a great mind and a kindly heart. I recalled something that Mark Twain said of Anson Burlingame: "His outlook upon the world and its affairs was as wide as the horizon, and his speech was of a dignity and eloquence proper to it. It dealt in no commonplaces, for he had no commonplace thoughts. He was a kindly man, and most lovable. He wrought for justice and humanity. All his ways were clean; all his motives were high and fine." That is Edward P. Mitchell if I may estimate him from his autobiography. If he has any fault, it is that he is too affable. He is a tiny bit too polite. There have been proprietors of the New York "Sun" within the memory of man who did not have *all* the virtues, but no one would suspect it from Mr. Mitchell's book. The "Sun" that he writes about most entertainingly and instructively is the "Sun" for which Charles A. Dana got all the credit. Mr. Mitchell does not hint that the credit was unjustly allotted, but no one can read the chapters "How I Went to the Sun" and "The Newspaperman's Newspaper" without being convinced that it was. The "Sun" could not have been what it was in the days of its ascendancy: a beacon light of newspaperdom, a stimulus and a joy to thousands, a scourge to scores, had it not been for Francis P. Church, Fitz Henry Warren, and William D. Bartlett.

But it is not the story of the "Sun" that Mr. Mitchell set out to write. His colleague Frank M. O'Brien did that, and anyone who believes he could

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improve on it would be as daring or demented as the artist who believes he can improve on the "Mona Lisa". It reflected the spirit of the newspaper as that portrait reflected the soul of her who reminded Pater of Leda. However, Mr. Mitchell for a half century was devoted to the "Sun" and he could scarcely tell us of himself without telling its story too.

The volume is replete with personality studies of sages and cranks, philosophers and buffoons, experts and amateurs. Anyone interested in the spirit of the Puritan, the pioneer, the pathfinder; anyone who is intrigued by guessing at the truth, will be helped by reading the pages on Goldwin Smith. Anyone who would like to clarify his hazy notions of paranoia will be aided by perusal of the pages on George Francis Train; anyone who would make the acquaintance of a critic of letters to whom his countrymen should have accorded the esteem that the French accorded Remy de Gourmont and the British George Saintsbury, should read what Mr. Mitchell says of Mayo W. Hazeltine; anyone who would learn of the forces that did more than anything else to deliver us as a nation from the spirit of parochialism should read his pages on Bunan-Varilla, the French engineer who made possible the Panama Canal.

It is a book for a rainy day and a starry night; a book to be read in Watchapey and Washington; to accompany one on Lake Louise or the Atlantic. The author's wish has come true. It was that here and there some kind friends unknown might find in his book something as interesting for them to read as it was for him to remember. If he had as much pleasure in writing it as they have had reading it, Edward P. Mitchell is a giant joy-creator.

William Dean Howells said that Mark Twain was the Lincoln of literature. That is the apogee of praise. The more facets of his personality we see, the more richly does he seem to deserve it.

The immortality of Poe, Whitman, and Mark Twain would seem to be assured. Other names have been on the roster long enough to make it fairly certain that they also will be chosen, but Hawthorne's reputation wanes as Melville's enhances. Edwin Robinson a generation hence may have greater renown than Longfellow, and William James may be quoted when Emerson is forgotten.

We long for a great emotional writer as the Jews long for a Messiah, and the fact that Mark Twain was vouchsafed us encourages me to believe that our chances are greater than those of the Jews. We have never had a really great poet unless Whitman was one, and not even an approach to a satirist, and Mark Twain is our signal contribution to humor. He had also the capacity to convey it, and an unawareness of the supremacy of either gift. With it all he was a philosopher, a man of culture, and fundamentally a poet.

His was the antithesis of the Messianic complex. He had a simple heart, and an intricate soul. None of his writings reveals it as does his autobiography. It is as unlike the customary autobiography as Mark Twain was unlike the average man. It does not begin with a tedious narrative of his forebears, and tiresome descriptions of their environment. Nor does it dwell upon his mental prodigiousness and moral sufficiency, followed by the enumeration of the obstacles he surmounted owing to his health, holiness, habit, and his unusual possession. It does not end with a verbal portrait provocative of memories of Dr. Munyon and his warnings.

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It is the picture of a man, happily not a one-hundred-per-cent-American, who lived during the second most important epoch of this country's history, and who from early childhood was a close observer and from his youth a faithful transcriber of his observations. He began to write his autobiography in his teens and continued to write it nearly to the day of his death. "Roughing It", "Tom Sawyer", "Life on the Mississippi", "Innocents Abroad", are just as much description of his life as his autobiography.

Mark Twain's conception of how to write biography was to start at no particular time of life, to wander at will over his life, talk only about the thing which interested him for the moment, to drop it when its interest threatened to pale, and to turn his talk upon the new and more interesting things that intruded themselves into his mind meantime. He realized that it is not given to one man in a hundred millions to write a real autobiography. Cellini and Rousseau are the only ones we know who succeeded, and no one knows with what scrupulosity they described their acts and reproduced their words. Marie Bashkirtseff who wrote, "Not only do I put down what I think, but I have never for a single instant dreamed of dissimulating anything which I thought might show me in a ridiculous or disadvantageous light", she who dreamed of writing "everything, everything, everything in its exact, absolute and strict truth", despite her apparent frankness did not succeed in writing a wee portion of her thoughts, determinations, and acts.

It is not alone the picture of Samuel L. Clemens that one gets with the autobiography. There are little masterpieces of his brother Orion, of his daughter Susy, of his wife and of his mother, and there is one of General Grant that should add to his fame as a generous, kindly, bighearted, forgiving man.

Did anyone ever describe an amiable person so well as he describes his fellow schoolboy John Robards; and did anyone ever succeed better in conveying the handicap that excessive amiability puts upon its possessor? But the kohinoor of this tray of jewels is his description of his brother Orion. Mark Twain may not have succeeded in writing an account of his own life that was satisfactory, or that he considered revelatory, but the description and analysis of his brother's personality is a real contribution to psychology and biography. It is possibly the best description of a human chameleon in all literature. It may never become as familiar as that of Colonel Sellers, for Mark Twain did not put him *au naturel* in his fiction. Orion Clemens was fifty-fifty optimist and pessimist. Aside from the fundamental endowments of honesty, truthfulness, and sincerity, he was as unstable as water, as inconstant as a weather vane. He had an unquenchable thirst for praise. You could dash his spirits with a single word; you could raise them unto the sky with another. He was a Presbyterian one Sunday, a Methodist the next, and a Baptist when the fancy seized him. He was a Whig today, Democrat next week, and anything fresh he could find in the political market the week after. He invariably acted on impulse and never reflected. He woke with an eagerness about some matter or other every morning; it consumed him all day; it perished in the night; and he was on fire with a fresh interest next morning before he could get his clothes on. He literally took no thought for the morrow, and it was inevitable that his illustrious brother should have to support him during his waning days. Psy-

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chologically, he was a splendid example of adult infantilism, manic-depressive temperament; and these possessions are nearly always associated with genius. The outline and the penumbra of them all are to be seen in Mark Twain. He was emotional, impulsive, explosive, avid of praise, subject to depression and exaltation, and unprovident. But he was lessonable and his eldest brother was not; experience taught him and environment influenced him, but they had no more effect upon Orion than headache has upon a drunkard. Above all, the possession that distinguished Samuel from Orion was humor. There is much inquiry these days whether man has ceased to progress, and biologists ask themselves if evolution is at a standstill. From the standpoint of intellectuality it has apparently ceased. We have had nothing the past two thousand years that compares with the eight hundred years of unfettered thought which the human race enjoyed while Greek philosophy was supreme. That progress has ceased from the standpoint of emotionality is not so apparent, and this is the ray of hope that reaches us; for if it has not ceased, we can confidently look forward to a new code of ethics that will be livable, a new dispensation that will allow the sheep and the goats to pasture in the same field and sleep in the same shed, a new religion that will be reconcilable with science.

It transcends understanding that so much attention is given to the intellect and so little to the emotions. It is the latter, together with articulateness, that distinguish us from the beast, and approximate us to God. Humor, its production and appreciation, and love are the two most precious emotional possessions. Mark Twain had them, and none of his writings reveals them more conspicuously than his autobiography. Orion's adventure at the house of Dr. Meredith, his own description of how he caught the measles, how he found the fifty dollar bill and the thoughts that it engendered, how he was temporarily cured of the habit of profanity by his wife, testify the former; and his accounts of Susy, of his wife, of Patrick, testify the latter. The burglarization of his house, the interview with President Cleveland's wife, the potato incident at the Kaiser's dinner party, the illness and death of his little boy, and the testimony of his family and intimates show how enslaved he was by revery.

One of the many things that make this autobiography so delightful is its revelation of how human Mark Twain was in his sympathies and antipathies, in his loves and hatreds. His words about Susy and Livy are as tender as anything I have read in a long time, and his account of Patrick makes one regret that the juggernaut Progress has eliminated the coachman. In the jargon of the day, Theodore Roosevelt "got his goat"; and the things he said about those who sought to crush him after they had brought about his financial ruin would not be considered printable in the Victorian era.

Mark Twain was in deadly earnest about many things he said "in fun". I choose to believe that when he wrote, "I intend this autobiography shall become a model for all future autobiographies, and I also intend that it shall be read and admired a good many centuries because of its form and method", he meant what he said. Whether he meant it or not it is true, and his country, proud of him, should be pleased with the account he left of himself to be published posthumously. It is ideal though it is not adequate. Those who would know what sort of man Mark

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Twain was may find out by reading it; those who wish to learn what he accomplished, how he did it and where, may learn from Mr. Paine's biography of him.

Mark Twain was a spiritual composite of Patrick, the coachman and gentleman, of Mr. Burlingame whose ways were all clean, whose motives were high and fine, of Dr. John Brown who immortalized his own name with "Rab and His Friends", and of his brother Orion, as they are described by himself. The best of Hermes was beaten up in the mixture. Joe Miller and Miguel Cervantes alternated as batter beaters.

Bliss Perry, whose reputation for sanity, soundness, and penetration as a literary critic has long been established, says that Mr. Firkins's study of William D. Howells is a great biography. I feel as a pariah should feel when I cannot share an authority's conviction and sentiment. But there is a discursiveness, a pretentiousness, a highfalutin tone about it that distracts me, and a papal atmosphere about it that I do not breathe easily or invigoratingly. Little annoying flaws of grammar and construction obtrude themselves while one reads it. "I will set down briefly the migrations and occupations of the family." "The style has a pre-existence in the psychology, is in essence the ingress of that psychology into language." "When an incident of travel reaches its probe into the sensitiveness of the author's profoundest and saddest convictions", etc.

Self forgetfulness, it has been said, is the beginning of happiness among books; and it is because I cannot get lost to myself that I have found less pleasure in Mr. Firkins's book than in any save Mr. Bok's. When I read "the curious strengthening of the position of the amphibious Balzac in our day", I immediately begin searching for the justification of "curious" — and why "amphibious"? Then there darts into my memory chamber a line from an "Essay in Criticism" by Robert Lynd that I read two or three years ago in "The London Mercury": "All criticism from one point of view is an impertinence." Stuart P. Sherman, reviewing Mr. Mencken's latest book, recently said he was determined to conclude his review with a gesture of amicality. I am equally determined to say that Mr. Firkins's book would not have received such universal praise from the reviewers had it not deserved it.

The relation of merit to praise is an interesting subject; and much could be written about it. What I shall say here of it is anent Mr. Bok's "Twice Thirty", which might have been entitled "The Annals of a Self Satisfied Man". I have never read a book more redolent of self appreciation. Mr. Bok is proud of his country, proud of his ancestors, proud of his fearlessness, and proud of his conduct. *Noblesse oblige.* He was once a stenographer to the urbane and cultured gentleman who edited "Scribner's Magazine" before the present incumbent. Mr. Burlingame always arose when Mr. Bok entered the room. As a self advertiser, the late P. T. Barnum was a piker compared to Edward W. Bok.

It is natural enough that editors should like to talk about their doings. They have been compelled to be impersonal so long that they are impelled to gambol and frolic, to shout and sing, when they burst the barriers of their sanctums and do not have to return to them. John St. Loe Strachey has not ceased to be editor of "The Spectator", but then he was never impersonal. The volume devoted to himself, published a year or so ago, called "The Ad-

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venture of Living", amply testified it. Now he has published a new volume about himself called "The River of Life". He does not give a portrait of himself, and he eliminates as far as possible enumeration of facts, positive statements, sequence, logical or chronological, and conclusions. His diary is of the sort that might have been written for the pleasure of the soul and the contentment of the heart, with no further idea of publication. He tells of his likes and dislikes, as they are brought to his mind by travel and reading; he does not indulge in ratiocination or in plans for the future. He is content to see life as a river, flowing constantly, everlastingly the same, everlastingly different, and his diary leaves the impression of a walk through a flower garden. One stops at interesting points, picks here and there a flower which will be kept as a memento, and which, being seen again, will recall a pleasant day.

In an antescript, Mr. Strachey writes: "If I am not careful, some votary of the New Psychology will get busy on my Diary and prove that I am suffering from an inferiority complex." Not a chance of it! A lot of derogatory things about the Freudians may be said; yet though they are deluded, they are not imbecile; they are priority fanatics, but not blind. They know a superiority complex when they see it.

Mrs. Dorr's "A Woman of Fifty" is the most objective autobiography I have read in years. It is about as introspective as an account of a very active king in a chess game might be. It is, in truth, an account of feminism poured into an autobiographical mold by a clever reader of the trend of the day toward that form of literature. There is much in it that is personal, no doubt, but certainly the motive is in the direction of a "movement" rather than toward an analysis of individual reactions to that movement. If Mrs. Dorr's purpose had been unmixed self revelation, I have the feeling she would have done it in a more up-to-the-moment manner; in the hair splitting, soul dissecting fashion of the hour.

As biography, I don't think it holds water. As a summing up of the struggle of women toward recognition as entities, it is vigorous, rather dashing, well put together with a perception of essentials, and valuable as a record. The reader likes the writer better as he progresses through the book, but he is satisfied that fate has not made his and her paths cross. At times, he wishes she would either get out of the picture or add something vital to it. She has made a "go", but at the same time, in trying to write a double header, a so called personal narrative with a purpose that is far from personal, she has now and then failed; the individual gets in the way of the subject up for discussion — feminism. But I fancy the average reader will find the book very readable. That is a good deal to say for a book.

It is a matter of profound regret that exigencies of space do not permit me to say some of the things about Maurice Francis Egan's autobiography that it so richly deserves. A book so charmingly written, a life story so modestly told, a narrative so impregnated with wit and laden with wisdom, a document so redolent of culture and kindliness, merits analysis and summary, comment and commendation. I am convinced that his friend Dr. Henry van Dyke was characteristically temperate when he wrote of it: "It is a delectable book, sure of a high place among modern autobiographies."

(This is the last of three articles — the first of which appeared in March — on contemporary biography and autobiography.)

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THE LONDONER

Plays and Dramatic Critics—"Sanditon"—"The Adelphi" and Some Other New Monthly Reviews—Cliché, with Contributions by a Nurseryman—An Advertisement of W. B. Yeats.

LONDON, April 1, 1925.

THE latest London scare, as I write, concerns the production by a private society of W. J. Turner's play, "Smaragda's Lover". A universally irate press has decided that the play is a wicked affair, and that these societies which exist for the production of wicked plays should be forcibly exterminated. Where, the press has asked, is the censor? And so on. The fuss will all die down again in a few days, and no more will be heard of it for months more. Then there will be the same fuss about some other play, and we shall have the same angry comments from those who produce the plays, and again there will be placid calm. But the press has had a very severe time over the theatre this year. It has decided by a majority (the majority is as far as I can see a unanimity) that five of the plays shown in the first two months of the year are the worst that have ever appeared. These five plays are—first, one that was produced at the St. James's Theatre (I forget the name of it) by an unknown author from the Stock Exchange, in which play a woman undressed behind a screen upon the stage. This incident provoked controversy with the Lord Chamberlain because that gentleman was very anxious that the screen should be guaranteed solid and not likely to blow over at an inconvenient moment. You can see what kind of play that was. It ran for a few days only. The second was "Camilla States Her Case", by George Egerton, a naive play for feminists who believe that women have a very rough time in a man ridden universe. The third was a really terrible affair, produced by "A. Keeper, Ltd.", called "The Monkey House". The fourth was Arnold Bennett's "The Bright Island". And Mr. Turner holds fifth place.

Now it is no part of my work to draw attention to the weaknesses of critics; but it should be apparent to all that men like Mr. Bennett and Mr. Turner do not write works of the inept incompetence of "The Monkey House". They may write plays which for them are less than good (I do not say that they did so in the cases of "The Bright Island" and "Smaragda's Lover", neither of which did I see); but whatever such men write is quite clearly upon a different plane from the wretched "un-idea-ed" stuff (as Dr. Johnson might have called it) contained in the three other plays. I do not wish to be snobbish, but merely to state a fact. We know that a play by Mr. Bennett will contain amusing lines, we know that it will result from his own very characteristic view of mankind, and we know that it will sin, if it sins, from deliberate choice upon the part of the author. Even those who dislike Mr. Bennett's work will admit that the author is not a fool. The same applies to Mr. Turner, although Mr. Turner is younger than Mr. Bennett and for that reason may

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be expected to be less sage and more unconsciously experimental. But did the dramatic critics make it clear to their readers that there was any difference in the five plays they condemned so wholeheartedly? They did not. They left their readers to infer that all were of a piece, and unspeakably bad at that. The same critics, immediately afterward going to a musical comedy the libretto of which escaped by a hairbreadth the customary banality of musical comedies, proclaimed that this musical comedy was the gem of the season. They enthusiastically commended it to the same readers who had been told how bad the five plays were.

I need not draw a moral. This kind of criticism is rampant in all the arts. Mediocre, conventional works are given easy praise; and works of greater ambitiousness are scrutinized almost destructively. They never receive such high praise as the conventional works. It is difficult to praise highly where the judgment has been severely tested. The temptation to qualify, to play for safety, to weigh the word of praise, is very great. For immaturity, imbecility, and incompetence, the critic has toleration. His line is that the book or play or picture which he himself despises as inane is just the kind of thing that many people will like. To condemn it will be to mark himself a highbrow. To praise it — ah, well, it would be cruel to destroy such work; and nobody will tax him with his indulgence, because all other critics and readers (apart from the very young and iconoclastic) have similar weakness for the puerile. And since the young and iconoclastic despise all that has not been written by their friends, he need not trouble about their judgment of his own work. Accordingly the critic slops about in the slough of his own vague standards, and thus all that he does is vitiated by timidity, uncertainty, kindness, the sense that established authors will not suffer by his dispraise; and the criticism of books and plays remains as unsatisfactory as ever. On the one hand there is a tendency to give easy praise to work that is third rate. On the other hand there is fear of being the first to dash out with the discovery — which may be laughed at — of something first rate. I do not know whether, for the sake of my argument, I may be allowed a third hand, but if so I should say that on the third hand there is the inability to discriminate between what is incompetent and what is original. To me, as I have so often said here, the only quality that matters in any work of art is its originality. I care nothing for form or for any of the rules of the non-creative, so long as the work seems to my judgment to be that of a person who thinks and feels entirely for himself. But for most professional critics originality is nothing at all. They constantly praise unoriginal work because it is neat, or because it conforms to their own notions of what is praiseworthy. Or rather, not their own notions so much as the notions in vogue among their friends. As a result, much good work is praised or dispraised in precisely the terms ordinarily applied to mediocre work or even inept work in the same field.

Take the case of "The Constant Nymph". In my opinion this novel is the most distinguished novel written by a woman for many years. It seems to me to indicate the arising of a new talent. Shortcomings it may have, but it is original and it is imaginative. But was the press reception of this book uproarious? It was not. Praise the book had, indeed, but stereotyped praise. There was nothing in the

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praise given by the press to indicate that Miss Kennedy was outside the run of conventional talents. She had not had a clique behind her, and took her chance with the "also ran" novelists who are responsible for "the stream of trashy novels constantly poured forth by the press". Except that "The Constant Nymph" was celebrated by one or two octogenarians who have no skill as novel reviewers, it might have been a new novel by any one of two or three hundred mediocre writers.

I think there really is something wrong about this. It is well known that talk and talk only makes reputation and circulation for novels, and this talk has been accorded "The Constant Nymph" and its author; but it should not be so. The press critics fail in their duty to humankind. It is their business to create such esteem for their judgment that readers will look to them for advice. They neglect their business. Criticism in the press is really negligible, largely, I think, because it is so usually perfunctory. But it is also negligible because it is incompetent. Critics should have at least the wit to indicate whether they are judging work by the standards of first, second, or fifteenth class literature. They cannot do this because they have no standards. They go to the theatre or they pick up a book, full of prejudice against or in favor of the author they are to criticize, and they are bored before they begin to assess values. They do not yield themselves to the work they are examining, but stand frowning or smiling upon it because of some quite extraneous reason. If they can get through it without mental effort they praise it; if they can do nothing of this kind they bring out their soiled and overworked adjectives and sprinkle them like pepper upon pieces of précis-writing which schoolboys would reject in disgust, as unlikely to pass their form masters.

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A couple of months ago I said in these pages that the most popular literary discovery anybody could make nowadays would probably be a new novel by Jane Austen. As if in answer to my wish, there has been published here, and I suppose in America also, the fragment of what is practically a new novel by Jane Austen. When Miss Austen's nephew, J. E. Austen Leigh, gave to the world "Lady Susan" and the unfinished story of "The Watsons", he said of the present fragment that it could not "be presented to the public", and he merely gave a sketch of its contents, with tantalizing extracts from the work itself. Present day interest in Jane Austen has brought about a change in the attitude of those in possesion of her manuscripts. A little while ago we had some juvenilia, collected under the title of "Love and Freindship" (it is strange to notice from the new fragment, which is printed exactly as it was written, that Miss Austen always spelled wrongly any words containing the letters "ie" in juxtaposition); and now we have "Sanditon". I should like to say at once that to me this fragment is not in the smallest degree a disappointment. The old touch is to be perceived in every line. If anything, Miss Austen would seem to be more caustic than before. She sketches quite a number of people, and as far as the book takes us into their characters she makes fun of most of these. The hero, unfortunately (for I take it that he is the hero), makes no more than a passing appearance at the end of the fragment; but we have a glimpse of his character from the comments of his relatives. He is a fun-maker of the kind near Miss Austen's heart. The heroine is perceptive and

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realistic. She has not, in the chapters written, much more character than that. But she promises well. She promises so well that I believe we might have had a good comedy from her relations with the humorous and humbug ridiculing hero. Of course it is difficult to tell when so little is available, but the book promises so delightfully that I found myself gnashing my teeth when I came to the end of the text. The editors give some invaluable notes of variant readings which the Austen lover will be able to study with much profit. Here are grouped the phrases which she struck out while she wrote, or afterward. They should give real insight into the working of her mind. I have not yet been able to examine them in detail, or to read the story more than once, and I assume that no unfinished tale can ever be so warm a favorite as one that is all before us. Nevertheless, there is matter here which is of great and mature excellence. It is particularly interesting as showing how Miss Austen as she grew older was becoming more reflective. I think the book does take us further along that line than "Persuasion", which, though I love "Pride and Prejudice" better than any other of her books, I consider the most beautiful of them all. There is no beauty (other than incidental beauty) in the fragment of "Sanditon", but there might well have been much of it as the story opened before our eyes. There is not the radiance of Miss Austen's early work, and there is even an additional pungency to the satire; yet there is a delicacy and sureness unsurpassed in any other of her works. This is an impression after one reading. Already "Sanditon" is more attractive than either "Lady Susan" or "The Watsons". There are some Austenites who feel great dislike of "Lady Susan" — even contempt for it. I am not of their number, but the prospects before the modern reader of "The Watsons" are certainly less enticing to the imagination than are the prospects before the same reader of "Sanditon". I find myself already a "Sanditonian", and I believe that no reader who can bear to read a fragment at all should or indeed can afford to miss this latest Austen treasure.

* * * *

It will be remembered that "The Adelphi" started under very favorable auspices in the Summer of 1923. It had good will behind it and about it, and the reception given to the early numbers showed clearly how cordial a public there is in England for a periodical which shall rise above the level of the ordinary English magazine. An enormous circulation "The Adelphi" never had, of course, but it was for its class of paper a respectable and encouraging circulation. Now, after about twenty months of life, "The Adelphi" is appealing for subscribers. Middleton Murry, the editor, explains that unless there is a solid body of people who will undertake to support him by definite subscriptions the magazine will have to cease publication. The reasons for this change of situation on the part of "The Adelphi" are several, chief among them being possibly that Mr. Murry has quite honestly and intelligibly departed from the position he adopted when the paper was started. That is, "The Adelphi", which began as a sort of intellectual commonwealth, has become an autocracy. It has latterly been more and more a vehicle for Mr. Murry's own views, and less of a vehicle for the talents of Mr. Murry's first coadjutors. Even so, I do not think that there would be any question about "The Adelphi's" continuance if Mr. Murry

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were really bent upon using the journal effectively as a vehicle; but as to this there may be other opinions. "The Adelphi" is to die unless its circulation is definitely guaranteed. Meanwhile, a new monthly upon somewhat similar lines to the original "Adelphi" has just been started under the title of "The Calendar of Modern Letters". This periodical, of which the first number has just reached me, is edited by a young poet and critic named Edgell Rickword, whose work has appeared in "The London Mercury"; and it contains contributions by D. H. Lawrence, who seems essential to any contemporary non-commercial venture, Siegfried Sassoon, A. E. Coppard, Robert Graves, the editor, and others. At first glimpse, "The Calendar" is not overwhelmingly novel, but it has interesting items, and should be a good investment if it keeps its word as to the character of its contributions. It is very desirable indeed that there should be a monthly journal in which the work of young talents can appear. We have, indeed, "The London Mercury", but that monthly is not run especially for the young. Hence, no doubt, the occasion of the new monthly. I hope "The Calendar" will discover some noteworthy new writers. I am sorry to see in its pages the names of so many older men, or of men whose talent is fixed, although I can appreciate the reasons for their presence. What chiefly I regret is that the first number does not contain any "creative" work by a young and unestablished writer. We want this "creative" work more than any criticism. Probably Mr. Rickword will presently attract to his venture some fresh stars. If he can do this he will have performed a great service to his generation. It is the regrettable feature of so much young talent that it runs to criticism of others — sometimes to very adverse criticism — without, so to speak, showing its own hand. "The Calendar" will doubtless — indeed, it must — shortly show its hand. I can therefore do no more at present than salute the confidence which has led to its establishment. I could wish that the format were more distinguished. The type used is not more than commonplace, and its arrangement is uninspired. The best thing about the format of the first number is the cover, which is printed in a good blue. While I am on the subject of "The Calendar" I may perhaps mention that another monthly will presently be published along lines not altogether dissimilar. I hope the two ventures will not clash. It would be a pity. I expect the other venture, a title for which has not yet been found, will run upon rather broader lines than "The Calendar". It will make its first appearance in September. I shall give fuller particulars at a later date.

* * * *

I mentioned a page or so earlier that the critic's vocabulary was a little restricted. It may be retorted upon me that unless large numbers of new words are constantly added to the English language, some such repetition of well used adjectives is forced upon any rapid writer. It is certainly hard to avoid cliché, and if once one begins to look for cliché in one's own work one will soon feel despair at the stereotyped phrases to be found in every sentence. I suppose that I use as many clichés as anybody, but if I do so it is done unconsciously. The same may be said of most writers. The other day I heard three very experienced writers accusing each other sternly of the bad habit and at the same time denying the charges brought against themselves. I could not defend myself in this way, because

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it is impossible to judge the quality of one's own writing. Some words have a way of getting overworked, and these words I should naturally avoid if they came into my head; but I remember making fun of a friend of mine who twice in one book used the phrase "understanded of the people". My friend asked why I objected to it. I said, "Because it's such beastly cliché." Whereupon he said, with great simplicity: "Is it? I only know of it in the Prayer Book." This shows how one man's cliché is another man's golden ore. The word "drastic" is one word that I should avoid. It seems to me detestable. Writers of football reports in England often use the word "convincing" in a horrible way. They say, "Bonsham gave a convincing display", or refer to "Twonjett's convincing form", and so on. Reviewers are fond of the word "stark". One sees "flesh and blood", "cover to cover", "admirable", "charming", and so on. I believe we all use the more common commendatory adjectives. In themselves they are not clichés, but they become so when they are used with any strain. This is perhaps the real sign of a cliché, that it is used slightly out of its meaning, or with exaggerated emphasis, or as an evasion. We all laugh at the clichés of the house agent — his "commodious", etc., but we hardly recognize that he is faced with the need of expressing himself through a convention. The house agent's "charming Old World cottage", "commodious mansion", "dwelling house, situate", etc., etc., are all perfectly intelligible to any person who has ever hunted a house. Business men resemble the house agent. They and he are all driven into cliché because they dare not use the common word, or dare not repeat the same word twice in a sentence. They are hampered by their respect for the English language. There is no gusto in their style. Their vocabulary is limited: it is banal but its phrases are less clichés than conventions. Conventionality could not be brought as a charge against nurserymen. I need not refer to the Dutch bulb grower, who gets some of his effects by way of Babu English. I am thinking rather of our own, home grown nurserymen. I have now before me a catalogue, illustrated with highly colored pictures of all sorts of magnificent flowers — in gardeners' language, "showy plants" — and I am struck with admiration, not of the highly colored pictures, but of the highly colored language in which the plants are commended by the nurseryman himself. Here is an example:

> Next to the Rose, there is nothing that can equal the Pæony for regal splendour. It is a luxurious flower, putting one in mind of quantities of velvety rose petals brought together to form a single majestic bloom. Folk who grow a few old-fashioned Pæonies — huge bushes occupying several square yards of ground, which seldom produce more than two or three second or third-rate flowers — have simply no idea what our Pæonies, which have been selected from the finest varieties in the world, are like. The delicious fragrance of these Pæonies, together with their splendid form and colour, make them absolutely irresistible.

I quote it to show the freedom of the author's style. I proceed:

> SEDUM, "STONECROP". When God made the deserts, He made the Stonecrops. They haven't got a hump like a camel, but they are protected by Nature with the means of sustaining life on short rations of water, even during long periods of drought. They are therefore well adapted for the dry places "where nothing will grow". Have you an ugly wall, or a wall which is simply bare without being ugly, a dry bank or a ledge on the rockery which you regard as a death-trap for all plant life? Then try the Stonecrops. They will thrive and thank you.

Here the gardener has touched a deeper note, indeed. He is subtle. He ap-

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peals to the ordinary man whose garden is like a brick yard. But it is when he comes to some new varieties of delphinium, which he calls "Hollyhock Larkspurs", that he rises to eloquence. If the first of the following extracts does not seem to you a piece of generous appreciation which might with profit to us all be studied by reviewers and dramatic critics, what about the second? The first is:

SEALANDIA. If flowers can be judged by the same standards as feminine beauty, it is to this exquisite representative of the Larkspur family that the prize should go. Words could never be found to faithfully portray its delicate loveliness or perfect grace of form. The broad spikes tapering towards the top are sheathed with parma violet flowers, tinted sky blue. In the centre of each petal is a small dark eye. A valuable late-flowering variety.

The second reads as follows:

WINSOME. Award of Merit, R. H. S. In an effort to describe the indescribably fine colour of this variety, the gardening press has printed the following: "A perfectly single flower of Reckitt's blue colour, relieved by small spots of heliotrope towards the tips of the petals. The spike is tall and shapely." As a matter of fact that is but the uninspired version of a tired reporter who has struggled through a stifling tent in an endeavour to describe a host of flowers seen in an artificial setting. In the garden the plant presents a different aspect. The flowers are of a vivid "live" colour which challenges comparison with anything in heaven or earth. It is a changeful colour; warm and pulsating in the full light of day; misty and dreamy in the pale of evening. Winsome is both its name and its character.

If only our literary commendations were written in so free and so *convinced* a style, there would be no need for publishers' advertisements. Once again, reviews would really sell books, as they are supposed to have done in older days. What the nurseryman could do in the way of invective if he should wish to express an adverse view of anything — flower, book, or play — can be imagined. Style such as his would freshen up our critical journals. Written with such freehanded use of language, they would all be readable for entertainment.

* * * *

It will be generally admitted that W. B. Yeats is one of the best known of our living immortals. He is the winner of the Nobel Prize. His plays have been performed all over the world. His volume of collected poems is in its thirteenth impression. A short time ago I had my attention drawn to the advertisement by means of which his English publisher sought to press upon the English public the aforesaid volume of Mr. Yeats's collected poems. The advertisement read as follows:

W. B. YEATS—POEMS (*Thirteenth Impression*) With a Photogravure frontispiece. 10/6 net. "Mr. Yeats is the only one among the younger Irish poets who has the whole poetical temperament. . . . It is this poetical quality of mind that seems to me to distinguish Mr. Yeats from the many men of talent, and to place him among the few men of genius."—Mr. Arthur Symond (*sic*), in "The Saturday Review".

A little out of date, one would think; although of course bearing witness to Mr. Symons's admitted excellence as a critic. I suppose the words to have been written between twenty five and thirty five years ago. And you see with what lordly disdain the publisher ignores the Nobel Prize. It is not without reason that the English are regarded as a conservative race.

SIMON PURE

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From "The Panjandrum Picture Book" by Randolph Caldecott (Frederick Warne)

THE REVIEWING OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Anne Carroll Moore

The children come, the children go,
Today grows quickly yesterday;
And we, who quiz quaint fashions so,
We soon shall seem as quaint as they.
—From Old Fashioned Tales
Selected by E. V. Lucas

THE formation of a special literature for children has been going on ever since the appearance of "Goody Two Shoes" in London in 1765 and in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1787. But the recognition of this special literature as a subject worthy of sustained attention the year round — worthy of such continuity of presentation from year to year as would keep its challenge fresh and vigorous — has been long delayed, far too long delayed, for the encouragement of original work of definite quality.

Children's books fall very readily into two main classes: *creative*, belonging to the very essence of literature, timeless and ageless in its appeal, and *informative*, belonging to the social period for which the books are written.

To miss the joy of reading and rereading outstanding books of the first class in childhood means irreparable loss, for no grown up ever brings to story or poem what a child brings to his first reading. To miss books of the second class is a matter of minor importance, since their essential content is as bound to reappear at regular intervals as are the hardy annuals and perennials of a well tended New England garden.

Now that we are assured that all departments of knowledge are going to be preserved in outlines of generous proportions for the benefit of the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts, the teachers and lecturers who have been accustomed to buy children's

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books with the idea of forestalling any possible yearning after the unknown, we may well pause at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century to ask: How fares it now with the imagination? Who is concerned with its need? Is it being better nourished and cherished, more wisely exercised in our own time, or is it being taken for granted, or forcibly fed with theoretical and commonplace substitutes for the dreams and visions of childhood?

Clear memory of childhood is as rare as it is un-selfconscious. That it cannot be recovered by the questionnaire method has been fully demonstrated in recent novels no less than in the text-books on child study of an earlier day. It was indeed the futility of the child study methods of the 1890's as applied to children's reading, and a keen interest in eighteenth century literature for its own sake, which drove me backward

Frontispiece from one of the First Worcester Edition, printed by Isaiah Thomas in 1787

and forward over the history of the writing, illustrating, and publishing of children's books until it took hold on my mind as a subject of fascinating interest and limitless possibilities. I found myself continually wondering why it was not given its true place in the curriculum of the colleges and universities from which so many reviewers and publishers have been recruited.

I had, it may be noted, from the first a different type of interest than the collector brings to this subject, for I was learning about the lives the children lived in different centuries as well as about their books, learning a great many things which I have found pointedly suggestive in personal relationships with present day parents, teachers, librarians, publishers, and booksellers. Moreover, I believe it was much reading of the old children's books in contrast to the new that developed and strengthened my powers of appraisal. I keenly enjoyed both text and pictures and I discovered that certain stories had not lost their hold upon children; lively incident, dramatic climax, even when obviously employed for moral ends, clarity of meaning, and sincere interest in children may take to stilts but they never fail to reach a goal in any century.

It was reassuring to find that I had been exploring my chosen field in good company. I well remember the delight with which I welcomed E. V. Lucas's "Old Fashioned Tales" (1905) and "Forgotten Tales of Long Ago" (1906) to the story-book shelves of a children's library. Charming books they were, and still are, for the children have not allowed them to go out of print. Francis Bedford did not merely decorate them in the spirit of their time, his illustrations are a direct challenge to the children of another age to read

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genuinely interesting stories of children strangely like themselves.

Story writers and reviewers might well read them also, and, going behind Mr. Lucas's illuminating introductory comments to his volumes with their modern drawings, search for copies of Andrew Tuer's "Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books" and "Stories from Old Fashioned Children's Books", with their wealth of fascinating cuts and facsimiles of old title pages. These books are the most satisfactory substitute I know for the freedom of such a fine collection of early children's books as Wilbur Macy Stone possesses. At the time of their publication (1899–1900) they fairly represented Mr. Tuer's own collection on the subject. But one does not need to be a collector to find them interesting and amusing today. I have made such constant use of both books in speaking upon the general subject of children's books to parents, as well as to students, that I feel very strongly that they should be taken from the limbo of out-of-print and made available for the wider circulation they might now have.

The recent publication of Florence V. Barry's "A Century of Children's Books" is a strong bit of evidence of what may come of making children's books a subject of study during a university course. Miss Barry began her book while a student in Sir Walter Raleigh's class, receiving much encouragement from his interest in the subject. The chief value of her contribution lies in her own fresh discovery of the fact that the history of children's books holds a record of childhood, and in the spontaneity with which she links up her quotations and conclusions with modern associations, both human and literary. She brings her "Century" to a close with fine appreciation of the dramatic realism of Maria Edgeworth and reminds us that she was the "pioneer of plot in children's books" as well as a writer of moral tales to fit "scientific" theories. But it is a good thing to remember just now that it is her

Copper plate illustration from "Youthful Recreations" (J. and J. Crukshank, Philadelphia, 1800)

first hand knowledge of real children and her art as a novelist that keep Miss Edgeworth's stories alive, not her theories or her disbelief in the supernatural. The supernatural has a way of surviving from age to age.

"If she never understood the 'fairy way of writing'," says Miss Barry, "it was because she had built a school upon the fairy circles of her village green. Her children were so happy in and about the village that they never discovered an enchanted wood. They planted trees instead of climbing them; they knew all the roads to Market, but nobody showed them the way to Fairyland."

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Schools are still being built on the fairy circles of village greens and city streets and some of them have voted the fairies down in the twentieth century — not the children, oh dear no! only those grown ups who fear the unknown and do not yet know Christopher Robin, Ernest Shepard, and "Hoo".

Much browsing among early children's books, companioned by both children and fairies, leaves one with quite another set of fears—of being dull or commonplace, of boring or being bored, of missing the point, of being earnest or facetious, condescending, theoretical, academic, or artificial.

One sees so clearly the inevitable result of being any of these things—your work simply isn't *read* any more. How good it must be, then, for a reviewer of children's books — of any books — to rouse such a set of fears in time to scare the writers and the artists, and even the publishers and booksellers of his own day, into a study of the survival of the fittest among children's books since "Goody Two Shoes".

"But we haven't time for anything like that. Leave such investigations to the specialists in education. The publication of children's books, although an attractive item, is a very uncertain one in our business. How can they be made to pay even the cost of production?" It was the publisher of the '90's and early 1900's who argued thus — the publisher who regarded librarians as theoretical folk with strong personal prejudices governing the selection of books for their readers. It was before librarians and publishers began really to know each other and to vision a public as yet unreached by either.

That a librarian even in the '80's, the golden age of American children's books, could read from a child's standpoint and act with the courage of her own conviction, there is a fine bit of evidence in a list of books with an introduction and annotations by Caroline Hewins, librarian of the Hartford Public Library. This list was published for the use of American libraries in 1882. It was out of print before my time, but I look upon the discovery of a stray copy of it as a milestone on the long path leading up to the appraisal of children's books.

Miss Hewins dared place "Tom Sawyer" on her list and leave it there. The unsuitability of the book for the reading of boys and girls had been pointed out by such literary mentors of the day as the New York "Evening Post". There was a violent prejudice against it in many libraries. But Miss Hewins heeded not. She merely continued to place "Tom Sawyer" on lists distinguished for their selective judgment and genuine literary association until the book became known for what it is.

From her first list and from John F. Sargent's more comprehensive "Reading for the Young", I gained a fair outlook over the field of children's books in the nineteenth century; and when I began to supervise the work with children in the New York Public Library early in the present century I had the unusual experience of seeing a fair proportion of all the children's books I had ever heard condemned, circulating side by side with the classics, old and new.

"What are you doing about the selection of children's books?" asked Dr. John S. Billings, the late director of the New York Public Library. "I am letting everybody's favorites circulate until they wear out", was my reply. "There are more than six thousand titles of story books alone,

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From Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" (Scribner, 1883)

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many of which I never heard of. I am asking Miss Hewins if she knows them, and if she doesn't I think we'll give them to the reference department."

"To the old boys", said the wise doctor with a smile, for he knew children's books, as he knew all books, with a great knowledge. "We may want a few of them back, to place with a collection of still older books for children in the children's room of the new library", I said. The central library was still in process of building and we were sitting by the fire in Dr. Billings's cozy office in the old Astor Library.

"I want the old boys to feel like coming to that room as well as the children and I want the children to see what books used to be like. All sorts of people like seeing them and they have always been locked away at the Lenox." It was characteristic of Dr. Billings that he made no comment at the time. He just sat there, looking into the fire, but not long afterward a little package of treasures among old books came to my office marked: "I found these at an auction the other day. Would you like them for that collection?"

No single feature of the children's room has excited so much personal interest as the cases of little old children's books presided over by a portrait of an eighteenth century duchess and replicas of the "Cries of London", and surrounded by modern picture books bridged by those eighteenth century lovers of the 1880's, Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott.

Much water has passed under and over many bridges since the first of these books were placed there at the opening of the Library in May, 1911; and because I have had the good fortune to see many dreams come true within this period, I have ventured to postpone any consideration of the publications of the spring of 1925 to open up the subject of round-the-year reviews of children's books. It is the easier to do so because no copy of "The Scarlet Cockerel", the Charles Boardman Hawes prize story, nor of "Sweet Time and the Blue Policeman", a book of children's plays by Stark Young, has yet been received.

If it be true, as a leading publisher states, that "the quality of books for children has increased out of proportion to other classes of books with the possible exception of biography and one other, that there is an increased sale of well selected books, that this is truer of children's books in America than in England today", is it not about time to rate them in terms of their importance to the public libraries, the school libraries, and the households to which they go?

Certain publishers have so decided, and, by a departmental organization of their work corresponding to that made by libraries many years earlier, are rendering valuable and varied service including well selected and annotated lists, intelligent advertising, and better informed salesmen. These publishers have done much, but vastly more needs to be done; for the Trade is still far too much of a bugaboo, not to librarians — since they are in daily contact with a public of potential book buyers — but to those who have not yet discovered the secret of choosing children's books for their vitality and standing by until they find their market. American librarians have done yeoman service here.

Children's Book Week has been of inestimable value in calling out timely articles on children's books and children's reading, but far too many of these articles, like the children's books themselves, are crowded into a busy holiday season. It has not yet become an

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established custom to find something worth reading about children's books and their authors in every literary review.

"But what is there to write about?" asks someone. "Is anything ever known about the writers of children's books unless they become very famous?" More might be known if more writers would do what Hugh Walpole did in "Jeremy" when he paid his tribute to Mrs. Ewing as an influence in his writing. I wonder if even Hugh Walpole knows that Mrs. Ewing liked to have "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" read aloud to her in her last illness.

"Her appreciation of fun remained as keen as ever, and strange as it may seem", wrote her sister — but it doesn't seem strange to me — "one of the very few books she liked to have read aloud was Mark Twain's 'Adventures of Huckleberry Finn'; the dry humor of it, — the natural way in which everything is told from a boy's point of view, — and the vivid and beautiful descriptions of river scenery all charmed her."

Reread "Jackanapes", and if you've never read it, "Reka Dom", a story full of pictures of Mrs. Ewing's own home by the St. John River during the years she spent in New Brunswick. You will not think it strange either, and it will set you wondering how many are the ties that bind writers and artists in the same age, and in distant ages, although they may live in different countries.

Yes, there is much to be said, once we have taken children's books to our heads as well as our hearts. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote from a recent letter of the editor of THE BOOKMAN, since it was in THE BOOKMAN that the first sustained reviewing of children's books appeared: "Why it is that children's books have received so little careful attention in the past is a mystery. Surely, no class of books is so important in the development of the reading habits of a nation. If for this reason alone, they should be studied, criticized, appreciated. Yet they are worthy of attention in themselves. Classics of beauty and romance are numbered among them. The great authors turn to the child-mind in moods of gaiety and of fantasy and, in those moods, create a very special type of book that often springs from the deepest inspiration."

"Not pipes," urged Jackanapes; "upon my honor, aunty, not pipes. Only cigars like Mr. Johnson's!"
—From "Jackanapes", illustrated by Randolph Caldecott (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1891)

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

VI: GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

OUT on the Wea plains, where "a grain of wheat springs into a million dollars", in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, George Barr McCutcheon was born. On a farm, too, of parentage partly Scotch, and Scotch by way of Virginia and Kentucky. In these days few books sell as did Mr. McCutcheon's early successes. Three hundred thousand was a good sale, and the famous "Graustark", which he marketed outright for five hundred dollars, has been bound and distributed to the number of a million copies. Nor has his name ever been absent for long from the best seller lists. Last year, with "East of the Setting Sun", another Graustark tale, he was read with delight in thousands of homes.

Mr. McCutcheon is a gentleman of middle age, kindly, fond of golf, temperate, interested in the world at large as well as that of literature. In his New York City apartment, his remarkable library of first editions is his proudest possession. But although he reads those books in their lavish leather cases, he does not fail to keep in touch with current literary happenings, and he may be found several times a week at one or another of the clubs discussing with young and old the books of the season. He enjoys the construction of his romances; yet his favorite among his own works is "Mary Midthorne", a realistic story of Indiana life. It is to this life that he has turned for his newest story, on which he has been at work for many months.

Indiana has produced many writing folk. There Booth Tarkington still has his winter home. There James Whitcomb Riley was born. There George Ade is a gentleman farmer, with vast estates, and Meredith Nicholson indulges in politics and writing. But like most fathers, the elder McCutcheon did not view a career of the pen as entirely satisfactory for his sons. True, he had once himself written a drama of love and intrigue, which was performed by the rural for rural consumption; but this was an act of momentary madness, not a bid for eternal fame. So when George and John took to writing and drawing at an early age, the *pater familias* was disturbed.

John McCutcheon, the brother, is John T. McCutcheon of Chicago, writer and famous cartoonist. Two more successful brothers it is not easy to find. Yet it was George who was first interested in drawing; in fact, it was George who taught his brother John how to draw. The author of "Graustark" is four years the older. They must have made an interesting pair in those early days on the farm, George doing the chores, and small brother following him around and helping as he could. At eight, George wrote his first romance. It was called "Panther Jim", and it was never finished. Product of an imagination stimulated by yellowbacks smuggled into bedroom and hidden under pillow, it yet had its bearing on future creation. It was the product of the young

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mind craving high adventure as it fed on the sight of wide fields and rolling clouds, and listened to the slow drawl of Hoosier folk. It was the first revolt against the drabness of the midwest. It was animated by the same crying out of the soul that was later to produce "Alice Adams" and "Main Street".

The McCutcheon family soon moved to town, to the not-so-small village of Lafayette, Indiana, where the brothers, one ten and the other six, pursued their artistic designs under cover of murky secrecy. The secrecy added doubtless to the enjoyment of creation; for stories written in the cellar by candlelight, with disapproving parents above stairs, are far more thrilling than those indited on the living room table in the midst of an admiring family circle. Approve genius, and it may be stifled; but forbid its progress, and the ultimate result is practically certain. I should err were I to give the impression that the brothers McCutcheon were delicate youths of slender calves and rounding shoulders. They played at games with as much vigor as they drew pictures and dreamed novels. They remember shins barked on the lacrosse field, and arms twisted at football. Later at Purdue University they went out for various athletics, and even after George left college he used to go back to play on scrub teams against the regulars. Those were the days of developing western football, of the famous series of Princeton coaches who ventured to Indiana to teach the sons of the plains the tricks that made great and formidable gridiron heroes.

Being a reporter was frowned on by fathers who saw business as the proper career for sons. Yet George Barr McCutcheon's career started much as did Edna Ferber's; he was for a time Purdue correspondent for the Lafayette "Journal". Then he found college irksome and left, going to work as a reporter at six dollars a week — and living on it. Six dollars a week was good pay in those days, and later. The other night, Will Irwin told me that he worked for John O'Hara Cosgrave on "The Wave" in San Francisco for that sum, writing everything from editorials to London society news. While George McCutcheon was still at work in Lafayette, his brother John went to Chicago and got a job on the "Record". At the time, the other George, Ade, was at work too on the Lafayette "Journal". Presently, however, he followed John to Chicago and was engaged as a cub on the same paper. Reputations are made overnight in the newspaper game, and while George McCutcheon was thinking of short stories and making his way toward the city editor's desk, his brother and his friend became famous.

George Ade, the new reporter, sat in a corner of the Chicago "Record" office one night soon after his arrival. He was long and lean, gaunt of face, and obviously from the country. Yet when word came that a steamer had sunk on Lake Michigan, that lives were being lost and saved, he was the only man there to cover the assignment. The man at the desk had no choice; he sent the cub. The cub wormed his way onto the rescue boat and saw it all. He was the only one of all the city's reporters who did. In the small hours of dawn he came back to his typewriter and pounded out a great story, a scoop story. The next morning over his own signature the "Record" carried it, and everyone asked, "Who is George Ade?" Arrived overnight. It is the old story; but it is George Ade's. The World's Fair found Ade and John T. McCutcheon at work together. Not long after, the "Fables in Slang" came into being, and the great cartoons.

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Back in Lafayette, the other McCutcheon's first published works were called "Waddleton Mail". They were letters in dialect written by a gentleman supposedly titled "Mr. William Gunn, Esquire". I read them the other day. They are still amusing, not unlike Ed Streeter's soldier letters to the renowned Mable. The first short story for which Mr. McCutcheon received payment was "The Ante-Mortem Condition of George Ramor". It appeared in Joe Mitchell Chappell's "National Magazine", October, 1896. It was then that the city editor became ambitious to write at greater length. He constructed a full sized romance and sent it to a New York literary agent. It did not find a market. Later, after the success of "Graustark", with a new title, it sold some three hundred thousand copies. It was "Nedra".

When I asked Mr. McCutcheon how he happened to write "Graustark", he found that he could not remember its particular inspiration. "It was the sort of thing people wanted at the time, far flung romance." "The Prisoner of Zenda" had been published, but he had not seen it. Later he attended the play and found it genuinely exciting. "Graustark", published by Stone and Webster in Chicago, was at first a failure. For a time, it looked as if the young author who had accepted payment of five hundred dollars had the best of the bargain; but all of a sudden the novel began to be read, and by its own momentum was carried into many editions. On later reprint editions of it, the author has received royalties, a mark of courtesy and fairness on the part of the publishers, since there is no legal reason for payment. If this had been his "only story", George Barr McCutcheon would probably be a city editor today; but he was more story teller than newspaper man. After he had turned out another good tale in "Castle Craneycrow", he decided to make a break with regular office hours. His paper, however, preferred to keep him in his old position at half time, and it was not until he moved to Chicago that he decided to give up the daily grind entirely.

The story of the writing of "Brewster's Millions" is an unusual one. He had written "The Sherrods", and it was considered unwise to bring out two novels almost at the same time under one name. Besides, it was an experiment worth trying to see if a story, written by a writer of best sellers, published under another name, could be made a success. It could. It was. Mr. McCutcheon will tell you that "Brewster's Millions" was not an easy book to write. You will remember it as the tale of a young man who is forced to spend a million dollars, without any resulting gain, by a certain date. "I didn't know how to spend a million dollars," says the author, "so my publisher and other friends and I put our heads together and figured it out. I had to have help on the Italian episode because I'd never been to Italy. Then the final climax of the yacht was a rather labored device; but it worked, and there the story was. The publisher sent it out to various great millionaires of the period with a letter asking if they thought it was possible to spend a million in any way. As I remember it, most of them answered in the negative; but the letters were used in what was a very clever campaign of promotion."

Contrary to most popular writers, Mr. McCutcheon says that he actually enjoys writing. "Of course no one likes to work", he adds; "but after I get into a novel, I enjoy seeing it to a finish." Unlike many of the others, he makes only one draft; but it is

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founded on a carefully prepared outline. "If a story isn't there in the first place," he says, "what's the use of telling it?" He works much more slowly than many, seldom putting more than a thousand words a day on paper. He is one of the few writers trained in the newspaper office who write with pencil instead of direct on the typewriter, and he prefers to work in the afternoon rather than in the morning. "I like to get any little things I may have to do out of the way, go downtown for lunch, and come back to quiet and peace of mind for the day's writing. If I'm not going out in the evening, I often work after dinner, too."

His plan of life is consistent and proportioned. He turns out an occasional short story; but it is the novels he prefers, the realistic novels above all.

He is writing again now of the Indiana country he knows, and the Hoosier people. He is not afraid to face the facts of life in his work, even though he dashes off sometimes into realms of purple cloaks and beautiful princesses. Whether he writes of wheat fields, of happiness or tragedy, of this much we may be sure: that he will write a good story. For the boy who conceived the tale of "Panther Jim" was born in the farm land that fosters dreams and nurtured in the newspaper office that crystallizes adventure and dramatizes the parade of events. If his wanderings in mythical kingdoms are greeted by a wider public, he will yet find those who appreciate to the full his knowledge of the soil. We still have an unreasoning love for those who lift us from daily life; but we also have a deepening gratitude for those writers who attempt to tell us of American life as it really is. Whether George Barr McCutcheon writes of Graustark which he has made his own, or of Indiana which has always been his own, he will find a public ready to read with affection and respect.

CLEOPATRA IN ROME

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

CLEOPATRA, multiminded Cleopatra,
Lived in the villa of the aging Cæsar
On the left bank of the Tiber, a stately lady,
Who had been queen of an old empire
And liked best now to talk philosophy
With Cicero or others, sitting in the shade
Looking across the city to the Campagna.
There with old men she spent her afternoons,
The long hot yellow Roman afternoons,
White in her chair against the cypresses,
Till Cæsar came from business of the state
His eyes upon the path where soon would hasten
The long robed eunuchs with Cæsarion.

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THE NEW YORKER

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors — Revivals Continue to be the Thing — Mr. Gleason Plays a Joke on the Dramatic Critics — "Processional" Succeeds Despite Everything — A Remarkable Novel — The Play Jury in Operation.

FOR some time past there has been a growing need for a new society of humanitarian purpose. There are organizations to prevent cruelty to animals, cruelty to children; there are Bide-a-wee homes for stray dogs and cats; but nothing whatever has been done for the protection of authors, visiting and otherwise. Recently New York has had two visitors who were exposed to unusually cruel and inhuman treatment. They were gentlemen as far apart in outward signs as the two poles, but the treatment accorded them was marked by a uniform mercilessness. What there may be about a writer which is so different from a stock broker or a department store proprietor it is difficult to say; doubtless it is an illusion which flourishes, especially in these days when every hostess must possess a lion or two and the bohemian note must be struck noisily. Indeed, in some cases recently, it is rumored that the competition for the possession of the current lion became so great that ladies were known to have paid good money to secure his presence. This, of course, opens new vistas for the "starving" writer. Let him hire a good press agent and work up enough competition, and he may stop work altogether and simply live upon his earnings as a specimen.

The visit of James Stephens was in all respects a remarkable success. One cannot help feeling that if some of those who came to see would stay to buy and read, the tribute would be more deeply appreciated by Mr. Stephens. He proved to be a charming fellow, swarthy, small, with a long Velasquez face and an irresistible manner. There is a quaintness and whimsicality (oh, abused words!) about the author of "The Crock of Gold" which is overwhelming. When he is reciting his own poetry, even in a lecture room crowded with dowagers, one cannot help feeling that he is first cousin to a leprechaun.

The visit of Michael Arlen has been, doubtless, treated elsewhere in THE BOOKMAN. He is, in many respects, the antithesis of Stephens. He is small but more elegantly made, and about him there is that note of silky finish which marks his writing. The crowds which attended the urbane, supercivilized Arlen differed greatly from those which surrounded Stephens. Mr. Arlen attracted the people about town — actors, writers, journalists, and a sprinkling of the social element. There were teas, lunches, dances, dinners, in an endless procession. In odd moments (Mr. Arlen, like Thomas Edison, needs only two hours' sleep), he attended rehearsals of "The Green Hat" which has caused the defection of Katharine Cornell from that beautiful production which the Actors' Theatre has made of "Candida". Her place, however, is being well taken by Peggy Wood, too good an actress to be wasted upon sugary musical shows.

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The same group which outdid itself on "Candida" has made a splendid job in the revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck". It is probably the first adequate presentation (Edwin Booth and Mrs. Siddons notwithstanding) of the piece that has been made in America. Nazimova's performance suffered as always from a sort of St. Vitus dance, which disturbed the contour (see Mr. Stark Young) of the piece. In her rôle, that of Hedvig, Helen Chandler gives a performance truly remarkable in its pathos and beauty. Also, it may be said with thanksgiving, she looks like a girl of fourteen. The part, as it is written, is a little wooden, perhaps through some deficiency in Ibsen's understanding of children. In Miss Chandler's hands it catches fire and lives. But the best performance is probably that of Blanche Yurka as the patient, ageless Gina. It dominates the whole piece, even in the moments when she is not on the stage. Tom Powers as the detestable Gregers Werle presents at times the aspect of an American go-getter, yet his performance must be excellent, for never was a villain more loathed by an audience. Clare Eames and Dudley Digges made a superb job of the staging and direction. It seems that these two, so unflaggingly excellent as actors, have a talent as directors which is almost greater.

"Processional", that ugly duckling of the Theatre Guild, has meanwhile turned the corner and become a very successful swan. Nevertheless, it is so violent a cause for disagreement that the town has been torn asunder and homes otherwise peaceful have been threatened by disruption. It is destined apparently to live and thrive upon dissension. The New Yorker, without recanting a word of his earlier profession, wishes to restate his case — that, whether or not the play be "drayma", it provided him with nearly three hours of entertainment. The nearest approach to his sensations can be obtained by visiting Coney Island in an hilarious condition.

Under cover of the smoke and flame of the above mentioned warfare, "Ariadne", a mild little comedy by A. A. Milne, crept into the Garrick under the ægis of the Guild. The piece is referred to usually as "slight" and "meagre", etc., etc.; but why shouldn't we have, among the salvos of "Desire Under the Elms" and "Processional" and a dozen others, an occasional bright little package of firecrackers. "Ariadne", like "She Had to Know" and the lamented "Isabel", is delightful entertainment for persons of average intelligence or better. It skims briskly along, with the hand of the delightful Laura Hope Crews on the tiller steering it safely past the shallows of sentimentality. Needless to say, "Ariadne" might, without the excellent direction and cast, have proved thin fare. But it isn't. In the cast is Frieda Inescort whom some day a wise manager will discover and turn into a star.

Boredom, it seems, has become the goal of a certain school of "experimenters" in the arts. The latest example of this theory was the production of "Michel Auclair" staged, after much beating of drums, at the Provincetown Playhouse. It is difficult to judge the piece because, in the original French, it may have possessed a certain colloquial reality sufficient to justify it. On an American stage, with an American cast which found six distinct ways of pronouncing the name "Suzanne" (not to mention other French words which made their appearance), this piece by Charles Vildrac lacked authenticity and degenerated at times into a sort of French

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Pollyanna. Waldo Frank writes in the program a breathless eulogy of the author, who, it must in justice be said, wrote an excellent play, "The Steamboat Tenacity", produced here a year or two ago; but how a man of such good taste and theatrical sense as Sidney Howard became involved in the endless nonsense is a mystery. It has not even the merit of being experimental, which could be said of "Beyond", done a week or two earlier with the same attendant solemnity.

One of the annual jokes at the expense of the dramatic critics occurred a month or two ago, when a play called "Is Zat So?" opened with all the critics absent at the first night of one or the other of the many much-heralded pieces which have disappeared with such disturbing frequency during the winter into the storehouses of Eighth Avenue. It was a comedy by two actors, James Gleason and Richard Taber, products of stock company training. A week or two later gossip began to circulate that here was a fine comedy, done in New Yorkese with an authentic sense of asphalt and subways. The talk grew and grew until now "Is Zat So?" is one of the great successes, and is generally conceived to be "artistic" as well as commercial. Immediately, after the manner of Broadway, the managers began hounding Gleason for the manuscripts of other plays. They would have produced a telephone book written by Gleason; only the next play didn't turn out to be a telephone book. It proved quite as good as the first. In writing it, Mr. Gleason had the collaboration of George Abbott, that excellent actor who plays with June Walker one of the leads in the noisy "Processional". It is called "The Fall Guy" and in it Ernest Truex gives a very nearly perfect performance.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Nathaniel Baddeley, Bookman" by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe (Swan Press, Leeds). A play of a booklover by a booklover.

"Processional" by John Howard Lawson (Seltzer). This much discussed Expressionistic study of American life reads with more rhythm than was apparent as it was performed.

"Juno and the Paycock" and "The Shadow of a Gunman" by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan). Two unusually fine Irish plays at last available in this country.

"Representative American Plays" edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Century). A new edition of this excellent book enlarged to include "Beyond the Horizon" and "Sun-Up".

"It is a Strange House" by Dana Burnet (Little, Brown). Dana Burnet has experimented in many forms of writing. This is one of the strangest attempts to achieve and one of the most successful.

"Joseph" by Linwood Taft (Century). A dignified telling of the Biblical story.

All this leads one to respect the eternal truth of the old law of the theatre: that authentic plays with a real flavor of race and soil come from inside the theatre and are not handed down to the stage from the lofty heights of "arty" condescension.

The New Yorker also made a belated visit to Ed Wynn's show "The Grab Bag", and, although suffering at the moment from bronchitis, had an hilarious evening. Surely Ed Wynn and Al Jolson, despite Gilbert Seldes, will survive as great artists in the real sense of the word.

It is the much maligned Shuberts who are to bring to New York next month the treat for which most of the city has been waiting with an irritable

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impatience for many years. In the pioneering footsteps of the Provincetown Players' production of "Patience", they are to present forthwith a number of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, the first of which will be "The Mikado". The cast has been announced as "all star".

There is little need to mention "The Constant Nymph" by Margaret Kennedy, a superb novel of which the New Yorker has heard but one adverse comment. This came from an old lady who returned her copy to the bookstore saying, "You recommended this and I gave it to a sick friend. She read three pages and refused to go a step further." The friend, it seemed, was overwhelmed by the impropriety of the book. It is necessary to add that, in the opinion of the writer, there never was a cleaner, more honest and healthy book; which brings us round the vicious circle to the starting place . . . whether the obscenity in a book or a play lies in the thing itself or in the mind of the reader. A statistical survey of the field or an X-ray of the protesting minds would produce, it is to be feared, a shocking amount of garbage in the ranks of the zealous reformers.

Meanwhile New York has set in operation its play jury. At the time of going to press, the jury has approved two plays without qualification, "Desire Under the Elms" and "They Knew What They Wanted", and suggested the toning down of certain business in "The Firebrand". It remains to be seen how the jury will judge Mr. Belasco's twin gems "The Harem" and "Ladies of the Evening". Amid the plush and gold of Mr. Belasco's perfumed theatres, it will find a different problem.

THE REASON FOR MY TEARS

By Lindley Williams Hubbell

THE reason for my tears you do mistake.
I am no lover; if they chance to pour
Upon your hand, instead of on the floor,
That is no proof I shed them for your sake.
Rather I weep, being until I die
Condemned to cherish every stretch of clay
Whose particles adhere in such a way
To render satisfaction to my eye.

This is the cause; you but provide yourself
Immediate provocation for my woe;
Nor have I power to place you on the shelf
Of humorous memories, nor bid you go.
Still must I live to fashion you in song;
And you to read my tears, and read them wrong.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* New York stores carry windows of books and hats — the uncertain ways of Iris March and her headgear, although fortunately uncommon, have become common property.

* THESE CHARMING PEOPLE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Brittle, brilliant, interesting, these people may seem perhaps more dangerous than charming.

PEACOCK FEATHERS — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Pillow stuffing — froth as readable as the next — and all about the heart of a woman.

TO BABYLON — Larry Barretto — *Little, Brown.* A critical study of ambition slowly smothered by a wealthy wife, with sidelights on New York society.

THE CHASTE DIANA — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* The author of the popular "Divine Lady" deals semi-fictionally with Mistress Lavinia Fenton, the first lovely Polly Peacham of "The Beggar's Opera".

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* An alluring title and a readable story have recreated Lady Hamilton for twentieth century amazement and best sellerdom.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS — Francis Beeding — *Little, Brown.* A second E. Phillips Oppenheim finds European intrigue a good place to involve his ex-war-captain.

STACEY — Alexander Black — *Bobbs-Merrill.* He tries to live up to New York — this hero. A wise and entertaining story, well worthwhile.

TONGUES OF FIRE — Algernon Blackwood — *Dutton.* These weird stories seem to be written (and well written) in the fourth dimension.

* POINTS OF HONOR — Thomas Boyd — *Scribner.* As good a book in its way as this author's "Through the Wheat". War stories, humorful as well as grim; the A. E. F. recreated superbly. (*See page 344.*)

THE SPECIMEN CASE — Ernest Bramah — *Doran.* Twenty one stories of every conceivable type, the pick of thirty years' work, ranging from Max Carrados to Kai Lung.

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH — Donn Byrne — *Century.* Donn Bryne's own "lovely lady" is tortured by her conscience and in her mad, religious fervor drives an Irish heart to solitude, drink, and embittered old age. (*See page 343.*)

THOMAS THE IMPOSTOR — Jean Cocteau — *Appleton.* The adventures of a charlatan and liar of genius, set in France during the early stages of the war and told by the writer whom Paris claims as her Michael Arlen. (*See page 353.*)

'49, A NOVEL OF GOLD — George W. Cronyn — *Dorrance.* A realistic picture of the labors of the Argonauts and the pitfalls besetting them.

THE RIDDLE OF THREE-WAY CREEK — Ridgwell Cullum — *Doran.* Bold drama of the northwest, weaving mystery and adventure into a romantic love story.

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* We shall have no water-hearts in the wood country — they shall be strong men of great deeds — and they are!

THE KEYS OF THE CITY — Elmer Davis — *McBride.* The lighthearted adventures of a penniless young man in a strange city. In the end, of course, he gets the girl and a fortune. (*See page 348.*)

THE GRAND INQUISITOR — Donald Douglas — *Boni, Liveright.* A drama of the soul's conflict with the invisible powers of destiny and the limitations of the conscious mind. (*See page 347.*)

BACKFURROW — G. D. Eaton — *Putnam.* Another boy goes through his adoles-

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cent agonies with a faithful and competent recorder at his elbow.

THE LORING MYSTERY — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* An authentic thriller with all the necessary romantic accessories for those that demand them.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* This story of mother love and disappointment is still a "constant nymph" among best sellers.

* A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Involved but well written study of politically and racially complex India.

THE BRONZE COLLAR — John Frederick — *Putnam.* A dashing tale of a sword, a horse, and a maid in Spanish California.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Symbolism and analysis of postwar thinking does not keep this from being a readable story of young marriage adjustments.

GOLD BY GOLD — Herbert S. Gorman — *Boni, Liveright.* Pegasus flies too high for the hero of Mr. Gorman's tale and he quickly loses his uneasy seat. A story of one of the moderns by one of the moderns.

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The buffalo has waned — but not so Zane Grey; his new romance of the old west has vitality without sacrificing the familiar war paint.

SEGELFOSS TOWN — Knut Hamsun — *Knopf.* A graphic picture of the invasion of modern life into primitive regions, with pessimistic conclusions as to the benefits of progress. (*See page 354.*)

THE EARLY ADVENTURES OF PEACHAM GREW — Roy Helton — *Penn.* A boy story for grown ups done with wistfulness and rectitude.

TRIMBLERIGG — Laurence Housman — *A. and C. Boni.* Rather laborious satire on an easily recognizable British politician. (*See page 347.*)

MARIE GRUBBE — J. P. Jacobsen — *Knopf.* A portrait of Danish life in the seventeenth century which has long since been established as a classic in northern and central Europe. (*See page 352.*)

THE SHADOW CAPTAIN — Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe — *Dodd, Mead.* Mystery woven about Captain Kidd and his treasure, bristling with oaths and swords, and introducing Mistress Kidd.

THE ENCHANTED HILL — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* The hero wears his aviator's clothes smartly and performs other heroic feats with equal dispatch.

HE WAS A MAN — Rose Wilder Lane — *Harper.* A fictional account of the life of Jack London which adds nothing to his stature.

WILD MARRIAGE — B. H. Lehman — *Harper.* A Harvard student in the tangles of an illicit love. Readable if not remarkable.

RUGGED WATERS — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* The chronicler of Cape Cod this time cracks his salty jokes among the life savers.

ORPHAN ISLAND — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Queen Victoria relives on a South Sea Island and Miss Macaulay again has her little laugh at the plush sofa period.

DEATH IN VENICE — Thomas Mann — *Knopf.* Three novelettes, studies in the degeneracy of the artistic type, written by a master of German prose and German fiction. (*See page 354.*)

THE BLACK CARGO — J. P. Marquand — *Scribner.* Romance and mystery, thrown in high relief by the black background of the slave trade. (*See page 348.*)

CHALLENGED — Helen R. Martin — *Dodd, Mead.* As in "So Big", sacrificing mother and selfish son struggle for the boy's soul. In this case the scene is Mrs. Martin's familiar Pennsylvania.

* THE PAINTED VEIL — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* Dispassionate study of passion and disillusion, framed in the old triangle of two men and one woman. The setting is Hong Kong, the characters are English. (*See page 346.*)

THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP — W. B. Maxwell — *Dodd, Mead.* A reprint of this long story of an English clergyman, his love, his poverty, and his conscience.

THE MOMENT OF BEAUTY — Samuel Merwin — *Houghton Mifflin.* A tale of the theatre and the struggle of two of its players to stretch a fleeting moment of happiness throughout a lifetime. Interesting theme with not entirely convincing characterization.

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MOCKBEGGAR — Laurence W. Meynell — *Appleton.* Another heroine, without a green hat, spins through epigrams of a sort in an Hispano-Suiza car.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* White marries yellow under showers of orange blossoms and sentiment.

PRISONERS — Franz Molnar — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Straightforward, digestive fiction, unencumbered by ideas. (*See page 354.*)

MY NAME IS LEGION — Charles Morgan — *Knopf.* Extraordinary conflicts between Irma Flare, born more saint than woman, and her brutal and luxurious surroundings.

COTTONWOOD GULCH — Clarence E. Mulford — *Doubleday, Page.* Gold discovered! — whisky, women, murder — and an heroic girl helps in the inevitable calm.

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* It looks for a while as if snobbery and big business would get the best of Rose, but she wins through to happiness and love in approved heroine fashion.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 — Edward J. O'Brien — *Small, Maynard.* A certain gentleman says these are the best short stories — well, they are pretty good, at any rate. (*See page 348.*)

THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* An amusing way to learn how to spend money, if you need to learn; if not, a good tale anyway.

RUNNING SPECIAL — Frank L. Packard — *Doran.* Adventurous days of railroading in the rugged northwest, told in a series of thrilling stories.

DRAG — William Dudley Pelley — *Little, Brown.* Interesting tale of a poor jaded Pegasus sadly hampered by a spendthrift family.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* "Desire in the Barnyard" might have been a title for this epic of passion and dirt among northerly rurals.

RED OF THE REDFIELDS — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* With her doctor hero in the background this romantic story teller weaves a tale of health restored and love enkindled.

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE — Romain Rolland — *Holt.* Contrasting temperaments and ideals resulting in contrasting events in this prelude to Rolland's lengthy work "The Enchanted Soul".

LUCIENNE — Jules Romains — *Boni, Liveright.* Two young girls fall out over their cousin, but he loves their music teacher, Lucienne. As a result, Lucienne has to drag one of her pupils from under a train. A story more sinned against than sinning in this outline. (*See page 353.*)

THE CAROLINIAN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The admirable Sabatini, with the Revolution as his stamping ground and a haughty Carolinian aristocrat as chief rebel — oh, but what's the difference!

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* "Little" and "French" are somewhat cloying, yet Alix has managed to interest thousands in her international love affair.

* THE RECTOR OF WYCK — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* Miss Sinclair continues her excavations into the hidden places of the soul, against the background of a tender and tragic love story.

THE UNHOLY EXPERIMENT — Constance Smedley — *Dial.* Dealing with the spiritual adventures of an English lady in America and seeking to compensate in elegant language what it lacks in solid worth.

THE LITTLE KAROO — Pauline Smith — *Doran.* Eight short and vivid stories of peasant life in the African veld, with an enthusiastic introduction by Arnold Bennett.

* THE MATRIARCH — G. B. Stern — *Knopf.* A scintillating style steers the reader happily through the ramifications of a fascinating family extending from London to Constantinople.

GOD OF MIGHT — Elias Tobenkin — *Minton, Balch.* The difficulties of a Jewish immigrant striving to orient himself in America. (*See page 347.*)

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* Not so deep in psychological as sentimental value is this tale of social evil and the working man's portion.

* THE OLD LADIES — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* Age finds its lonely problems and its release from passions and loves.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* The high courage and bold romance of French légionnaires in a setting of colorful appeal.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

"Ulug Beg" — this long satirical poem by Leonard Bacon is topnotch if you enjoyed "Don Juan". If you don't like satirical poetry, avoid it.

"Mårbaka" — Selma Lagerlöf's autobiographical narrative has beauty and tenderness.

"Raw Material" — a collection of Dorothy Canfield's sketches, in which she does some of her very best writing.

"Yankee Notions" — New England poems of wisdom touched with humor. Written by G. S. B., famous to readers of "The Conning Tower".

"Beggars of Life" — Jim Tully's story of tramping days has recently appeared in England. It is, perhaps, a book for men.

Defeated Love

THERE are several reasonably new novels that would be included in this department had they not been capably reviewed elsewhere in the magazine. Of these, I should like to mention "Arrowsmith", Sinclair Lewis's best novel, in my opinion; Ellen Glasgow's lovely "Barren Ground"; the already much discussed "Constant Nymph"; and Maugham's "The Painted Veil". All of them are worth a first reading, and some of them, a second.

Donn Byrne has added another short novel to the distinguished list that includes "Messer Marco Polo" and "Blind Raftery". "O'Malley of Shanganagh" (Century) is a technical performance of rare skill. It shows an old broken man, in various moods of forgetfulness and keen remembrance, and at the same time pictures the reasons for his breaking. The theme of the story is the old one of spiritual and physical love in conflict, of the world struggling in the mind of a girl against her vision of heavenly bliss. Perhaps there is not so much beauty of phrase and of conception as in other stories of Mr. Byrne's, but he has given us two characters of power and clarity. He is always interesting, and, in this case, unusually tender. De Bourke O'Malley is a dreamy figure, but nevertheless a real one. He is as moody as the moodiest Irishman, and so is Sister Ursula who dared Heaven and reaped her reward in unhappiness for herself and her lover. No single picture in the book is quite so fine as that of Dublin in the early pages, a Dublin where old men sit in corners, forgotten and sad old men, happy in their barroom moods, and accepted for what they are, with no attempt to lift the whiskers and pry out a former existence. They are good drinking companions — what else matters?

Genius Mapped and Charted

CARL VAN DOREN is a critic who is very sure of his own judgments, as what critic worth his salt is not. He believes thoroughly in James Branch Cabell's genius, and tells why clearly and with a deal of information in the first of the series called "Modern American Writers" (McBride). Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book,

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although the text is lucid and useful, is the Map of Poictesme contributed by Mr. Cabell himself. For admirers of this land it will be indispensable, at least if admirers of so glamorous a place happen also to be literal minded. Is it not curious that in an age so free from chivalry, its greatest exponent should be as popular as is Cabell? Take a passage from "Chivalry" which Mr. Van Doren quotes:

> The cornerstone of Chivalry I take to be the idea of vicarship: for the chivalrous person is, in his own eyes at least, the child of God, and goes about this world as his Father's representative in an alien country. It was very adroitly to human pride, through an assumption of man's responsibility in his tiniest action, that Chivalry made its appeal; and exhorted every man to keep faith, not merely with the arbitrary will of a strong god, but with himself. There is no cause for wonder that the appeal was irresistible, when to each man it thus admitted that he himself was the one thing seriously to be considered. . . . So man became a chivalrous animal; and about this flattering notion of divine vicarship builded his elaborate mediæval code, to which, in essentials, a great number of persons adhere even nowadays.

This series should be more than useful. Already five titles are announced: besides the Cabell volume, there will be "Edith Wharton" by Robert Morss Lovett, "Edwin Arlington Robinson" by Ben Ray Redman, "Theodore Dreiser" by Burton Rascoe, and "H. L. Mencken" by Ernest Boyd, who edits the series.

Memorable Portraiture

THOMAS BOYD'S war masterpiece, "Through the Wheat", has reached its seventh edition, and will go on being read as long as the last war is remembered. His "The Dark Cloud", a story of a boy in the days of the under ground railroad, is a good piece of work. It missed being a topnotch story because it lacked the very thing which made "Through the Wheat" so fine — biting, quick characterization and brief but uncommonly exact description. Do not let me lead you away from "The Dark Cloud", for it is an excellent novel. "Points of Honor" (Scribner), a collection of soldier sketches, is in its way better than "Through the Wheat". The long story showed many viewpoints, but it was written in more or less the same mood. In this later collection Boyd has preserved his humor, his savagery, his incisive picturization; he has allowed himself varied attack, as in "The Kentucky Boy" and "Rintintin". He is an abler chronicler of the war than Laurence Stallings because he is less personal; his bitterness is tinged by even more of kindly memory than is present in the soul of the man who wrote "Plumes" and furnished the atmosphere for Maxwell Anderson's "What Price Glory?" A college boy said to me the other day, "I feel as if my whole philosophy were built on a premise of the war, yet I know nothing about it." He can scarcely do better than take "Points of Honor" as a text. Here he will find beauty and passion, gall and Rabelaisian humor. He will see men in fiction who were the college boys of only ten years ago. He will understand the war generation. Boyd can use the American language with telling effect. He writes of canteen and camion, of French girl and American sweetheart, of officers and of men. He is not sentimentally a worshiper of his heroes, nor does he waste time deploring war. His stories are of men under a special set of conditions; but primarily of men. "Points of Honor" is a book that I hope every reader of this magazine will read. I should like to quote Boyd's entire foreword, but I am going to give you only the final paragraph:

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These stories are not inventions. (For of heroes I knew many: Dan Daly, Macon Overton, W. F. Kahl, Gerald C. Thomas, Edward R. Stone, Berton W. Sibley, Fred Morf, Gunner Burns, John A. Hughes, Jeremiah Dalton, William Winter Dean, Earl Ryan . . . and of cowards not a few.) Neither are they — except in the case of "Semper Fidelis" — factual transcriptions, but rather tales of human deeds and emotions which were acted and felt either in the heart of war or beneath its long and lasting shadow.

Poetry of Wistful Maturity

IN "The Poor King's Daughter" (Doran) Aline Kilmer writes in lyrics both poignant and intellectually satisfying what might almost be an entire novel. It is the story of a wife and mother, looking about at the world of middle age with tolerance and amusement, but with wistfulness. It is the story of a woman's awakening love, and a mother's love tinged with irony. Mrs. Kilmer has written graceful poems before, and some of them were a trifle sentimental; but in this new volume she seems to me to become suddenly vastly more important as a poet. "For the Birthday of a Middle-Aged Child" is perfect for what it is. In a thing like "Prelude" her rhythms are lovely, her ideas take on the glamor of the unusual. Perhaps the whole story of the volume is told in "Dispersal". In my opinion, this book places her in the same class as Miss Millay in the ranks of the writers of love lyrics.

DISPERSAL

What will become of me now I am dead?
For my heart divided and went two ways,
Devil-driven, angel-led,
Bewitched, bewildered all my days.

Angel from fiend I cannot tell,
Twin shapes, alert, intent to fly;
One goes to Heaven, one to Hell,
And I — I know not which is I.

Intimate Biography

IN "Lives and Times" (Putnam), the author of "The Fabulous Forties" writes four short biographies of early Americans: Theodosia Burr, Edmond Charles Genêt, Stephen Jumel, and William Eaton. They are human, unhampered by hero worship, and give an interesting picture of the background of those parlous times. If I miss the sparkle of the earlier volume, it is perhaps simply because that book was so amazingly good that Meade Minnigerode will have difficulty in writing another so nearly perfect. It is hard to be continuously biographical and maintain a sparkle.

Alexander Woollcott, on the other hand, I suspect has written his masterpiece in "The Story of Irving Berlin" (Putnam). He writes with the same mixture of sentiment and intellectuality that characterized his fine essay, "Madame Cocotte". In the story of Izzy Baline, the newsboy, he has given in a brief but cleverly inclusive book a study of the Jew in America, of the old Bowery, of the legends and facts of Broadway, of the peculiar circle which Woollcott himself knows so well. He spends no time glorifying jazz; but simply gives you the career of the man who crystallized it in "Alexander's Ragtime Band". If Alexander Woollcott would take the time to study some figure of world renown, he could write a great biography. He has something in him of the Boswell, yet he has a surface wit that always saves him from scraping his knees too long on the cathedral floor. This is certainly the best book of its type to spring from Broadway. Without being sentimental in itself, it yet gives a picture of the sentimentality of Tin Pan Alley and Times Square. It is an achievement in taste and interpretation. — *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

By Isabel Paterson

WHILE critics wrangle over the merits and possibilities of the objective and subjective approach in fiction, novelists continue to follow their own fancy. Here are two almost perfect examples in opposition. Somerset Maugham, striving for detachment and trusting to observation of material phenomena for dramatic effect, weakens in the last chapter. He draws a Spartan moral for the consolation of those who falter at sheer stoicism. Donald Douglas holds out to the bitter end, and leaves the verdict to the bystander.

Considered simply as a writer, Maugham himself affords a curious psychological study. After years of obscure toil — quick success is the very rare exception in letters — he blazed into fame and fortune as a playwright, with three sparkling comedies holding the boards simultaneously. That was some time ago. Apparently he then felt himself relieved of further obligation to add to the gaiety of nations. His reaction to the mirth of playgoers seems to have been similar to that of the pessimist at the zoo who, considering the laughing hyena, wondered what the dickens the creature had to laugh at. Ever since, Mr. Maugham has been adducing instances calculated to restore sobriety, in a series of novels which combine the paradoxical qualities of sombreness and brilliance.

By "The Painted Veil" he evidently symbolizes the romance with which tradition invests lawless love. He lifts it to reveal the first moment of disillusion. Glamor is brutally exorcised; he strips the affair to the bare bones. Kitty Fane and Charles Townsend are discovered by Kitty's husband. In the shock of surprise, the debonair Townsend shows up as a shuffling sneak. There is no tragic dignity of a penalty accepted. A single detail serves to make the scene squalid — Townsend's difficulty in putting on his shoes because "they were on the tight side".

It is worse when Townsend tries to reassure himself — himself, not Kitty. Maybe it was not Fane who tried the locked door. It might have been the Chinese amah. "She could be squared." At the very worst, Fane himself might be squared. Both men were in the English government service at Hong Kong. That was why Kitty married Fane, to escape from the dulness of a London suburb. She had never loved him. Did he love her? Infatuation would be a better word; he wanted her, but he thought her a shallow and selfish flirt. Maugham does not invite pity for his characters. He is more apt to intimate that they got just what was coming to them.

Fane pursued his revenge deliberately, ingeniously, with the patience of a scientist and a fine disregard of consequences to himself. He was a doctor, a bacteriologist. Plague was raging in the interior of China. He told Kitty that she must come with him into the plague district, unless her lover would agree to a double divorce (Townsend too was married), and subsequent marriage with Kitty. Fane meant to humiliate Kitty by showing her what a poor thing her lover was. He did; but

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time would have done as much. One cannot guess what he meant to do next; his death left Kitty to work out her own salvation.

There is no flaw in the structure of the story, but there is a lack. It does not touch the springs of emotion; but it rivets attention, and compels admiration for the austere excellence of the workmanship. It is an emotional situation scrutinized by the cold light of reason.

In "The Grand Inquisitor" Donald Douglas reverses Maugham's formula. His theme is the emotional response induced by certain intellectual concepts. Though the action is externalized, it occurs largely in the realm of imagination. John Graham and Angus Gordon are types susceptible to "the power of the word"; they stand mazed between the two worlds of the ideal and the real. The old lady who found comfort in "that blessed word Mesopotamia" is their *reductio ad absurdum;* but she is not a fair analogy. Coleridge, wandering in a metaphysical cloud and emitting oracular rhapsodies which charmed his uncomprehending friends, is a better example. Though I cannot share the experience, I admit its validity. A certain order of temperament is required, to enter the magic circle. An appreciator of "The Grand Inquisitor" cited a passage which impressed him profoundly, wherein Angus Gordon "broke through time into eternity". I cannot grasp the image, nor feel the thrill, because I can only think of time as a part of eternity as the wave is a part of the stream. If you're not outside, you can't break in. And the prefaced quotation from Dostoyevsky, the supposition that eternity might prove to be "one little room . . . black and grimy, with spiders in every corner", gives me no sense of awe or horror or despair; it strikes upon my ear as a mere confusion of words, like the babbling of delirium. Put it down to poverty of imagination on my part. Demonstrably, the book has power, great power, for those who can attune themselves to its well sustained mood. And it is so original that a review, in the ordinary sense of the word, is quite impossible.

"God of Might", by Elias Tobenkin, is also a spiritual Odyssey, but one in which the hero follows a familiar path. Samuel Waterman fled from the narrow and dangerous limits of a Russian ghetto, and came to America in search of liberty. At first he thought he had found it. The New World received him kindly, seemed to draw no invidious distinction between Jew and Gentile. He prospered, gradually shed the strictness of his orthodox Judaism, took a Christian wife. But he could not escape from the shadow of the ancient hatred which had darkened his childhood. He remained an alien at heart; and his morbid sensitiveness read in every slight or rebuff a threat of the hereditary terror, of ostracism and persecution. Candidly, it appears to me that his trouble was largely due to his own brooding egotism, to an inverted pride. It is a provocative and debatable point. However, Samuel's story is clothed in clear and vigorous English, and presented with the fine restraint which is the outward sign of a humane and tolerant nature.

Satire appeals to a limited audience at best. If it is expended upon a topic of local significance, and is not especially witty, it can scarcely be expected to arouse an international furor. Laurence Housman, in writing "Trimblerigg", may have taken for granted that his dubious hero was an international figure; but no politician is that, though his name may float vaguely and briefly across the frontier. "Jonathan Trim-

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blerigg" is a very obvious caricature of an ex-premier of Great Britain. His career is narrowed down to the opportunities for climbing, self seeking, and general humbug which an unscrupulous man might find in the ministry of a Nonconformist church. An opportunist to the bone, incapable of sincerity, he is sorely afflicted by an embodied conscience in the form of his sister Davidina. The mocking Davidina sees through all his subterfuges, trips him up at every turn, and brings him crashing to ruin at the end. If it were funny — well, then it would be funny. As it is, I found it pretty heavy going.

Elmer Davis offers with "The Keys of the City" an hour or so of carefree entertainment. It poses no problem and points no moral, being just a tale of blameless love with some comedy relief. The easy flow of the narrative slips lightly over the improbabilities inevitable to a complicated plot. The author has refurbished, without apology, half a dozen stock situations; he doesn't even blink at the threadbare business of an eccentric will which binds the hero to certain conditions, and thereby sets the story going. On the first page the hero walks into a strange town penniless and fancy free; in the last chapter he emerges with a fair young bride clinging proudly to his arm and a million dollar inheritance in his pocket. It isn't as sprightly as Mr. Davis's "I'll Show You the Town". Few essays in light fiction are.

"The trouble with this book", my thoughtful volunteer assistant reported on "The Black Cargo" by J. P. Marquand, "is that most of the stirring events take place off stage. The author informs you carefully that someone was shot between the post office and four o'clock, but he doesn't invite you to view the joyful episode with your own eyes." This confirmed my personal impression. I feared that I might be denying a certain gentleman his due, by failing to register alarm and indignation over the iniquities of Eliphalet Greer and Richard Parton. Two such brimstone-reeking sinners as these — usurers, blackbirders, pirates, despoilers of widows and orphans — ought to make one's flesh creep. And the Nemesis of Greer, when his slave ship drifted into his own respectable New England harbor to betray him as the whited sepulchre he was, should make a stunningly satisfying climax. Unfortunately, there is too much talk about it and about, by way of preparation; it hangs fire tediously. It would have made a pretty good short story.

The Painted Veil. By W. Somerset Maugham. George H. Doran Company.
The Grand Inquisitor. By Donald Douglas. Boni and Liveright.
God of Might. By Elias Tobenkin. Minton, Balch and Company.
Trimblerigg. By Laurence Housman. A. and C. Boni.
The Keys of the City. By Elmer Davis. Robert M. McBride and Company.
The Black Cargo. By J. P. Marquand. Charles Scribner's Sons.

GOOD — BETTER — BEST SHORT STORIES

By Gerald Hewes Carson

WITH "The Best Short Stories of 1924" Edward J. O'Brien rounds out a decade of anthology making. It has been his chief activity. He has not in this period advanced to any eminent critical position. What we owe him is the acknowledgment we pay the pioneer and innovator who has the self confidence to rush forward and be the first to say something, or do something, or get somewhere. If, subsequently, it be found that what he said sticks in the memory, if what he does turns out to be

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a success, or if a great many people insist on going where he went first, his fame and fortune are secure, and many kind things will be said of his "vision" and "*élan*" by shrewd commentators.

Mr. O'Brien was the first to produce a yearbook which presumed to sort, classify, and preserve work which, in his opinion, deserved rescue from the ephemera of our creative effort of each calendar year. The particular medium which interested him was the American short story, and his judgment has had this confirmation, at least, that great numbers of book readers welcome and accept docilely an arbitrary selection of some twenty odd stories from each year's output which are dubbed by one editor "the best".

Whether this is an austere and elevated search for perfection, or a short cut to culture, and whether Mr. O'Brien's annual volume is an agency for disseminating good ideas, good taste, and a fruitful sort of creative energy rather than the contrary, I do not know. Perhaps the mission suggested is too august for anybody to accomplish between the covers of one book. Certainly it is more than Mr. O'Brien accomplishes, for he partakes of the general frailty of human nature and has his own human peculiarities; perhaps he would say that a few eccentricities, an occasional enthusiastic excursion among the esoterics, are necessary to keep his book to the front — better a storm centre in the classrooms than a dead calm in the bookshops.

But I do mean to say that there is a place for such books as Mr. O'Brien's, for the two volumes edited by Richard Eaton, "The Best French Short Stories of 1923–24" and "The Best Continental Short Stories of 1923–24", and for the others of this same type. So long as the publishers and authors will grant reprint privileges and the public will buy the book, the total effect of a yearbook, great or modest, is toward definition, clarification, and integration.

In the present volume Mr. O'Brien grants the accolade of approval to Morgan Burke, Mildred Cram, Floyd Dell, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Carlos Drake, Charles J. Finger, Zona Gale, Tupper Greenwald, Harry Hervey, Leonard L. Hess, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Roger Sergel, A. B. Shiffrin, Ruth Suckow, Melvin Van den Bark, Warren L. Van Dine, Glenway Wescott, and Frances Gilchrist Wood, by reprinting one each of their stories published between October 1923 and September 1924. The book also contains, for ambitious young writers who hope to win their way between the sacred covers at some future time, a list of magazines both in the United States and Great Britain which publish short stories. Then there is a section of thumbnail biographies of contemporary short story writers, bibliographies of books and articles upon the short story, an exhaustive index of the stories appearing in magazines during 1924, and other miscellaneous information really too numerous to mention.

It is not a hard task to compile a book of good short stories. Unless you have had the experience of passing the magazines in review for a considerable length of time, you would scarcely suppose there was anything like as much good work being done as there is. But when it comes to selecting the "best" — that is a hard, at best an arbitrary task, and one from which a less resolute man than Mr. O'Brien might well shrink.

What Mr. O'Brien is after is "psychological and imaginative reality", and he finds it in these stories which deal with human nature as it exhibits itself in crucial, climactic moments.

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The moments are often sad, or bathed in irony, or even tragic in character, and the mood of the writers seems to imply that here is the real reality, *la vraie vérité*. This attitude persists because of the fetters which bind the American artist, says Mr. O'Brien — a pleasant fancy, and one with which numerous earlier commentators have entertained themselves.

There is something almost eighteenth century about Mr. O'Brien's references to "prisoned emotions", the tyranny of our order, and about his fealty to the abstract idea of liberty. Now it seems plain to me that while an excellent case could be made out for the standardization of our material life, there has been a corresponding accretion to the scope and pliancy of our thought and feeling. However, I shall not develop my argument, for possibly the same reason that Mr. O'Brien did not; it is not the main business at present.

The judges of the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee, whose compilation "Prize Stories of 1924" may logically be compared with Mr. O'Brien's, are more certain than the veteran anthologist that we have excellent light or humorous stories. Of the fifteen stories they reprint, four are humorous: "Horse and Horse" by Charles Caldwell Dobie, "The Tie That Binds" by George Pattullo, "'Lijah" by Edgar Valentine Smith, and "One Uses the Handkerchief" by Elinore Cowan Stone. But there is one contrast between the two volumes which is even more striking. Not a single story is duplicated in these two books which cover the same ground for the same purpose! And Charles Caldwell Dobie is the only writer represented in both.

Writers other than those already mentioned who are admitted to the O. Henry Prize collection are Inez Haynes Irwin, whose "The Spring Flight" was given the first prize, Chester T. Crowell, whose "Margaret Blake" won second place, and Frances Newman, Stephen Vincent Benét, Richard Connell, Edith R. Mirrielees, Jefferson Mosley, Elsie Singmaster, Raymond S. Spears, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Harriet Welles.

On the whole I think Mr. O'Brien has chosen more wisely than did the O. Henry Committee. Yet no one but a case hardened classicist would dare lift his voice in these days to say dogmatically that *this* is intrinsically and irrefragably better than *that*, and that the personal equation is inconsequential. Suffice it to say that an excellent book could be made out of the stories which were included in neither of these quasi-official collections. Let us leave this dangerous topic.

Just as I am cognizant of the greater difficulty Richard Eaton faced in assembling "The Best French Short Stories of 1923–24" and "The Best Continental Short Stories of 1923–24", so am I also doubtful about the value of his point of view, which is more than a little pedantic. "The stories", he remarks in a preface, "have been graded on a basis of seventy five per cent for literary value in France and twenty five per cent for conformity with the principles of the American short story." Does it not seem a mistaken idea to suppose that mathematics can be applied to the study and criticism of literature? Who knows — who ever did know — what a college instructor in composition means when he marks one theme B or 85, and another A or 90?

In the French collection there are stories by Marcel Boulanger, Paul Bourget, Frédéric Boutet, Colette, P. Drieu La Rochelle, Georges Duhamel, Henri Duvernois, Claude Farrère, Paul Geraldy, Pierre Guitet-Vauquelin, J.

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Kessel, Jacques Lacrételle, Georges Lechartier, R. H. LeNormand, André Lichtenberger, Pierre MacOrlan, Paul Morand, the Countess of Noailles, Gaston Picard, J. H. Rosny Aîné, J. and J. Tharaud. Some of the stories are in what Mr. Eaton would recognize as the American mode. Others are in the French tradition of the *feuilleton*, the *conte*, and the *nouvelle*, and are admitted because in the opinion of counsel they have merit in France.

Many of the authors represented in "The Best Continental Short Stories of 1923–24" are strangers to the American public, which is interested in Continentals only after they are translated. But of course we know Schnitzler, Capek, Johannes V. Jensen, Pirandello, Her Majesty, Marie, Queen of Rumania, and V. Blasco Ibáñez. Both of Mr. Eaton's books follow the O'Brien pattern closely, and contain such yearbook features as magazine addresses, rolls of honor, and bibliographies.

The Best Short Stories of 1924. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1924. With an introduction by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Best French Stories of 1923-24. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company.

The Best Continental Short Stories of 1923–24. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company.

ART FOR THE LAYMAN

By Robert Cortes Holliday

AN exceedingly interesting thing to observe is the highly sophisticated acquaintance with all the arts displayed by so much of the first rate fiction now current. The almost unassailable artist in prose in the history of our American literature, Hawthorne, was quite naive, and decidedly amusing, in his efforts to reflect a sensitive appreciation of such cultural subjects as painting and sculpture. As W. C. Brownell has noted, he seemed to think that sculpture was a matter of marble, and, of course, it had to be something classical. The urbane Autocrat, too, gave little indication of being at all up on such matters. And our purest æsthete, Poe, was seemingly indifferent in this respect. Nowadays, however, one is tempted to fancy that the very considerable audience for the most intelligent novelists of the day is a remarkable society of connoisseurs of the whole field of arts and crafts. Hergesheimer, Van Vechten, Aldous Huxley, Michael Arlen, Elinor Wylie, to mention just these — is there any æsthetic erudition too esoteric for them to call upon the reader to savor? The rather diverting idea occurs to one that the elegant author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" would himself be perhaps a bit stumped by this rampant cosmopolitan sensitivity to the delicate nuances of everything precious, from priceless gems to exotic viands. And if the reader cannot when he sees it recognize such an obvious thing as a Pont-Aven canvas, or some such thing, how can he get on at all?

Well, in connection with the various praiseworthy educational activities now going which should aid in equipping the popular understanding to follow the strikingly enlightened fiction of the time, is the happy fact that art books designed for the general reader are all in all of a much better character than they were a few years ago. At the moment, it is agreeable to note the appearance of a new series of monographs dealing with modern painters, which, indeed, may be highly recommended "to those who wish quickly to be introduced to the life and work of these

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artists without having to peruse long and complicated treatises" — and, further, to students as well.

We get our most authoritative styles in men's clothes from London, most of our standard children's toys from Germany, our smartest women's fashions from Paris. And France is the prime source of art criticism. Thus a piquant interest may be felt in the circumstance that, as a flyleaf line states, these little volumes in English have been "made and printed in France". The subjects of the four volumes of the "Masters of Modern Art" series now issued are French painters, the authors are Frenchmen. The general theme, which may very loosely be termed Impressionism, has been a very ticklish one.

Camille Mauclair, who writes the "Claude Monet", is one of the most sensitive, charming, thoughtful, and penetrating writers on painting anywhere to be found today; his little study of Watteau, published a number of years ago, stands as a gem of art criticism of the first water. A good deal has gone under the mill since Monet first opened the windows of painting and let in the sunlight. From being attacked as an insane radical he has come to be questioned as an established master. M. Mauclair presents with admirable clarity and justness both the case for Monet and the truth of great painting which preceded him.

Any real appreciation of Cézanne is necessarily bound up with more than a little comprehension of the processes of painting, and so it is quite appropriate that the brief essay on him here, by Tristan L. Klingsor, should stress, in language not overtechnical, this aspect of a painter who "drew by color", whose method of work was quite unsuitable for the expression of contours, and who, at the same time, was much more of a realist than an Impressionist, recording "the solidity of things". The value of the text on Renoir, by François Fosca, unfortunately is pretty negligible; about the only thing given the reader worth taking away is the recognition of the affiliation between Renoir and the painters of the eighteenth century, such as Fragonard and Boucher.

Though that strange genius Gauguin had some picturesque affiliation with the Impressionist group at the beginning, he later turned into very much of another story, being deeply of the decorative temperament, "classically minded without knowing it". The essay on him, by Robert Rey, is both decidedly illuminating as a study and highly colorful as a biographical narrative. The reader becomes increasingly aware that the trouble with Gauguin was that he had too much to say to be a painter only.

Each volume of this series contains a bibliography and includes forty illustrations in colotype.

Masters of Modern Art. First four volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company.

WITHIN THE QUOTA

By Ernest Boyd

THE variety of this group of translated novels testifies to the diversity as well as the keenness of American interest in European fiction. The books range from the "very latest thing" by Jean Cocteau, "Thomas the Impostor", to J. P. Jacobsen's classic, "Marie Grubbe", first published in 1876, translated in 1917 by Hanna Astrup Larsen for the American-Scandinavian Foundation's series, and now reprinted from the original plates of the "Scandinavian Classics", but without

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the notes which adorned it on its first appearance there. That this charming story of seventeenth century Denmark should have two incarnations in Miss Larsen's version may be regarded as evidence of a continued demand for it. As a matter of fact, only one of these six volumes, "Thomas the Impostor", is by an author not already presented in English to the American public. And Cocteau's "Le Grand Ecart" is announced for publication by another publisher, who is still, apparently, baffled by the problem of rendering that title in English, a problem which is a mere foretaste of the exceedingly difficult problem which the book as a whole offers to the translator.

Jules Romains will be remembered by discriminating readers as the author of "The Death of a Nobody", translated some years ago, but without more than a success of esteem. I still meet people who speak of it, but it would be rash to pretend that Jules Romains is known to the general public. Waldo Frank has made an excellent translation of this most recent of the novels of Romains, which *nearly* won the Goncourt Prize in 1922, an achievement whose publicity value almost equals that of winning the Prize! If I am not mistaken, "Lucienne" turned out to be the most successful, or least unsuccessful, of all his works, which enjoy high esteem and critical praise rather than popularity. Mr. Frank rightly says that it is "as easy an approach as Romains could have contrived to the terror and mystery of his vision", for we must not forget that the author is the leader of a school known as the *Unanimistes*. The translator explains the term by saying that it is "roughly an æsthetic expression for the sense . . . of the actual organic unity of life beyond the conventional units of individual things and persons". "Lucienne", however, will appear to the uninitiated as the story of how Lucienne comes to teach music to two young girls in a provincial town, of the rivalry of the two sisters for a cousin, of his preference for the music teacher, who becomes engaged to him, and who barely succeeds in saving one of her pupils from suicide.

There is a curious fascination in the telling of this banal story which will make the reader who expected more of Jules Romains continue out of an old allegiance, while its very lack of originality will endear it to the new reader in search of an exciting story. Mr. Frank hints that there is more in the novel than meets the eye, but I confess all I can see is that Romains can do that sort of thing extremely well, but not so well as the kind of work to which "The Death of a Nobody" belongs. Jean Cocteau, on the other hand, positively gains by being introduced through such a book as "Thomas the Impostor", for the excellent reason that this story can be translated, whereas "Le Grand Ecart" must be recreated in English and become variations on a theme of Jean Cocteau's by Lewis Galantière, the skilled translator both of this book and the one announced. "Thomas the Impostor" is what the author calls "a text without psychology, or with a psychology so rudimentary that it corresponds to the captions of a well made film". William Fontenoy, known as Thomas, is a bizarre creature who thrives only on imposture, and who finds in the topsyturvy world of wartime France just such an opportunity for the employment of his peculiar talents as most charlatans crave in vain. In "the vacuum of the early stages of the war" Thomas runs the whole gamut of unreality, and by carrying his imposture to the point of heroism and

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death becomes a sort of symbolic figure of an epoch of madness, madness in which there was method, of reality so harsh that it is unreal.

Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks" probably had more success than Jules Romains's first book in English, and so he, in his turn, receives the honors of a second attempt to make America acquainted with the outstanding figure in contemporary German literature. There are three long short stories here, "Death in Venice", "Tristan", and "Tonio Kröger", all three as characteristic of Mann's genius as "Buddenbrooks", but — as in the case of Romains — easier of approach. Mann's theme, as always, is the conflict between the artist and the bourgeois, between the interior and the exterior world. In each of these stories external circumstance, the atavistic element of philistinism, prove too much for the artist, for Thomas Mann sees the type as the degeneration of the solid human species upon which society is founded. "Death in Venice" is the most daring exposition of this idea, illustrated in its most extreme form, yet beyond the reach of Mr. Sumner.

Knut Hamsun is now so well established among that select band of foreign authors who are successfully transplanted that this tenth volume of his works to appear in English no longer occasions the comment which once attended such appearances. "Segelfoss Town" carries on the story which began in "Children of the Age". Lieutenant Willatz Holmsen and Adelheid of Segelfoss Manor are dead, and Segelfoss is now a town; when the story is resumed Holmengraa, who strove so hard to dominate Holmsen, is master. Holmsen's son lives abroad and Holmengraa has a free hand, but he has not the habit of commanding men, and his overthrow by the very forces which he himself introduced to displace the old aristocratic and agricultural social order is powerfully drawn. The selfmade man eventually falls before the prosperous shopkeeper, and in the struggle of these two modern forces Hamsun sees the opportunity for the old family to reassert itself. Willatz Holmsen the Fourth is as aristocratic as his father, but he is an artist and he has a sense of modern ideas which will preserve him from going under before the pressure from the rabble. But he can never restore Selgelfoss Manor; industrial progress has made Segelfoss a town. Hamsun sees in that progress the worst fate of mankind.

No such ideas, nor ideas of any kind, burden "Prisoners", the first novel by Molnar to appear in this country. The book is distinctly what the Germans call "literature of entertainment"; even at that, I suspect his admirers will prefer his plays as aids to digestion.

Marie Grubbe. By J. P. Jacobsen. Alfred A. Knopf.
Lucienne. By Jules Romains. Boni and Liveright.
Thomas the Impostor. By Jean Cocteau. D. Appleton and Company.
Death in Venice. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf.
Segelfoss Town. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf.
Prisoners. By Franz Molnar. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

LABOR'S GLADSTONE

By Charles R. Walker

THERE are some men who not only typify a movement or an era, but who through superabundance of energy and industry seem to have given shape to every event of importance in their time. Such a man was Gladstone. Free trade, manhood suffrage, separation of Church and State, Irish reform

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— all the substantial building stones in the Victorian social edifice are chapters out of his diary. Up to the war, Samuel Gompers was the American labor movement.

It is bewildering merely to read the table of contents of his autobiography. Hardly a social, economic, or political question remotely associated with labor fails to appear. Upon all of them he has strong opinions, built out of a practical fight with circumstance, and in many his leadership has brought the prevailing solution.

Sam Gompers was a young member of the cigar makers' union in the early Seventies following the Civil War, when trade unionism was at a low ebb, and the few unions in existence were confused and weakened by secret organizations and by the futile attempts of the Socialists to bring about Utopia. Passing through the terrible depression of 1877, he saw and felt the horror of unemployment and the need for organization. His energy and passionate enthusiasm made him a leader in his own local union and later in the national union of the cigar makers. In 1886, the American Federation of Labor was formed, and Gompers was elected its first president, at a salary of a thousand a year. From then on, every event of any importance that touched upon labor became Samuel Gompers's personal business. There followed the desperate and decisive battle with the Knights of Labor — the great secret labor organization of the Eighties. The A. F. of L. destroyed the Knights. There was the eight hour movement, the great railroad strike of 1894, the Homestead strike, the pioneer work of organizing the great international trade unions, such as the miners' and the textile workers', the greenback movement, the growth of social legislation, violence, the San Francisco dynamiters, the panic and depression of 1907, the Buck Stove and Range injunction case, with the Supreme Court decision thereon in 1914. Finally, the story of labor in the Great War, with its greatly enhanced powers and organization, and Mr. Gompers's position in the Council of National Defense. A chapter called "After Armageddon" tells of the reaction of the war's aftermath upon the fortunes of labor. An added chapter written after Mr. Gompers's death by his secretary gives the labor leader's last year — the La Follette campaign, the convention of the A. F. of L. in Mexico City.

Unionism, generally speaking, can be said to begin in America with the beginning of Gompers's official career. Before that time it was sporadic and confined to a few specialized trades. The American historian must come to this autobiography to supplement his knowledge of these decades, and the student of labor will find it a rich sourcebook as well as an acute commentary. I dare say these two volumes are the fullest, frankest, and most important biography of a labor man in existence. But wholly apart from social or political significance, they are the story of the forging of a rich and powerful character, blow by blow, through seventy active years.

In the last decade or two Americans had begun to take Gompers for granted as an institution of perennial growth. He had become the fortress of all that was established, even reactionary, in the field of labor. He had held office as president of the American Federation of Labor for forty two years — with the exception of one year — a record breaking period of active executive duty. But twenty, thirty years ago he was a "dangerous radical". It is hard to think of the patriarchal labor chief, the friend of presidents — he

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knew a half dozen personally — as the despised labor agitator of the Eighties and Nineties. Those early days of starvation, unemployment, and union organization against the opposition of police, employer, and public, are rich in suffering and struggle. He married at seventeen, was a father at eighteen. The times called for hardihood and battle. He was one of the leaders in the cigar makers' strike in the depression year of '77, and after the strike, which was a failure, walked the streets for months while his wife and children went hungry. "Once", he says, "I was ready to commit murder." A doctor had refused to attend his wife without an advance payment. He took the doctor by the collar. The doctor exercised his professional duties.

These raw, first hand, economic experiences won him over forever to the service of working men, but they never embittered him or tumbled him into radical or violent policies. Very early he became convinced that the hope of American labor lay in economic organization — in what he called the "bona fide trade union". He meant a union solely of workers, which did not meddle in politics, and which fought step by step for more pay, fewer hours, better conditions. The goal and heaven of the Gompers social and labor philosophy was the "collective agreement" between employer and union. He had mixed with Socialists, anarchists, and political reformers in his early days, and seen the chaos and waste which their fumbling brought in the trade-union world. He made up his mind to have none of them, and for over forty years this limited but highly practical philosophy dominated American labor. At the last convention of the A. F. of L., held in Mexico City last summer, this philosophy — the philosophy of Sam Gompers — though opposed by progressives, received a new and overwhelming endorsement.

The narrowness and limitation of his practical philosophy indicated in no way a restriction in his sympathies or interests. He realized deeply the importance of education and of general culture, he loved music. He believed the labor movement could enhance the lives of workers spiritually and intellectually, but he regarded his main job as the building of a sound physical body for organized labor.

Even in the brief rehearsals of crises in this story of his life, it is easy to sense the sheer natural leadership of the man — a leadership that rested in the first instance upon his extraordinary vitality — his ability to work three or four days with bad food and little sleep. Early days called for great physical hardihood, and he kept up a terrific work schedule till the end. Secondly, he loved men, and had a wholly natural and unforced pity for their sufferings. He was quite incorruptible, and he was shrewd enough not to try for the impossible. "My patience has rested upon realization of facts, not upon lack of idealism or sentiment." He had a strong respect for law, coupled with an uncanny sense of what other men were thinking and feeling. He played the forces which came under his control as president of the Federation with the skill of an artist and a statesman's purpose.

It would be hard to find a better record of the molding of rugged character through difficult and violent circumstance than is set down in this book. Or a more striking record of the transmission of personal character and ideals to the structure and temper of an institution.

Seventy Years of Life and Labor, An Autobiography. By Samuel Gompers. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE inspiring life story of modern China's late liberator is graphically and authoritatively told in "Sun Yat Sen and the Chinese Republic" by Paul Linebarger (Century), a biography whose subject has been for many years the paramount figure of his race. First president of the country which from early youth he had fought to free from Manchu oppression, exile, reformer, revolutionist, apostle of democracy — one follows the heroic narrative of his struggles with a quickening pulse and awed admiration. Judge Linebarger writes from years of intimate friendship with Dr. Sun, from a long and active participation in the cause of Chinese nationalism, and from a broad first hand knowledge of contemporary China. The resultant work is of inestimable historic interest, both as an accurate portrait of the dynamic Sun and as a revealing commentary on the life of China during the past fifty years.

Every critical or interpretative volume worth its salt has a theory or point of view — ambitious or modest, right or wrong — which is summoned up to explain the subject. One of the most interesting theories which has recently been applied to the short story is that of Frances Newman in "The Short Story's Mutations" (Huebsch). It is certainly ambitious, and right enough at least to be stimulating and to challenge refutation. Summoning biology to the exegesis of the arts, Miss Newman says that progress in creative fields has had nothing to do with chronology and all to do with the flaming genius of great individuals who absorb the philosophy and practice of their inheritance, boldly break with it, and originate a new order of things. Miss Newman interrupts the thread of her exposition in each chapter to reprint a short story or "mutation" which in her opinion represents the origin of a new creative impulse and a new mode. Her reading has been encyclopædic. Petronius is there, the fabliau, the Gesta Romanorum, Boccaccio, Voltaire, Andersen, Musset, Mérimée, Maupassant, Laforgue, Henry James, Chekhov, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Paul Morand. Miss Newman has a subtle and sinuous style, heavily weighted with allusions and modern instances. Like Philip Guedalla, she is brilliant and hard to catch. But she has organized a vast amount of material and thrown it into suggestive form, so that her book is interesting and valuable, no matter where her sophisticated quips may fall.

What William Johnston knows about "These Women" (Cosmopolitan) is contained in a number of familiar essays collected between the covers of a sizable, readable volume. These papers, however, are leveled as much at men as at their wives and sweethearts. They are an honest effort to untangle some of the knotty problems arising out of woman's new and powerful position in business, and the consequent upheaval in the home. Perhaps Mr. Johnston is too much a man to handle certain phases of these problems without masculine bias, for it would be wrong to say that

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this book is entirely without male bigotry. Most of it is unconscious on the part of the author, for his very sincere desire to unscramble a mass of fallacious ideas about certain great social and economic crises of today is entirely constructive. We like what he says about wives and wages: "Any man who has a good wife, and doesn't pay her a salary, isn't a good business man." But what he says about parents and children in "What Has Happened to Home", we like less, because we have a feeling that his information is gathered with a view to enforcing a premise already pretty clearly shaped in his mind before he began to write. On the whole "These Women" is provocative and sane, and one could ask little more from a book that sets out, in a common sense way, to tackle problems that only time and painful experience on the part of the human race can solve.

D. H. Lawrence's eighty four page introduction to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion" by M. M. (Knopf) easily earns a place as one of the literary curiosities of the season. M. M.'s account — much expurgated — of several months in the Legion is worthy of more than passing attention, but Mr. Lawrence's foreword demands, nay, screams aloud for all the reader's spare smiles or tears, as the case may be. It seems that M. M., a troublesome borrowing acquaintance of the novelist, committed suicide at Malta in 1920 to escape from certain financial difficulties of an illegal cast, and in spite of the borrowings Mr. Lawrence decided to bring out his book. In doing so he improves the occasion to call M. M. a "common little bounder", "an impossible little pigeon", and many much worse things drawn from a rich vocabulary of insult and invective. That's about all there is to the volume, but it is quite enough. Those who believe that Mr. Lawrence can do no wrong call the introduction a strong piece of work. Those who believe the opposite may find crumbs of comfort for wounded sensibilities in a booklet entitled "D. H. Lawrence and Maurice Magnus" published in Florence by Norman Douglas (the N. D. of the introduction), in which the author of "Sons and Lovers" is neatly, wittily, and withal in friendly fashion skinned alive by an expert.

Gone is the last vestige of excuse for the mother who mismanages her children "because she didn't know any better". For now two different publishers have issued sets of books giving her all the information she needs, and each is small enough to fit into a vanity case and sold at a price at which a lipstick would not be procurable! Each is written by an authority in his field, is scientifically correct, and full of common sense and practicality. The smaller of the two sets constitutes the "Child Health Library" in ten volumes, published by Robert K. Haas in the format of the "Little Leather Library" and edited by John C. Gebhart, director of Social Welfare of the New York A. I. C. P. With it come the bookends to hold the three inch bookshelf, and an invaluable chart devised by the Division of Communicable Diseases of the New York State Department of Health which tells not only what are the symptoms of each disease but the method of infection, the possible after effects, and what should be done with the other members of the family when the dread germ has invaded the house. No doubt this little series contains all the information which social workers wish all mothers knew and acted upon. The other series of little handbooks is almost double the

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size in page and volume and, also, in scope of interest. This is sponsored by the National Health Council and published for them by Funk and Wagnalls. With such an origin it seems superfluous to say that each volume is authentic. Not only is each one written by a person whose scientific standing is unquestioned but it is further edited or prefaced by another who acts, as it were, as a check upon the first. Truly the battle against the ignorance of parents is in full force!

Of "Things I Shouldn't Tell" (Lippincott), by the author of "Uncensored Recollections", there is little to say and a great deal to quote. For it reveals the private life of public persons, the life based on the actual physical and emotional nature of man which even one whose business it is to uphold morality must live after the day's work of upholding morality is done.

The essay, even more than poetry, is the dragon of every high school teacher's life. It is not that essays are difficult for the adolescent mind; it is that they are so often dull. To combat the apathy that greets the essay, educators have invented various schemes, and perhaps the most promising is the selection, when the student is ripe for it, of essays from the writings of our own contemporaries. John Avent's "Book of Modern Essays", in Boni and Liveright's Modern Library for High Schools, is admirably compiled from such writers as E. V. Lucas, Henry Seidel Canby, Richard Le Gallienne, and Hendrik Van Loon, as well as tried and tested standbys like William James, Agnes Repplier, Samuel Crothers, and Woodrow Wilson. The selections are informal, brief, and each is introduced by a terse biographical note about the author. There are appended the usual questions and discussion, as well as a valuable list of modern essays and books of essays. On the whole the book represents a good job of editing. It does what it sets out to do, namely, to incite the student's curiosity to a broader mental outlook and to give him some idea of the range of thought and fancy that an essay may encompass.

To the ranks of famous fugitives who have written the story of their escapes we must now add the name of Leon Trotzky. When he wrote the diary entitled "My Flight from Siberia" (American Library Service) it probably never occurred to him that he might evoke comparison with such genial rogues as Cellini and Casanova. That was probably because Trotzky had no great difficulty in eluding his captors. His real adventure consisted in a wild journey across the Urals, by reindeer sleigh, in the dead of winter. This crazy trip behind a drunken driver reminded him of Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days". It brought him through a desolate country, sparsely populated by tribes to whom Russian civilization had brought only vodka and some foul language. All in all, there are more bloodcurdling adventures to be found every Sunday in the magazine section of the New York "American", despite which Leon Trotzky's tale is more diverting.

After Napoleon the Little passed from the European scene and with him, apparently, all hope of his dynasty, his good repute — what there was left of it — went too. "The Secret of the Coup d'Etat" (Putnam) does nothing to brighten the dingy escutcheon. The founder of the second empire is still a strange combination of wilfulness and vacillation, of great charm sometimes and again of moral ugliness. This

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collection of letters passed between M. de Morny, M. de Flahault, his father, and the prince president himself during the years preceding and following the coup d'état. With them Philip Guedalla presents an introduction, and another study follows by Lord Kerry, Flahault's greatgrandson, from whose family archives they come. They begin when tremendous events were in embryo and end with the prince president as Napoleon III, emperor of the French. And what a picture it is! Assemblies in London's west end, political salons in Paris, the gossip of ministerial conferences, and the endless intriguing of Orleanist, Bonapartist, and Republican. Mr. Guedalla remarks that these letters have a high technical value. Be that as it may, the reader who likes the romance of reality can read this record of imperial ambitions as history, certainly, but also as a part of the great human comedy.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has collected twenty two of his recent addresses into a volume entitled "The Faith of a Liberal" (Scribner). Looking back to an age of Liberalism that is wellnigh past in America, he holds the year 1890 "to have marked the turning point for the worse" in national life as well as in morals and in education, and adds that "at the moment Liberalism is in eclipse". The kind of Liberal whose faith is here stated is a sort of Jeffersonian Democrat, favoring individual initiative, states' rights, private property, capitalism, a *laissez faire* policy of government, and no prohibition — one who will die for liberty but believes that equality is death. His antithesis is not the Conservative but the Radical, whether this Radical be an extreme Communist or a fanatical Puritan. In short, Dr. Butler stands for "traditional Americanism", and, because America is working away from tradition, there is here felt a note of anxiety that disturbs the otherwise tranquil dignity of the orator's rolling generalizations.

There can be no doubt that modern physics has opened up a new and extraordinary universe to our gaze. There can be no doubt, likewise, that the marvels of that universe have not on the whole been made sufficiently clear to the general reader. It is in realization of this fact that Sir Oliver Lodge has written his lucid and informative volume on "Atoms and Rays" (Doran). While an understanding of the latter part of the book presupposes a moderate knowledge of mathematics, the first half of the volume may be intelligible to one entirely without mathematical training. The author treats simply and interestingly of the nature of atoms and electrons, energy and matter, electricity and the ether; and the book is to be recommended to the student who desires an accurate, authentic, comprehensive, and comprehensible account of the revelations of modern physics.

The ordinary thinking housewife and homewoman, as well as the student of social science, will welcome a new edition of Anna Garlin Spencer's "Woman's Share in Social Culture" (Lippincott). Many women, even in this age of feminine enfranchisement, have remained in the dark — women filled with energy and a burning desire to contribute their share to the proper progress of their own country and the world at large, yet not knowing what is their niche, and fearful of taking any step lest it be a false one. To them and to the students Mrs. Spencer is a benefactor, for, having set forth in her original work the history, the potentialities,

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and the *meaning* of woman in the world, she has now added an extensive and brilliant chapter that tells how the war has affected both womanhood and man's view of womanhood. It is an intensely interesting study of woman's work for peace, and a valuable contribution to the uplift of all mankind — by which is meant womankind, too!

Some of the opinions of Maurice Baring on books, authors, and the stage — opinions often expressed in British periodicals — are collected in "Punch and Judy" (Doubleday, Page) to form an undisturbing volume for casual reading. There is little here to quarrel with, and as little to get excited about. Rather it is the intelligent conversation of a mature English gentleman — conversation that ambles quietly along in a polite, restrained monologue.

James S. Van Teslaar is the editor of "An Outline of Psychoanalysis" (Boni, Liveright). Mr. Van Teslaar tells us that "in multiplicity of counsel there is confusion". Upon this occasion he is surprisingly accurate. The book is a compilation of articles and lectures by Freud, Stekel, Jung, Brill, and others. The counsel is confusing. If Mr. Van Teslaar has endeavored to present, clearly, the findings of these men, we regret his choice of material. It does not do them justice. If he desires to present the subject of psychoanalysis as a whole, we object. The book is not difficult reading after one has mastered the terminology, but it suffers from "poriomania" (circular wandering). Is it a suppressed desire for literary effusion which prompts the editor to write, "Primordial cravings that persist are racial vestiges of the mind", or, "When painful experiences are pushed out of memory they are really only pushed further in; they disappear from conscious memory only to lie dormant and to influence the subject unconsciously throwing up emotional bubbles in most unexpected places", or, "Sleep is a state during which it is possible for the unconscious within us to find a sort of vicarious expression"? Charitably, we shall assume that it is, and that's that.

After reading "The Letters of Olive Schreiner" (Little, Brown) one turns instinctively to "The Life of Olive Schreiner", written by her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, and then to "The Story of an African Farm", her first book and that which brought her recognition in English literary circles late in the last century. The sequence, however, should be reversed: to read the "Letters" first is like going to an opera and hurrying home to read the libretto. Olive Schreiner was dominated by an imperative impulse to express herself to others, and found the letter the most convenient and satisfactory medium for so doing. Letter writing constituted for her a mild form of physical exercise and provided the mental and spiritual relief which her strong nature demanded. It is not strange then that between the years 1876 and 1920 she acquitted herself of more than six thousand letters, and that this judicious selection made by her husband should give a picture of the woman far truer than anything which she herself wrote for publication. Miss Schreiner met her husband in 1892, eight years after her extraordinary friendship with Havelock Ellis had begun. Although she was supremely happy in her marriage, this friendship endured until the time of her death, and the majority of the letters contained in the volume are those which were written to Ellis. For long periods she wrote to him daily, some days two or three times, discussing politics, love,

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death, the woman question, labor, and other subjects of vital concern to both of them. Suffering from organic disease and a mental condition bordering at times on melancholia, she was accustomed to describe her sensations at great length, and it is unfortunate that her husband, in preparing these letters for publication, did not delete many of these passages along with other intimate sections which are withheld. They are all similar in tone, and the constant repetition and reiteration of the same facts is tiresome in the extreme. With this one exception the reader hesitates to skip even a few lines. In practically every letter Olive Schreiner has something to say, and she says it with such conviction that one is neither surprised that she styled herself a "freethinker" nor doubts that she fully justified the implications of the term.

Under the title "Songs and Laughter" (Harper) three bright orange jacketed volumes of Arthur Guiterman's light verse are now boxed together in a uniform edition. They are "The Laughing Muse", "The Mirthful Lyre", and "The Light Guitar". Of these the last named, and the latest to be written, is perhaps the best all round book of light verse of the three. It ranges from the riotous cavortings of burlesque to a gently humorous, gently satirical attitude reminiscent of Lovelace and Herrick. Some of the shorter pieces are tinged with a fine, if somewhat deprecatory, spirit of melancholy — such gentle sadness as only the wearer of cap and bells can elicit. They are perhaps not typical of the consistently witty and facile talent that shapes most of Mr. Guiterman's verse, but they show a poetic richness that bears out the theory that writers of light verse as truly measure the temper of the times as their more serious colleagues. It requires, certainly, a fine measure of restraint and understanding to regard the world's follies and to laugh at them with the pure laughter of the mind and the heart, untainted by malice.

Grubbing through dusty newspaper files to resurrect the hackwork of an artist is too often a work of supererogation for which there is, quite rightly, no reward in heaven. But Albert Mordell has reversed the rule in compiling "An American Miscellany" (Dodd, Mead). These two volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's forgotten articles can easily stand comparison with his later work. The editor has followed Hearn's restless journalistic trail through the columns of Cincinnati and New Orleans newspapers of the Seventies and early Eighties — in itself no despicable chore, considering the dismal journalese of those days. No lover of Hearn will doubt the authenticity of these papers nor accuse the editor of misdirected energy in reprinting them. Mr. Mordell states that Hearn's Japanese books repeat his earlier method, and this is unquestionably true. The wonder is, however, that in the exhausting toil of a newspaper man he was able to turn out from week to week such beautifully finished writing, such sensuous Arctic landscape and tropical seascape, and such hideous excursions into the macabre. Through all these selections there runs the thread of his strange erudition and bizarre research. He writes of such matters as serpent worship, Greek courtezans, Renaissance poisoners, Creole philology, Gustave Doré's illustrations, and Baudelaire's translations from Poe.

Charles J. Finger would have us believe that "Bushrangers" (McBride) is largely historical, and we are willing

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to concede to his wishes in so far as the bald facts are concerned. But there are things more indicative than facts: Mr. Finger has taken these sordid details merely to guide him to the heart of the bushrangers, so that he may become one of them. And we are perfectly willing to whisper to Mr. Finger that we like his tales about as well as anything we have seen since the golden days of "Treasure Island", for he has given us some romantic moments with his rough, ragged gallants.

One way to learn about the United States is to study the reports of the Census Bureau — and another way is to read "These United States" (Boni, Liveright). The first method is amusing enough, but the average person seems to have no taste for that sort of thing; so he will read Ernest Gruening's two volume compilation and snicker or grow angry over the chapter on his own state, according to his temperament. In Volume II, now published, there are twenty two states and four territories described. Somehow these chapters seems less superficially clever than those of the first volume. Not that they lack brilliance. Yet despite all their scintillating analysis they make it evident that Ohio and California are far more difficult to differentiate than Normandy and Gascony, than Bavaria and Hanover. That difficulty is a fortunate one, however, for it has produced some thoughtful writing as well as sparkling comparisons. It would have been a splendid idea to illustrate these two volumes with pictures of the state capitols — but Mr. Gruening might have felt that this architectural commentary was too derisive.

On seeing "Great Detective Stories" (Dial) anyone skeptical of their greatness has only to turn to the table of contents and notice the writers included. Four of the five are Voltaire, Balzac, Dumas, and Poe. The fifth, by comparison almost unknown, is Vidocq; but the passage chosen from his memoirs is very likely, for the seasoned reader of detective stories, the most welcome thing in the book. The other selections, save for Balzac's "Devil's Disciple", are old hat. At the same time, those who have not read them will find them excellent. Attractively put together, this volume is the first of three which, following a chronological plan, will end with Stevenson.

Certainly few people can be so well equipped to interpret the enigmatic personality of Lenin as his former lieutenant, coadjutor, and sometimes opponent, Leon Trotzky. But not very much that is newly enlightening emerges from Trotzky's book of reminiscences and sketches — they are no more — entitled "Lenin" (Minton, Balch), though it is an interesting volume which will doubtless be of value to the future historian. Trotzky himself disclaims any idea of making a biography or an exposition of Lenin's "views or methods of action". The book consists of recollections of his first meeting with Lenin, in London in 1903, during the "formative period" of Bolshevism, and of phases of the "decisive year" of the Revolution, from the autumn of 1917 to that of 1918. Added to these are several incidental papers, republished from periodicals. Trotzky does give some illuminating flashlights of the man: none more so than the incident of his introduction of Trotzky to "their" Westminster Abbey, of which the author explains: "The 'their' meant not the English, but the enemy", a meaning which was

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"always obvious whenever he spoke of any kind of cultural values or new conquests. . . . *They* understand, they have . . . but always as enemies! The invisible shadow of the shareholders of society lay . . . in his eyes on all human culture."

Anything that tends to strengthen the growing popular opinion in favor of settlement of international disputes by some rational process of arbitration instead of by war is, no doubt, of value. Whatever one may think of the possibility of the "outlawry of war" (the phrase is a manifest ineptitude, involving loose, incorrect use of language) it is desirable to understand the attempts that have been made in that direction. "Security Against War" (Macmillan) by Frances Kellor, with Antonia Hatvany as collaborator, is a useful outline sketch of the various controversies that have kept Europe in turmoil since the formation of the League of Nations and the establishment of its Court, though the book needs to be used with some caution. It is also interesting as an analysis and discussion of the "machinery of peace" and of the international courts. Perhaps the best chapter is that dealing with the two Hague Courts, which brings out clearly and correctly the essential differences between the older Hague tribunal, created on a sound basis of juridical theory, and not attempting to do the impossible, and the Court created as a byproduct of the war and controlled by the League.

"Colombia, Land of Miracles", by Blair Niles (Century), is very much more than a mere travel book. But then Mrs. Niles herself is so very much more than a mere traveler. She is a lover, not alone of places and of brave adventure, but of humanity and human motives also. A lover, too, of beautiful, poetic words in which to frame impressions. Her new book is a volume to be set down, at the last word, with a sigh of regret. The Colombia of which she tells is a land of miracles indeed, where ultramodern aeroplanes fly matter-of-factly over villages that seem to have progressed not one whit from the mediæval; where proud history has its shrine along with the saints; where progress marches shoulder to shoulder with age-old custom. An infant land, in spite of its tale of years; precocious, even advanced in many things, but an infant all the same. The book is most attractively illustrated with photographs taken — on the spur of the moment, as it were, so that they render the book all the more pleasing — by Robert L. Niles, Jr.

The one quality which the anthologist should possess above all others is the faculty of selection, the ability to discriminate between that which is second rate and mediocre and that which bears the hallmark of perennial interest. It is precisely in this quality that L. A. G. Strong is most deficient. His collection of "The Best Poems of 1924" (Small, Maynard) contains many selections of imagination, beauty, and technical excellence by poets known and unknown; but it likewise abounds in selections of no excellence whatever by poets equally known and unknown. The compiler seems to have no definite and clear cut conception as to what constitutes poetry; he appears to be lacking in that sense of exclusion which is quite as important in an anthologist as the sense of inclusion; consequently, the reader is annoyed at finding the most exquisite and richly poetic expressions placed side by side with those that are most prosaic, raucous, and tawdry.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

"When the photoplay of 'So Big' was shown here it was impossible to fill the requests for the book; the waiting list ran into the hundreds", writes a middle west librarian. It is an interesting circle. A book jumps into popularity and immediately that popularity is capitalized by the movie people, who rely upon the book's popularity to advertise the film. Then the book publishers follow up the film with the book, relying on the popularity of the film to sell more books. During the showing of the film version of "Notre Dame" the writer overheard a conversation something like this:

"D'ja hear they'd made a book from this picksher? Joe got it out o' the lib'ry."

"Gee! That so? Is it any good?"

"Naw. Joe said 'tain't anything like the picksher. Some Frenchman done it that can't write English very good."

"So Big" and "The Thundering Herd" are the only books in the current score that have been shown on the screen as yet, but it was the writer's privilege to witness the filming of the opening scenes of "The Little French Girl". Which is about all that seems to call for comment in the March list. The three new titles, particularly Mr. Bok's latest, were inevitable. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
5.	The Thundering Herd	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
6.	Rugged Waters	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
7.	The Enchanted Hill	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
8.	A Passage to India	*E. M. Forster*	HARCOURT
9.	The Old Ladies	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
10.	Rose of the World	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
12.	Peacock Feathers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
3.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
4.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
5.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
6.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Twice Thirty *	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
8.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
9.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
10.	Recollections of a Happy Life *	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
11.	Mårbacka *	*Selma Lagerlöf*	DOUBLEDAY
12.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

War Memoirs — Dostoyevsky — The Loeb Library — Chronique Scandaleuse — Gobineau — Light on Modern Spain — Historical Discoveries — Nitti — Compulsory English in China — An Aviation Yearbook — Royal Love Letters — English and American Books Translated — Balzac

THE memoirs of M. Poincaré are now in preparation. I hear that it has taken the French ex-Premier some little time to make up his mind what form his reminiscences should take. Like all statesmen who have played an important part in international affairs at a critical period of history, he finds himself confronted with the difficulty of condensing the experiences of twelve years into two volumes. Only the practical objections of publishers have induced him to abandon his original intention to publish two volumes a year over a period of five years, ten volumes in all! It is not certain even now that he will consent to the compression of his experiences into two volumes.

* * * *

The publication of the second volume of Admiral von Tirpitz's new war book is likely to be delayed, owing to opposition on the part of the left parties of the Reichstag. This volume ought to make interesting reading, dealing as it does with the fateful days of July, 1914, onward. Some startling extracts from von Tirpitz's diaries are promised, which shed a new light on the Berlin-Vienna relations during the crisis. The political opposition caused by news of the second volume has invested the book with an unusually high degree of interest, at any rate in Germany. The first volume, which is yet to be published in England and America, sold 17,000 copies from November 3 to December 7 last year. These figures will surprise many who are of the opinion that war books are dead.

* * * *

Arnold Bennett, recently interviewed in London by a French journalist on the subject of André Gide's "Dostoyevsky: Essays and Addresses", made this interesting pronouncement:

> I must confess to you that Gide seems to me an essayist born, not a novelist. And his masterpiece might well be this Dostoyevsky, which is truly a great book. Gide is above all things an intellect. Moreover, his studies of Dostoyevsky may be regarded as the Confessions of André Gide. Viewed in this light, they give a record of supreme importance.

"Dostoyevsky" contains a remarkable self portrait as revealed in his letters, an illuminating survey of his moral, religious, and political beliefs, and an appreciation of Dostoyevsky's masterpiece, "The Brothers Karamazov". An address read at the celebration of his centenary emphasizes the need for revision of our estimate of the great Russian novelist and of measuring his worth by standards unfamiliar to western criticism. But perhaps the most interesting part of the book is André Gide's sketch of Dostoyevsky's life up to his banishment to Siberia; the influence of the years of prison on his mind and genius; his study of the

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Gospels which bore fruit in the introduction of Christ's teachings as the primary motive behind Dostoyevsky's creations.

The novelist's methods of working are also recorded. He was no notebook theorizer or mere speculative philosopher but an explorer of the dark recesses of the human soul. His own disease — epilepsy — perhaps influenced his outlook on life. M. Gide recognizes the Russian master's affinities to Nietzsche, Browning, and William Blake. Dostoyevsky is well described as a very Rembrandt among novelists.

A series of lectures on Dostoyevsky, or to give him the Scandinavian spelling, Dostojewski, delivered by Konrad Simonsen at Copenhagen University, is published in book form by P. Haase and Son, Copenhagen. The author is a Communist. He explains that he joined the Church of Rome as a result of his study of religious works, inspired by the writings of Dostoyevsky and Rathenau.

* * * *

The founder of the Loeb Classical Library, Dr. James Loeb, has just received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge University. He is also the recipient of an honorary degree from the University of Munich. It will be interesting to see whether his alma mater, Harvard, will follow suit. Dr. Loeb, who is now writing a book on Italian terracottas, is responsible for some excellent translations from the French of Decharme and other French authors. He was once connected with the famous commercial firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Literature may be said to be his hobby, for it is doubtful whether the Loeb Library pays as a business venture; but Dr. Loeb is content to go on making classical authors accessible, in the best translations he can command, to those who have small Latin and less Greek; and not only the well known authors, but others whose work, but for his efforts, would veritably be for many of us sealed books. The production of the Loeb Library is in the hands of three editors, assisted by an advisory board, on which are the representatives of four nations. The library is intended to include no less than 400 volumes, of which nearly 200 have already been published.

* * * *

Since the death of Anatole France many books about the great French writer have made their appearance, and others are doubtless in preparation. But I doubt whether any will meet with the same sensational success as Jean-Jacques Brousson's "Anatole France en Pantoufles". More than 100,000 copies were sold in Paris within a few weeks of publication. Mr. Brousson was at one time Anatole France's secretary, and in this candid book — too candid for the liking of many — he strips bare in most scandalous fashion the private life of his master. The book is full of comments and anecdotes in very dubious taste, recording book-chapter-and-verse details of his amorous peccadillos, his egotism, his garrulity, his ignorance, his insincerity. Apparently Parisians do not subscribe to the theory of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, for "Anatole France at Home", judging by its sales and the discussions it has provoked, has been a source of diversion to all Paris. What useful purpose can be served by such an exposure of human weaknesses? To the scrupulous minded there is something indecent in this *chronique scandaleuse* rushed into print within a few months of the celebrated writer's death.

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With each new reprint of Gobineau's work in France his amazing versatility and ingenuity are demonstrated afresh. The "Cahiers Verts" (Paris: Grasset) have now published his first long historical novel, "Le Prisonnier Chanceux", a story in the manner of Walter Scott, which appeared serially in "La Quotidienne" in 1846. Only one hundred copies were then printed in book form, so that the romance is for practical purposes now published for the first time. The revival of interest in the works of the Comte de Gobineau is exemplified in "L'Abbaye de Typhaines", which, although a complete failure when first published in 1848, ran through seven editions in a few weeks when published a year or two ago. Without any claim to the grandeur of Scott or the amazing verve of the elder Dumas, Gobineau is still well worth reading. "Le Prisonnier Chanceux" is a sixteenth century romance full of spirited action, fair ladies and gallant soldiers, encounters between Huguenots and Catholics, robbers, faithful and treacherous servants, and a quixotic hero who meets with an astonishing variety of exciting adventures.

* * * *

Modern Spain has too long been regarded as an indolent and backward country. So false is the impression which generally prevails among armchair travelers that if, as I fully anticipate, an English translation appears of "Las Responsabilidades del Antiguo Régimen, 1875–1923" por el Conde de Romanones (Madrid: Renacimiento), it will change many views. Although some districts in Spain remain purely mediæval, chiefly owing to the difficulties of communication, the Spain of today is a country very different from tradition.

Count Romanones, who is the Spanish liberal leader, shows in his new book what Spanish statesmanship has accomplished in the last fifty years. He is an enemy of bureaucracy — "a serious disease in the organism of the State" — and an avowed parliamentarian, though he deplores the weakness and vacillations of recent ministries. Spain's abundant resources can be developed still further only by political reform and the spread of education, not by sudden revolution with its inevitable hardships and subsequent years of chaos.

* * * *

M. Charles de la Roncière, who is the historian of the French navy, has published in Cairo under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of Egypt a study of the discovery of Africa in the Middle Ages. Prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, Africa was a legendary country. M. de la Roncière's book, which consists of two volumes containing many admirably reproduced mediæval maps, is a valuable contribution to geographical literature.

The same author claims to have found the actual chart used by Christopher Columbus on his first voyage to the west, and has published in France an interesting book dealing with his discovery.

A definite impetus is given to the controversy about the nationality of Columbus by the news of the forthcoming publication in Spain of a book — written and compiled by an English lady and her husband — which produces striking documentary and other evidence that Columbus was actually born a Spaniard. Historically the point is of interest.

* * * *

One of the most remarkable books published in Italy for some time is

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Signor Vincenzo Nitti's recent vindication of his father's policy as prime minister, "L'Opera di Nitti" (Turin: Pietro Gobetti). Nitti, not without some justification, is regarded today with considerable hostility in Italy and elsewhere. His lukewarm war policy, even when he was a minister, is chiefly responsible for the feeling.

This vigorous defense is based on Nitti's speeches during the critical years. He became premier in June, 1919, when Italy was in a very unsettled state. The peace negotiations were unpopular and the Communists were actively exploiting the general discontent. "He was convinced", says his son, "that the fever of strikes, proletarian violence, revolutionary and reactionary folly were transitory phenomena of the postwar period, states of mind rather than well defined proposals." Acts of sedition went unpunished; strike leaders held the upper hand and their demands, however preposterous, were always granted. Nitti's passive attitude brought trouble in its train.

Signor Vincenzo Nitti bases his case on the ex-Premier's public speeches, but his actions cannot be overlooked. In spite of this volume, it is probable that the Nitti régime will continue to be regarded as disastrous.

* * * *

From China comes the interesting news that the Chinese are modernizing their schools and have decided that the learning of the English language shall be obligatory. The industrious thoroughness of Eastern peoples is well known, and this step may be followed by a greatly increased demand for English and American books in China. The possibility raises a point conceivably of importance to English and American authors and publishers. There is no copyright in China, and English books have been freely pirated in the past. What will happen in the future if the rising generation in China demands more and more English books?

* * * *

American travelers who have made the journey from London to Paris by air and are acquainted with the well known British airlines, may not be aware of the network of foreign air services over the face of Europe. While Europe is the most important continent from the point of view of commercial aviation, it does not possess any monopoly of organized air services. Civil aviation is growing so rapidly and significantly that the publication of the "Jahrbuch für Luftverkehr" (Munich: Richard Pflaum Verlag), the first production of its kind, is worth noting. Comprehensive and thorough, this yearbook (the first issue is for the year 1924) covers geographically the whole world, contains complete lists of aerodromes and a mass of other useful information.

* * * *

The discovery of a dusty portfolio of manuscripts preserved in the famous Mazarin Library reveals an interesting collection of love letters written by François Talma, the great French actor, to Napoleon's sister, Pauline Bonaparte. An amazing clandestine wooing this. For the purpose of correspondence the Princess became Mlle. Sophie, and Talma's letters were called for by her butler at an arranged address. It ended in bitter disillusionment for François Talma. These letters of his to the beautiful Pauline were found with a label, bearing in Mme. Le Brun's handwriting these words:

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"Would it not be better to destroy them? That remains to be seen."

* * * *

Susan Glaspell's novel, "Fidelity", which went the rounds for several years in England before finding a publisher, is to be issued in Germany by the firm of Griffel. "Fidelity" is now in its fifth impression in England. Other books which are to appear in German include Shaw Desmond's "The Drama of Sinn Fein", Stacy Aumonier's "Overheard", and Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph".

The Scandinavian rights of Michael Arlen's novel "The Green Hat" have been disposed of; as have the Swedish rights of Stacy Aumonier's "Miss Bracegirdle and Others". The Dutch rights of "Arnold Waterlow" by May Sinclair and "The Custody of the Child" by Sir Philip Gibbs, the German serial rights of Booth Tarkington's "Us" and the Czecho-Slovakian rights of Gene Stratton-Porter's "A Girl of the Limberlost", have all recently been sold. "Blanco y Negro", the Spanish magazine, has acquired the serial rights of Howard Carter's story of "The Tomb of Tutankhamen".

The Tauchnitz Continental Library has made some interesting acquisitions, which include Rose Macaulay's "Orphan Island", Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd", and "The Son of Tarzan" by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Fashions in literature come and go. The master of yesterday is neglected today; tomorrow may witness a revival of interest in his work. George Eliot, Tennyson, even Thackeray, have fallen under a cloud. In their places we have rediscovered Anthony Trollope and Thomas Love Peacock. Shakespeare and Dickens alone burn with continuous brightness in the literary firmament.

In France, the critics make no secret of their belief that Balzac is dead. All the more refreshing therefore is M. André Bellessort's new and brilliant contribution to Balzacian literature, "Balzac et son Œuvre" (Paris: Perrin). This is one of the best studies of Balzac and his work — and there have been many — to appear in print. M. Bellessort has an admirable biographical gift; in addition, his critical survey is not impaired by his ardent admiration.

Balzac's output was enormous: in four years he produced fifteen or sixteen volumes, at least thirty short stories, and a vast amount of daily journalism; and his best work was to come later. His industry was equaled only by his ambition. M. Bellessort's book gives us a vivid picture of Balzac the man as well as Balzac the novelist, and one hopes it may lead to an increased critical appreciation of Honoré de Balzac in his own country.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

"Why Anthologies?" in the leading article, "The Point of View", in last December's BOOKMAN, containing a selection from a letter written by Edna Ferber to the "Authors' League Bulletin", is so sharp that it starts a long train of thought. Says Miss Ferber:

> I work weeks, and sometimes months, on a short story. Sometimes the idea for a short story is carried around by me for years before I feel that it is sufficiently developed to take the written form. Why should —— take this story which I sweat blood to write and reap the benefit of its book publication? If he is going to continue to publish an annual book of short stories written by others, he should be made to share his profits equally among the writers contributing to his book. . . . I think the whole symposium and anthology practice is bunk. It is on the increase. It should be stopped.

I am not defending the compiler of short stories. I believe Miss Ferber is *partially* right, at least from the commercial standpoint. I am not a reader of short stories, agreeing with Samuel McChord Crothers that "the short story is invented for people who want a literary quick lunch". I am not a writer — cannot write a poem, an essay or a story. I am a reader, pure and simple. When I take into my hand a book to read my first impulse is a caress, because I love a book, its paper, cover, the printer's ink and all. Then I turn to the preface, if it contains one. Often I find there some gem of thought worth preserving. That gives me the key to the book, where I feel sure there are more gems awaiting me. I am rarely disappointed. These I call my thought breeders. As a booklover I emphatically echo the thought expressed by Christopher Morley in his "Pipefuls":

> There is no mistaking a real book when one meets it. It is like falling in love, and like that colossal adventure it is an experience of great social import. Even as the tranced swain, the booklover yearns to tell others of his bliss. He writes letters about it, adds it to the postscript of all manner of communications, intrudes it into telephone messages, and insists on his friends writing down the title of the find. Like the simple-hearted betrothed, once certain of his conquest, "I want you to love her, too!"

Take the viewpoint of a compiler: He pays his two dollars for a book and absorbs it. It becomes his. It has gone out of the hands of the author into the hands of the reader — without whom the book would be useless! He finds fresh thought in that book and jots it down for future study. Such thought broadens one, gives depth to character. As he continues reading he accumulates these valuable selections — the very epitome of the author's thought life; and in time finds that he has the "makings" of many volumes of quotations. Shall he keep these to himself, giving perhaps occasionally to friends who chance to know of his rich stores? Perhaps a demand comes from others who have little time to read — cannot hope to read the full works of these great master minds. His longing is always to share this beauty with all who need it — and the world does need all the beauty it can get.

I have always been a compiler of quotations, and have been importuned by educators, students, clergymen, public speakers, public men and women everywhere, to make accessible to the general reader these treasuries of thought. Are books of quotations to be included in Miss Ferber's "bunk"? If so I am wrong in trying to help humanity to find beauty in the works of great writers, including those of Miss Ferber herself.

There is something to be said for the anthologist. Think what the world readers would miss without William Stanley Braithwaite's annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse" or Marguerite Wilkinson's book "New Voices", with their exquisite prefaces and bits of interpretation adding beauty to poetry.

It takes two to make a book: its writer and its reader. As Gerald Stanley Lee says in his "The Lost Art of Reading" (page 121):

> The orator and the listener, the writer and the reader, in proportion as they become alive to one another, come into the same spirit — the spirit of mutual listening and utterance. At the very best, and in the most inspired mood, the reader reads as if he were a reader and writer both, and the writer writes as if he were a writer and reader both.

If the prime object of the writer is money — royalties — his book is short lived, isn't it? But if he has a message, irrespective of money, then his is a true book and it belongs to us all! The reader appropriates its message and passes it on to others. Henry Seidel Canby, in his Second Series of "Definitions" (page 188), makes clear this relationship between writing and reading:

> Too much is said about writing, and not enough of reading. It would seem that whereas only a few can write well and those only when they are prodded until their brains turn over at the proper speed, anyone who can spell can read. Not at all. There are 10,000 bad readers for every bad author, and if the number of good readers in proportion to the good writers proves to be as much as 500 to one the Authors' League should give

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public thanks, for the right kind of reader enters sympathetically into the very purpose of the book he possesses, shares its emotions, and plucks out its thoughts. He is rare.

EMMA ERWIN COOLEY.

DEAR SIR:

I tried to publish a newspaper in my home town but I was unable to get the people interested enough to advertise and therefore could not get the money needed to start the enterprise. So, this is what I did:

First, I secured a wooden picture frame in which I placed a cardboard that was large enough for 12 regular typewriting sheets (3 across and 4 down). The news and the editorials were then typewritten on these sheets which were after pasted on the cardboard.

This "framed up" newspaper I hung up on a pole in front of the local post office. While waiting for their mail, the townspeople gathered before the pole and read the paper. Twice a week I placed in the frame a new cardboard with new news. At first I also placed a glass in the frame to protect the news from the winds; but that proved too great a temptation for the town kids. They would have no news under cover! So, believing that the boys' will was more determined than the winds' will, I removed the glass.

But, when I began to "expose things", the "old folks" took to throwing stones. Everything went well for a while: I launched many daring and futile campaigns for better curbings, paved streets, a library and scholarships, etc. Then, *one day*, I read Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River". The next day my "news poster" was devoted entirely to a writeup entitled "Local Characters Caricatured". — Yes — that was the end! I am now safely 150 miles away from that town and am looking for a job. Can you help me?

NORMAN ROBANE.

(*I am 21 years old.*)

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Would Mr. McFee's Doctor (see "The Lady and the Carpet" — March BOOKMAN), if he saw me reading THE BOOKMAN on the deck of his steamer, decide that I was consciously "acquiring culture", "seeking self expression", "improving" myself, "dramatizing" my "personality", being a "highbrow female" or merely another one of those "intense spinsters"? Do you suppose the thought would occur that I (heaven forfend!) was reading it, as usual, just because I enjoy doing so and regardless of any "emotional influence" I might be exerting? May I repeat the question of the junior clerk, with a slight variation: "The doctor may think all those things, but, tell me, why should he *write it down?*"

ONE OF US WOMEN.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Is there any one thing in the writing world more difficult to achieve than a four-square biography?

I found Mr. Steuart's "Robert Louis Stevenson" very easy reading, but throughout the two volumes I was conscious of a loss — an intangible something that summed itself up in the feeling that a true biographer has need of a boundless affection for his subject and a rare talent for creating a bond of understanding between the reader and himself. Such a compelling combination will enable them to stand loyally by a mutual friend while dissecting his life in order to make it whole.

I do not doubt Mr. Steuart's sincerity, but his method of presentation of his material seems to me to lack the power to express the deep feeling that should sponsor it. It is difficult to understand why such stress is placed on writing, as a piece of new knowledge (for the general public), that Stevenson was not an example to be emulated in every way by young men. The average person, who has read Stevenson's non-fiction, has never felt that he was a model or that R. L. S., himself, wished to create such an erroneous impression.

Mr. Steuart's greatest fault is a lack of proportion, as in his conception of Stevenson's mother. It seems to me a lamentable error to convey the impression that the relationship between mother and son was one of close companionship. Who is there who doesn't wish it were true? But, with next to no evidence, false chivalry toward the mother is injustice to the son. Had Stevenson been blessed with such helpful mother-understanding, what a different life in some ways his might have been. I recall from memory a letter to Mrs. Sitwell in which R. L. S. wrote that a child of lovers was an orphan — surely a cry from a lonely heart.

Persons who have never read Stevenson will, doubtless, find Mr. Steuart's biography of interest; that larger body of appreciators who have read everything available concerning R. L. S. will find a few new items; but up to date, the true Stevenson with all his faults and vibrant charm is to be found in his own Letters, Verses and Essays.

Sincerely,

E. F. JOHNSON.

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DEAR MR. FARRAR:

As a technician would put it, "What motivating influence makes us buy a book?" THE BOOKMAN puts the question editorially, "How Sell, Why Buy?" As one engaged in the "literature of commerce", advertising, or as some wit put it, "that other field of fiction", I interrupt the day's dull drudgery at the desk's dry wood to mount my hobby in reply.

We read books either because they bring into our lives emotions, sensations, or qualities with which we would have had kind Providence endow us more liberally, or because we live vicariously in them the kind of life which circumstance, environment, conscience, physique, or chronology denies us. We buy books because, by the act of possessing, we make more wholly our own the cherished qualities which the book crystallizes for us, or the facts it brings to us.

An advertisement for a new book by a new author need be no less successful than one which features a writer of fame already established. Books are bought for their context. A writer's name may be used to add lustre to the context appeal. But it's not nearly so much a question of "What's Hergesheimer's or Rinehart's latest", as it is this: what's a good mystery story, detective story, romance, historical novel, western story? What's a good work on political economy, biology, radio, biography? How you answer these questions with advertising is more important than flocking big names to your bindings.

Sampling is one of the most potent forms of getting a product across. For many commercial articles, this form of advertising is too expensive. I don't think Charles Schwab has yet found it feasible to give a Southern American country a sample battleship with the hope that it will produce an order for a fleet. But, as John B. Stetson Company brought out in one of the most effective sales aids ever printed, "Getting your product into the prospect's hand is a large part of 'Making Headway Selling Hats'." The same is not only true of books, but a thousand per cent simplified in selling books.

You can give a sample of the context of a book in an advertisement. Better still, you can often dramatize the sample you select with an illustration. One of the biggest shortcomings of today's book advertising is the lack of dramatization, either in words or with art.

The major appeal in selling a book is emotional. A favorite ingredient of the commercial advertising writer's copy is so called "reason why" text matter. In most of the books to be sold, the appeal is not to the intellect or the reasoning powers but to the emotions. *Visualize* and *dramatize* — these should be the guiding shibboleths of the book publisher's "ad"-ept.

Picture a thrilling situation, hairbreadth escape, tense moment, a climax typical of the character of reading the book promises to deliver. Quote the suitable passage descriptive of the illustration, as your headline. Build up on the appeal of incident or plot in your advertisement context, whet appetite with a taste of terror intensified, clinch action with urge.

That's one way to do it. But how to dramatize biography, political economy, poetry, biology? Let us suppose the biography is of Napoleon. How many people know that had Napoleon not refused Fulton's offer of his steamboat invention, he might have successfully crossed the Channel and invaded England? That suggests new information and new angles on Napoleon. Lead off your ad with it, then. Political economy? How many people know that an early plan in this country's history was to make George Washington King of America, and that he not only refused but broke and disgraced the man who had the movement under way? Suppose a book promises such unusual revelations of blocs, subtle movements and bureaucracy as this — have you not dramatized its appeal? Any subject lends itself to this method of exploitation. At the same time, the advertisement itself takes on the aspect of informative literature. It does not set up the reader resistence to claims made and the atmosphere of selfishness which are usual factors in commercial advertising.

F. ROMER,
President, Samson Service.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

TWO American poets within a month reached the age of fifty: Percy MacKaye and Robert Frost. Both, curiously enough, have at one time or another taken New Hampshire as their home. Both have studied mountain peoples as a basis for some of their work, Mr. MacKaye in Kentucky, Mr. Frost in Vermont and New Hampshire. Here are two men who have had a notable influence in American letters, as their friends and admirers told them at various dinners given to celebrate their half century of attainment. Mr. MacKaye has done much for amateur theatricals by his great interest in the little theatre movement, and his connection with pageantry. The pageants that have swept over New England have actually been of considerable service, not only as artistic expressions of community life but as developing influences toward real community feeling. His "The Scarecrow" and "The Canterbury Pilgrims" were fine pieces of work; likewise, in the opinion of many people, "This Fine-Pretty World", produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse last season. He is planning now to write much more of the Kentucky peoples he has studied so assiduously. A poet of distinction and a propagandist for art and beauty is Mr. MacKaye. Robert Frost has led a far less active life. He has farmed and dreamed and indulged his desire to be a fine teacher. Slowly, the public and the critics realized that here was one of America's great poets. The Pulitzer Prize was awarded him last year for his volume, "New Hampshire". His dramatic lyrics of farm life, his poems of country places and thoughts, are becoming well known all over this country and Europe. Not so well known, I suppose, as those of Eddie Guest — but then, you know! Frost goes now to Michigan as a permanent resident member of the faculty of that university, an arrangement made by the late President Burton, a sturdy and brilliant organizer and educator. This will give Mr. Frost the whole country, in a sense, for he was born in San Francisco and has made New England his own. Now he will be taken to the heart of the middle west, a cordial heart, to be sure. I could not but remember, as I read Sir Philip Gibbs's excellent tale, "The Reckless Lady", my experiences in Grand Rapids. Although he may be just as right in his picturing of the middle west as I am, there is room for disagreement. All luck to Mr. Frost, then, and congratulations; also to Mrs. Frost, whose grace and dignity have made a rich family life a constant aid to the progress of a poet.

Two interesting Lincoln items come to my desk, both having to do with speeches. The one is Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Lost Speech", a short story reprinted in a most attractive book format; the other, "Lincoln's Last Speech in Springfield in the Campaign of 1858". The latter is published for the first time by the University of Chicago Press, with introduction and other Lincoln matter. If you like large flat books, it is one which you will find interesting. Speaking of large flat books, the loveliest of their kind lie before me, facsimile reprints by the Oxford University

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Press of early English first editions. They are fine examples of printing and of taste in binding, although they are covered only with heavy marbled paper, of unusually attractive color and design. The best of them all, I think, is Pope's "Of the Characters of Women", 1735. Do you know it? I like particularly the "Advertisement", as follows. What a model of discreet writing!

The Author being very sensible how particular a Tenderness is due to the FEMALE SEX, and at the same time how little they generally show to each other; declares, upon his Honour, that *no one Character* is drawn from the Life, in this Epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly inscribed to a *Lady*, who, of all the Women he knows, is the last that would be entertain'd at the Expence of Another.

Some of our American critics were inclined to belittle "Arrowsmith", Sinclair Lewis's new novel. The obvious stand to take on it was that, having written two successes, this energetic writer would try to do the trick again and fail. If you think that he has failed you should read the English reviews of his book. Lewis is not content to write successful books; he is a hard worker and an honest artist. He will, I think, never write a bad book. The attitude of childish bumptiousness has never been better illustrated than in an editorial on Joseph Hergesheimer or something of the sort in the first issue of the Harvard "Crimson's" Literary Supplement. It is smart, silly, and thoroughly worthless. The general makeup of the sheet is good, however, and there is an excellent review by Mr. Hillyer, whose winning of the Dahlia poem contest I note elsewhere. David McCord, '21, patronizes Miss Lowell's "John Keats". All in all, it is the sort of literary snobbery one would expect from a publication issued by collegiate intellectuals. However, more power to them! We were all in their shoes once upon a time.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania, at first gives an impression of coldness and formality. I found myself terrified by the atmosphere of this ancient and honorable town, with its fascinating rows of old houses, with doorways that leave one breathless. Then, it has a fashion of suddenly becoming hospitable and totally winning both the heart and the imagination. It is old and it is young. It is quaint and it is proud. Here are made more umbrellas than in any other city in America. Here, too, our largest silk mill. Yet commerce does not affect the picturesqueness. A prominent lawyer takes you to his office, in the same age-old building with a fascinating bookstore (there are at least three excellent purveyors of literature in the town); and after you pass through a corridor, you find yourself in a building modern in every way, with a law library and light, airy offices. These people preserve their atmosphere, yet are determinedly up to date. There is Demuth's, the oldest tobacco store in the United States, handed down since 1770 from one Demuth to another. The original sign is preserved, but the store vies with Dunhill's on Fifth Avenue for sedate luxury. I bought a cigar from a dark haired, smiling Mr. Demuth, Jr., and was much impressed by him and by my own act. The "oldest" hardware, drug, and department stores cry out their combination of age with modernity. In the public markets are the farmers with their wares. A gander is tied to a post and does not like it. Eggs are remarkably reasonable in their baskets. The sales people themselves seem from a different world.

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They are of the curious religious sects which inhabit Lancaster County, the Amish, for instance, with clothes on which it is sacrilegious to wear buttons, with habits of intermarriage which are as rigorous as they are alarming, with faces serene and sometimes beautiful. Motoring out through their country, along rolling fields of wheat (winter wheat just then covering the brown with tender green), tobacco not yet in evidence, one sees houses, two doored, twin doored rather, for the two entrances are side by side. Why? No one could answer. The window shades are bright blue; some of the houses themselves violet; and the gates painted in bright colors different from all the rest. Mennonites there are, and Dunkards. Descendants, all, of South Germans come here in pre-Revolutionary times. Returning to town we passed Franklin and Marshall College, and President Buchanan's home. I was told of the tomb of Rebecca Gratz, a friend of Sir Walter Scott who "lives in Ivanhoe", as Mary Warfel remarked, "although she is buried in Lancaster". Then there was Miss Warfel's harp, one of the loveliest ever manufactured, on which she renders charming minuets, modern French or old English. Her brother plays the violin, and there are few lovelier combinations in music than violin and harp. Lancaster is a place which has not yet found adequate interpretation in literature. Elsie Singmaster, nearby in Gettysburg, has written delightful stories of the simple Pennsylvania folk; and Mrs. Fiske of course immortalized Helen R. Martin's "Barnabetta", dramatized as "Erstwhile Susan"; but there is still a great story waiting the right hand. Joseph Hergesheimer is not far away in West Chester.

Who knows?

"Uncle Sam Needs a Wife" by Ida Clyde Clarke, the brilliant writer of editorials for "Pictorial Review", opened my eyes to many things. I have known Mrs. Clarke for some years, and found her a charming and forceful woman, but I shall from now on be exceedingly timid in her presence. She is certainly a feminist. Why not, you ask? My reply is — why not? Nevertheless I shall be timid. Among other things she writes a piece called "Sauce for the Goose":

> What do we women really want? What would satisfy our feminine unrest, end our hectic seeking, and cool our feverish energies so that we could settle down to the business of living richly and fully our individual lives and contributing our maximum to our communities as citizens? In other words, what is the touchstone of our desire, now that public opinion has conceded that women, as well as men, have those "certain natural and inalienable rights" mentioned in the Declaration of Independence?
>
> Before we can answer that question we have got to purge the whole situation of waste matter, of those unsound and non-constructive theories that have so long glutted and congested our main channels of thought. When the woman movement was still young, and when only a few people had taken the time and the trouble to think things through clearly and thoroughly, any semblance of an argument was seized and held fast — echoed in rhythmic phrases, adopted as a slogan, and passed along down the line to be repeated by the ever-swelling chorus of raw recruits.

Among other things, Mrs. Clarke attempts to answer this all-important question. Hers is a book with many ideas well worth considering, if they are, to a mere male, at times a trifle upsetting.

Among the visiting English novelists this season there have been few tragedies. So far they have been liked, and have been gracious enough to appear to like us. James Stephens arrived with his lilt and his dramatic method of reciting his own verses, and captured everyone. "The Crock of

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Gold" is almost universally known, and his latest book, "The Land of Youth", has a quality that appeals strongly to all lovers of fantasy. The Macmillan Company, just as they had moved into their large marble building — or is it granite? — on Fifth Avenue, gave Mr. Stephens a dinner at which Professors Thorndike and Cross, Ernest Boyd, Padraic Colum, Don Marquis and others paid glowing and sincere tributes to the genius of this gay Irishman. I almost forgot the Irish Consul, who also seemed impressed by the entertainment. Mr. Stephens is a dark little man, with a face lined but jovial. He turns the ordinary events of life into little quips and oddities of humor. He makes of New York a place filled with romance and curious happenings, and his stories of trips on the street cars are almost as good as his recital of the parodies of Oliver Gogarty. Then came Michael Arlen, of "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People", preceded by legends which made him out to be a rather special young man, perhaps a rather snobbish young man. Mr. Arlen has had much publicity since his arrival. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to describe him here except to say that he is pleasant, kindly, witty, hard-working, and, moreover, modest. He is twenty eight years old and successful, and the way he carries his success might well be a model for many a young American author. There were many people in this town of quickly made and lost reputations ready to dislike Michael Arlen. He gave them in wit and sally as good as they sent, and they found themselves conquered not only by his verbal dexterity but by his friendliness. When he returns in the autumn to a house on Madison Avenue in which he plans to live next year, he will find warm friends. On the eve of the publication of "The Painted Veil", W. Somerset Maugham sailed for England to see rehearsals of the English production of "Rain".

James Stephens

He had arrived from Mexico and South America, which he found too modernized to offer much material for writing. Mr. Maugham is a dignified and quiet gentleman whose wit is staggering when he chooses to employ it. In my opinion, "The Painted Veil" is his finest performance since "Of Human Bondage". Technically perfect and emotionally true, it seems to me one of the great short novels of our time. There are those who disagree; in fact, there is disagreement over many current novels. Some find "The Constant Nymph" less charming than do I. Others have said that "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs is sentimental trash, while still others consider it one of the best stories of the spring. At any rate, Mr. Maugham does not need to read his critics, because he is a great writer and he must know it. He is busy now on several plays. A story he tells of one of our great authorities on the drama is worth repeating.

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This gentleman is a solemn authority, well known throughout academic and theatrical circles. He proceeded to invite Mr. Maugham, with much grandeur and praise, to luncheon. "I must be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Maugham", he said. "Many of your plays seem to me slight, and not entirely successful. However, I am glad to say that I can praise one of them without reservation as a great piece of dramatic composition. You should live on that alone." Mr. Maugham, naturally flattered and eager, asked which of his plays it was. "'The Mollusc'", replied the reverend professor. "It was the most embarrassing moment of my life", Mr. Maugham told me. "What could I say? You see, I didn't write 'The Mollusc'; it was written by Hubert Henry Davies." Such is the life of an English novelist in this broad land.

There is one experience which is as delightful for a bachelor as a movie show: i.e., listening to his friends discuss their babies. Stephanie Jane Benét and Clare Eames Howard are two young misses of literary and artistic parents who came in for a great deal of comparison yesterday. Their fathers, usually vastly interested in discussions of theatrical and magazine enterprises, found themselves at one on the fact that babies look mighty angry when they have been in the world only a short time, yet are, after all, fine additions to the complexities of life. Now, I happen to know that Mr. Benét had just signed a contract for another novel, and that his new book of verse, "Poems and Legends", is in the presses; also that Mr. Howard was about to go to sign a contract for a new play to follow "They Knew What They Wanted"; but never a word of that did one hear over the coffee cups. Well, after all, a play can be written any day, while only a certain number of children arrive in a lifetime; and the first is undoubtedly deserving of much attention. Having no flowers to send young Miss Howard this spring day, I call on my child familiar for aid; and since young Miss Benét is over a year old and I have never presented her with anything but a doll from whose head she promptly licked the paint, proving its cheapness, I must include her.

FOR STEPHANIE AND CLARE

To poets' daughters one should bring
  The most exclusive things,
Camellias and turquoises
  And ivory teething rings.

Their rattles should be diamonded,
  Their little pins of pearls —
Their heads should rest on eiderdown,
  They should be queenly girls.

Ten footmen clad in brilliant green
  Should serve them as they wish —
And they should have ten nurses, too,
  With velvet trains to swish.

Soft trumpets should awaken them,
  And perfumes guard their ease,
Their waking hours should know the
    strains
  Of fairy symphonies.

But if they only knew it,
  Their most amazing bliss
Is their father's admiration
  And their mother's good night kiss.

From Edward Laroque Tinker (he who wrote the recent biography of Lafcadio Hearn) comes an account of the New Orleans carnival that has entirely spoiled my day. Perhaps it will set you dreaming of southern scenes also. Here it is:

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A series of really brilliant masked balls go on for six weeks. Then come street parades on floats at night lit by flaring torches carried by coons in Ku Klux robes who are constantly in motion doing fancy steps to the music of the bands. Fat bank presidents, leading doctors, prominent lawyers, and business men ride the floats under mask, disguised as courtiers, kings, queens, and varlets, Japanese, Chinese, Indians, and nondescript characters such as were never seen before. The whole city turns out to greet them and the maskers throw candy, beads, and trinkets to thousands of upturned faces and outstretched hands. The climax comes on Mardigras day. The city goes wild. Your friends, all under mask, load up on huge trucks early in the morning and go riding all over the city, dancing to the jazz band which always accompanies them, and stopping now and then at friends' houses to get up "steam". Half the populace dress themselves up in the most fantastic of costumes, even the children of three, and parade around on foot. The other half stands on the curb to watch them. Good nature, laughter, and waves of wild, unthinking, hectic joy sweep the crowds. Rex in royal robes and impressive whiskers (in real life a staid middle aged bank president) advances up the street perched 15 ft. in the air on the first float with 20 or 30 more following. He graciously bows and waves a rhinestoned sceptre to right and left. In pre-prohibition days he is known to have indulged so often at the various stops before the clubs that one of his low obeisances has carried him clean off the float in a terrible tumble onto the side walk — by the grace of God uninjured.

The Druids follow with more floats, then various marching organizations such as the Jefferson City Buzzards — some screamingly funny — the thing goes on for hours and breaks up in groups, dancing, coonjinin', and skylarking on every corner.

Over in the back part of town the colored ape the whites. The King of the Zulus, black as night and dressed in a leopard skin, lands from a barge at the canal, and with his dusky queen parades at the head of his retainers. They end up at the "Bull Club" (the largest club for the American niggers). Here they have four bands, and a razor battle royal often takes place among the "Dukes" to determine which of the colored girls shall have the honor of being the "maids".

Little bands of Negroes wander through the quarter dressed as red devils, tramps, skeletons; the women often dressed in ballet skirts of "nigger pink" with bodices cut away in the back down to the waists, showing great areas of bronze or briqué colored skin. One big buck, 6 ft. 4 at least and beautifully built, staggered along in a strange, graceful way, perfectly insulated from the outside world by an overdose of "Sammy-kick-yo-Mammy" wine. He was garishly dressed as a Spanish "Valentino" and clutched firmly to his bosom a large silver cup which he had won in a dancing contest. A weird crew came romping after him, all evidently under the influence of "Sweet Lucy".

Prizes come and go, and many of them these days are for limericks and cross word puzzles. Do you ever win any? I have been so fortunate as to have a friend who won a cross word puzzle prize. Now young Robert Hillyer has won the prize offered by the "Garden Magazine and Home Builder" for the "best brief lyric of joyous mood with the Dahlia as its theme". All prizes should be awarded in a joyous mood, judged in a joyous mood, too, doubtless. These particular judges were Christopher Morley, John Erskine, and Frank Ernest Hill. It is said that nearly a thousand poems were submitted. Think of all that lyric inspiration arising from a mere dahlia. Mrs. W. E. Bingham won a prize of a year's subscription to THE BOOKMAN in the Ashland "Daily Press" (Wisconsin) "Book Thrills" contest. Her thrill was "Plumes". John Crowe Ransom, author of "Chills and Fever", was awarded the Caroline Senkler Prize for that volume as the best book of verse published by a southerner last season. This is a prize awarded through the famous Poetry Society of South Carolina. "The Horn Book", published four times a year by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, announces a hundred dollar prize for a good original play for children from 8 to 14 years of age. September the first is the date on which this contest closes and further particulars may be obtained by application to "The Play Contest", 270 Boylston Street, Boston. I have

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heard rumors of a large prize soon to be offered for a full length play by an American, but apparently the time is not quite ripe for a definite announcement. Prize plays often fail, but what's the difference? The prize money is secure, anyway, and a production is a good deal. It is great fun to see your own plays produced, even if they do fail.

"A Reader's Guide Book", by the May Lamberton Becker whose name is so well known to club women everywhere, is filled with good information for the rambler in literary ways. Countless persons all over the country have written her and asked her questions on one thing or another in connection with books, and she always replies. Here is a section in which you can find whether there is a novel about a musician, or about gypsies, or dogs, or what not. Another section gives you sidelights on the drama. If you have ever met Mrs. Becker, you know that she keeps more facts stored in her head than any other woman alive. Also, she has that happy faculty which should be possessed by every good secretary, of being able to go quickly to exactly the right place to find whatever information she does not carry in her head. This is a gift possessed by all too few human beings. Occasionally you will find a great librarian who has it; there is one member of my own office force who is so gifted; and, of course, Mrs. Becker. Her book has just one fault, which is perhaps not her own — the index is totally inadequate.

Occasionally there comes out of the west a writer with a large frame and a simple soul, a man of the Lincoln type. Of such, apparently, is Roy Helton, although I have never met him. He has written in "The Early Adventures of Peacham Grew" the story of a boy

From "The Early Adventures of Peacham Grew"

with a delicate fancy, a fancy which should develop in future books into something of really great importance. His verses, too, are worth watching. More and more we shall develop this sort of writing in America, it is to be hoped. It has been done by a few among the natives: Henry Beston and, yes, Frank Baum; and in "Beggar on Horseback", George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Satire and fantasy are just now playing hand in hand. We are still a trifle afraid of allowing ourselves to indulge in the veriest day dreams. "Peacham Grew" is realism touched with fantasy, or perhaps vice versa. Occasionally Donald Ogden Stewart writes fantasy. More often, it comes from the winged pen of Don Marquis. There are others, but too few. It is not because the public is unwilling to read, it is more likely because we are afraid to look into our hearts and see the reality of our dreaming.

Stewart Edward White has departed for Africa, to discover some of its mysteries. Of his former trip he tells the following story: In 1913, just before he sailed, a friend gave him an opera hat to present to some native chief. Hats are greatly prized by the chiefs, and these marks of civilization will work

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themselves back into the country far beyond where white men have been. Every once in a while you'll come across villages with the chief out to greet you in a derby. Mr. White took this opera hat along, all folded up in the top of a case, and when they made a camp for the night, he would put on the hat. Then he would put it carelessly on a chair, walk away, and returning after a while would sit on it with a plop. The natives would get quite excited and come up and motion that he had crushed the hat. Then White would snap it back into shape, much to the amazement and delight of the natives. They had never seen anything like it before. I wish that I had met him before he sailed. I should have liked to suggest that he introduce the crossword puzzle to Africa. (A Brazilian correspondent informs me that South America has succumbed.) Although the peak of the craze has passed here, steady interest does not diminish, and "The Cross Word Puzzle Magazine" flourishes. In one of the new volumes called "Brain Tests", which I found particularly engaging, is an "accuracy test". Alas, it is to be avoided by all persons with brains like my own! Ruth Hale writes an introduction for "The Complete Cross Word Puzzler", a volume for puzzle constructors. The "Bible Cross-Word Puzzle Book", by Paul J. Hoh, pastor of a church at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, has many uses, one of them being to test the real knowledge of the Bible on the part of those who claim to have read it through several times.

Things theatrical have been so dangerous to write about this winter, that first night gossip has irked me considerably. To attend a first night was likely to be an experience mixed with censorship and other vicarious thrills. The dress rehearsal of the Actors' Theatre production of "The Wild Duck" was memorable, for although the performance lacked speed (a fault since remedied), it was yet one of the most impressive pieces of ensemble acting it has been my good fortune to see in America. As for the play, according to his temperament any playwright would either be inspired by it or driven to suicide. Theatrically, the Dutch Treat Club Show was the event of the year. Not that the crowd was distinguished and noisy; it was. David Belasco appeared in all his impresario impressivity. Meredith Nicholson told me politely, "We must uphold the higher ideals of literature." One could but agree. The editors of "The New Yorker", their lean noses alive for gossip, prowled through the halls. Tad Jones, the famous football man and coach, arose from the midst of a group of sporting writers that cannot be equaled and met, with amusement, the author of "They Knew What They Wanted". N. C. Wyeth, having been told that he was a direct descendant in art of Giotto, seemed pleased at the show. All this, however, did not matter, in the light of two sketches, one by Marc Connelly and the other by George S. Kaufman, and the acting abilities of that same Connelly and his fellow humorist, Robert Benchley. Benchley has already taken to the stage, and it seems only a question of time until Connelly does likewise. There is a quality about Marc's acting which suggests Charles Chaplin. As for Mr. Kaufman's sketch about the hotel fire, it was as good a piece of nonsense as I've ever seen. The show was given before the gentler sex this year at a special performance, and was therefore quite the most proper stag show one can imagine.

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Dr. Konstantin Issakovich has had an odd idea and has believed in it strenuously enough to publish a book about it himself. The title of the volume is "Your Life, Written by Yourself". Dr. Issakovich tells you just what you should put into an autobiography, then furnishes a lot of blank pages at the end upon which the casual reader is urged to indulge his autobiographical fancies. The earlier pages are devoted to a sample of this type of narrative, in which Rufus Franklin tells his day-by-day experiences. This is the sort of thing that the Doctor would have you write:

The most important motive that operates over the field of human activities is service. Explain in your Book what you understand by the spirit of social service — the basis of modern life, how you worked out and what you gave to society. Explain why in your experiences through life — notwithstanding you had different interests in different spheres — in each of them was found the spirit of social service. Write how from childhood you used all the rights and acquiesced in all the obligations of a member of society, voluntarily. What you and your children will write may possibly bring about a more complete understanding of social service. Thus you write social history.

You remember your duties to your family. You helped your mother in the household, your father in his business, your younger brothers and sisters in their education, your neighbor in creating order, in enforcing some law. These first duties and services are of great importance to a record of your life.

From Georgia comes acquaintance with the famous poet J. Gordon Coogler, a precious copy of whose immortal works was loaned me by a kindly Savannah matron, who promises to set her husband's hunting dogs on me if I do not return it. Have you never seen the work of this bard, celebrated by Don Marquis and others? It was published in 1897 at Columbia, South Carolina, and copies are almost impossible to obtain. In his preface the poet quotes many reviews, among them one from THE BOOKMAN which we take pleasure in repeating:

We were going to write quite a lengthy review of this inimitable little volume; but the author has made such a thing practically impossible by reprinting in the Introduction a collection of the comment and commendations already bestowed upon his verse by the most eminent critics from Bill Nye to the literary editor of "Munsey's". These comments so perfectly anticipate all we should ourselves have said as to make it needless for us to do more than subscribe to them as expressing our sentiments exactly. . . .

We trust that this fifth volume of his verse may have many successors; and we are pretty sure it will, for a little poem we cull from page 28, is fraught with golden promise for the future:

"You may as well try to change the course
Of yonder sun
To north and south,
As to try to subdue by criticism
This heart of verse,
Or close this mouth."

Nor should this paragraph pass unnoticed:

As a frontispiece to his little volume, Mr. Coogler prints a tasteful, half-tone engraving of himself. He is a fine, manly-looking young fellow of some twenty-nine or thirty, with a broad, high forehead, earnest deep-set eyes, prominent ears, and a small dark mustache. He is dressed in a neat, well-fitting suit of some dark shade. Of the quality of Mr. Coogler's verse, we prefer not to speak. As he says, his style and his sentiments are his own; and who are we that we should say them well or ill?

Just a couple of verses from that matchless lyric "A Mustacheless Bard":

"His whiskers didn't come, his mustache is gone,
And to-day he's standing ashore
Enjoying the breeze with a cleaned shaved lip,
Relieved of the burden it bore.

He's feeling so lonely, dull and forsaken,
The boys, they know him no more;
The girls are surprised, and speaking of him,
Say, 'He's uglier than ever before.'"

Ring Lardner has returned from Europe, having spent much time there with the F. Scott Fitzgeralds.

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Mr. Lardner, tall, dark eyed, indefinite of expression and manner, is a most impressive figure as he walks across Forty Second Street at Fifth Avenue. He pays no attention whatsoever to traffic; even the large policeman who refuses passage to smaller mortals like myself is dwarfed when the author of "How to Write Short Stories" ventures into the stream of buses and taxicabs. Fitzgerald is apparently enjoying the soft air of Italy and France. Not so, Dorothy Speare, who writes that her opera début and her invitation to sing before the Queen of Italy must both stand in abeyance, since she has been quite ill. W. E. Woodward and Homer Croy, however, both report from Europe that they are enjoying the best of wealth. Handwriting is difficult, and even though the author of "Bunk" has a perfectly legible chirography, I can't quite make out what the title of his new book is. I think he writes "Bread and Circuses" — of the circus part I am sure; not so sure about the bread. Mr. Woodward, at any rate, is well and happy in Paris and, rumor says, also at work on a Life of Washington which removes some of the "bunk" from the general impression of that great and presumably human American figure. Ernest Boyd's good wife, Madeleine, has sailed on the "Paris" for France, and on the same ship, Britton Hadden, the editor of "Time". The Floyd Dells are to spend the summer abroad; in fact, I know of few writing people who do not plan to do it this year in Vienna, Madrid, or near the Bois. Does that mean that the few who are left at home will be the ones actually to get the work done? Perhaps it doesn't matter. Surely, a rest will do them all good; perhaps the color of the Continent will flare forth from future books.

From the middle west to Vermont is a long leap; but it has been taken successfully by Lynn and Lois Montross, authors together of the much talked of "Town and Gown", and separately of

Lynn Montross

other works, including many short stories. To be sure, they write short stories together, too. Here are a collaborative pair who have seized upon the literary world with determination and with a fine sense of perspective. Recently they visited New York, had a gay time, but soon went back to Woodstock, Vermont, where they have found hearty and amusing friends and the leisure to turn out stories, while they survey Killington and Pico, and admire the sun shining on the snow along the Green Mountain ranges. Lois Montross has a turn of phrase, a quiet and mouselike mischief as she surveys life, that is easy to recognize in their joint work. Lynn is steady, firm in his opinions, with an eagerness of mind

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that should make him, ultimately, an excellent portrayer of character. Together they make a team that should be hard to equal. I envy them many things; most of all, perhaps, the fact that they live within walking distance of the loveliest valley in the world, just north of Bridgewater-Four-Corners.

"Everybody's Cook Book" is quite the most voluminous and attractive book of its sort I have ever seen. It is compiled from the records of the School of Household Science and Arts of Pratt Institute by Isabel Ely Lord, and contains 3,400 tested recipes. One interesting thing which I learned from this huge volume was that "dash, pinch, or speck" in a recipe is equivalent to 1/4 saltspoon or 1/16 teaspoon. That will help! To this statement in the introduction I give hearty applause:

> No normal person enjoys eating something just because it is "good for" him. What he wants is food he likes, and the planner of meals has the task of making him like the thing she wants him to eat.

I have often envied Grant Overton on more counts than one — but principally because he comes into the office with tales of the most savory dishes prepared for his lordship by Mrs. Overton. And now I have found another wife to go down on the list with Mrs. Overton and Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Lettie Gay, the young and more than attractive bride of Gerald Carson, I learn is with the "Herald-Tribune" Institute. Each day it is her duty and privilege to take a cooking lesson from a French, Armenian, Chinese, or other variety of chef, test the food, eat it, and write a column about it in the newspaper. My friend Jerry is noticeably fattening under this diet. There is something to be said for courses in the domestic arts.

A prize fight and Sherwood Anderson lecturing offered choice to me recently at Indianapolis. I deliberated for some time, then I ran across Mr. Anderson in Mr. Beach's attractive bookshop. Mr. Beach is a slim, intense gentleman, who knows good books and how to sell them, who publishes a monthly bulletin of much wisdom and charm, and who wears a flowing black tie, apparently in memory of Elbert Hubbard. Here was Mr. Anderson, looking a trifle more jovial than when I last saw him, wearing a rough brown coat, a brown suit, brown spats, a wide and very bright blue tie drawn through a large ring studded, I think, with garnets, or possibly rubies. This decided me. No fight, no matter how fast, could possibly compete in my affections with Mr. Anderson's neckwear. I found the author of "A Story Teller's Story" in the main cheerful. People, he told me, had found this last work less objectionable than his novels, and he thought perhaps there was something the matter with it. Perhaps he was growing old and staid. Anderson talks with effect; perhaps he inherits this trait from the father of whom he writes so much. It is by no means a conventional speech he gives, this discussion of the modern writing movement in America; but he makes his points clearly and cleverly. With most of them, I happen to disagree; but that is one of the chief reasons for going to lectures. In the course of the evening Anderson made the statement, "Puritanism is practically whipped." Now just what Stuart Pratt Sherman's answer to that would be, I don't know; but if Mr. Anderson's definition of Puritanism is the same as mine, I think that the picture of Mr. Anderson and his band of modernists trying to spank the lusty brat is an amusing but improbable one.

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